Sept. 12, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 05 1993

NO INVESTMENT SHOPPING

Shopping Fifth Avenue at F.A.O. Schwarz, New York

Manufacturing executive and wife turn personal investments over to National City specialists for full-time management

We help successful people practice the fine art of combining business and pleasure by handling their personal investments. This is a National City specialty. We save you time and trouble. We free you to work more efficiently and to enjoy earned leisure. Once you open an investment advisory account here, our specialists take over the complexities of portfolio management.

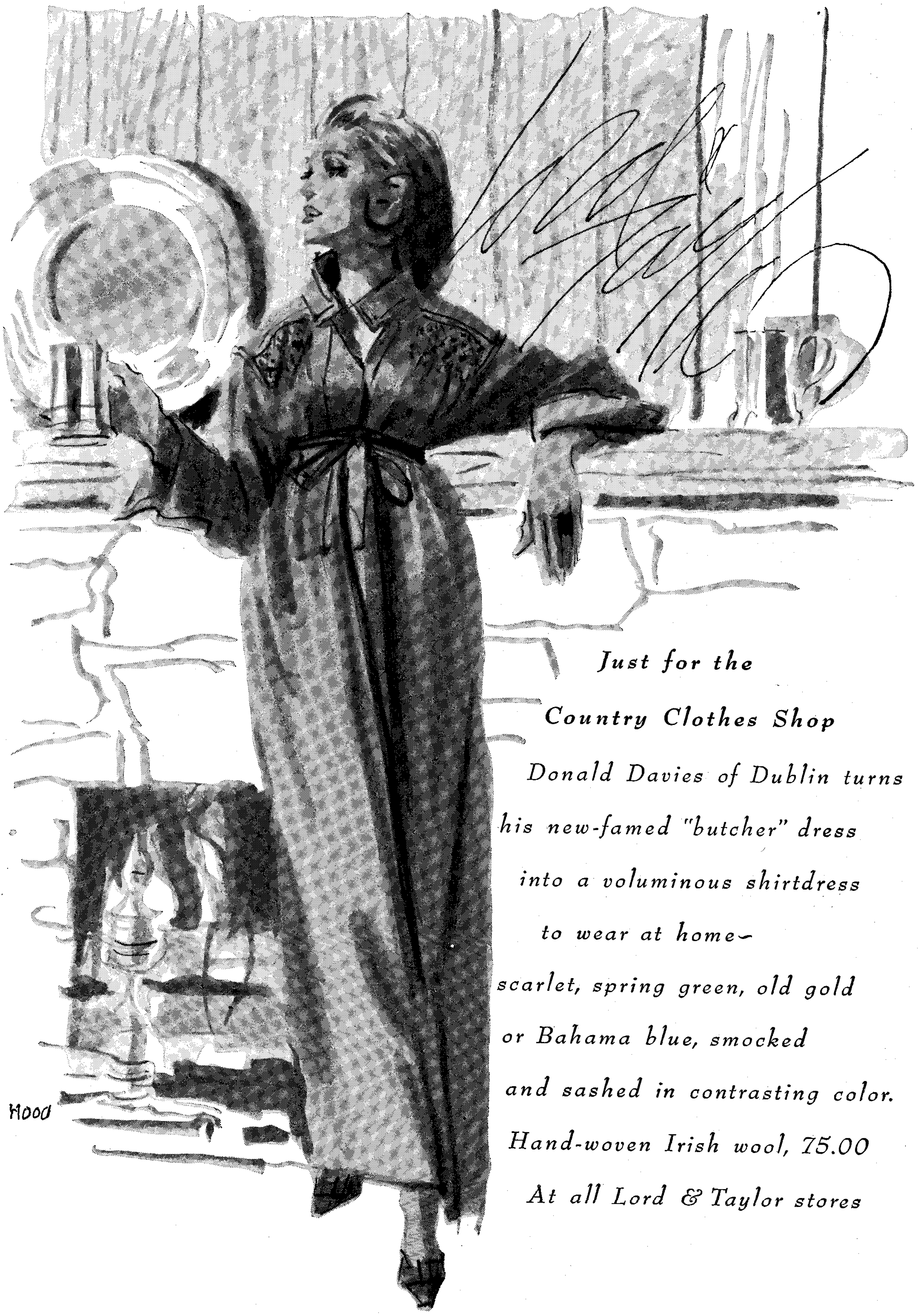
Whether you're young or old, active or retired, just tell us your objectives (long-range growth, greater current income, etc.). Our investment officers use all National City's considerable resources—including our nation-wide and world-wide facilities—to help achieve your goals.

National City offers you full-time security supervision ...penetrating investment research...custodianship and record-keeping. The price of this packaged peace of mind is surprisingly low, and generally tax-deductible.

Look into it today. Send for copy of "Successful Investing in the 60's & 70's". Request booklet F-8.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
399 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

©FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK



Just for the Country Clothes Shop

Donald Davies of Dublin turns his new-famed "butcher" dress into a voluminous shirtdress to wear at home—scarlet, spring green, old gold or Bahama blue, smocked and sashed in contrasting color. Hand-woven Irish wool, 75.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—A gay little comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with the tribulations of a doxy who is being maintained by a millionaire industrialist in an executive suite. Sandy Dennis is droll and winning as the girl, and she gets fine support from Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. The play was directed by Henry Kaplan and has a pleasant set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Deputy—Rolf Hochhuth's controversial drama about the dealings between the Curia and the Third Reich, in an adaptation by Jerome Rothenberg. The work has been cut down from five acts to two, but even in its shortened form it is compelling. David Carradine now heads the large and, for the most part, competent cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays—except Sept. 16—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 12.)

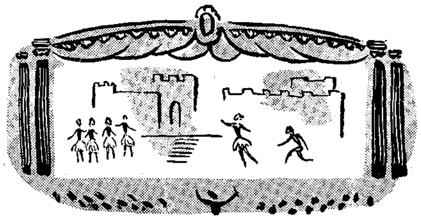
The Subject Was Roses—A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. The play was written by Frank D. Gilroy, and features Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames Theatre, formerly the Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Three Sisters—Maybe Lee Strasberg's direction is at first a trifle aimless in this interpretation of Chekhov, but it gets into focus as it goes along. So do the actors, all members of the Actors Studio, who, while not entirely harmonious as an ensemble, have many individual merits. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Dennis O'Keefe, Will Hutchins, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—The good old foolish days in the Hollywood of the thirties. Not a very original idea. The book is by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music is by Jule Styne. Fortunately, Carol Burnett and Jack Cassidy are capably on hand. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Funny Girl—The late Fanny Brice is portrayed by Barbra Streisand in a musical that is loud and splashy but only intermittently funny. Isobel Lennart provided the book, Jule Styne and Bob Merrill the music and lyrics, and Garson Kanin the direction. The late Carol Haney staged the musical numbers, and Jerome Robbins supervised the whole thing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving in reasonable style. The redoubtable Gower Champion is responsible for the direction and choreography. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. The book, the music, and the lyrics, by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, are pleasant, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward are very helpful. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—Budd and Stuart Schulberg's description of the life and times of a horrible upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. A little on the monotonous side, the play has music and lyrics by Ervin Drake and features Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 16, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	203
THE CURRENT CINEMA	96
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
JAZZ	154
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	175
THE RACE TRACK	171
A REPORTER AT LARGE	101
THE SPORTING SCENE	185

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Long Runs—**HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the President of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** Young Mr. Twist, more or less. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Moves on Monday, Sept. 14, to the Shubert, 44th St., W., CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Wiener Blut—Johann Strauss's operetta, performed by a Viennese company of sixty-five. Presented by the Greek Theatre Association (James A. Doolittle), in association with Felix G. Gerstman, for a three-week engagement. Preview Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Sept. 11, and will run through Thursday, Oct. 1. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Committee—A San Francisco comedy-revue with a cast of eight, including Scott Beach and Irene Riordan. Directed by Alan Myerson and presented by Arthur Cantor. Previews Friday through Tuesday, Sept. 11-15, at 9. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 16. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 9; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Traveller Without Luggage—Ben Gazzara and Mildred Dunnock in Jean Anouilh's play, translated by Lucienne Hill. Staged by Robert Lewis and produced by Carroll and Harris Masterson and Norman Twain, in association with ANTA. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 15-16, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 17. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

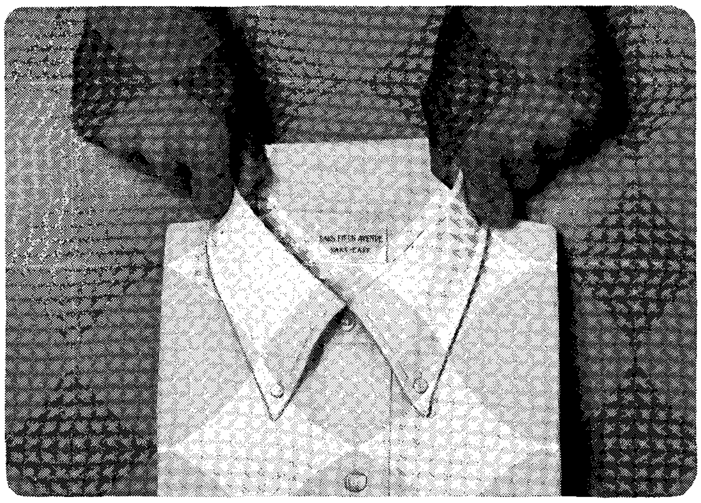
City Center—**GREEK TRAGEDY THEATRE:** Final performances of Sophocles' "Electra," in modern Greek, will close out the engagement. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 10-11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation doodads may be rented at each performance. . . . **ANTONIO AND THE BALLETS DE MADRID:** A company of seventy-five flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists, with an orchestra. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Sept. 15, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 27. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below his best work. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

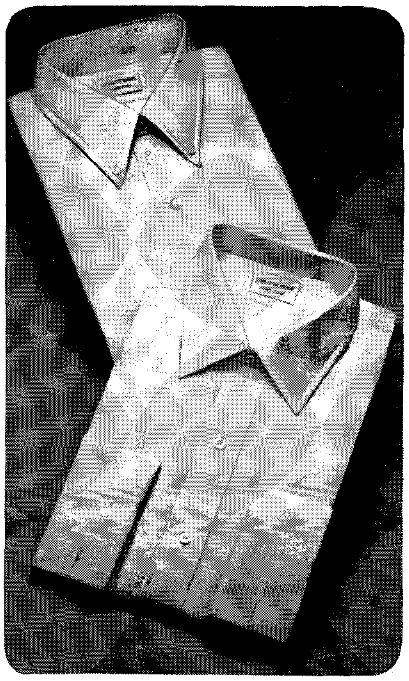
Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," with Patrice

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 30, September 12, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. *Other foreign, $11.00.*



S.F.A's exclusive Saks-Ease® stretch shirts tailored of Dacron® polyester, cotton and Lycra® spandex—with a revolutionary expandable collar, 11.00



Our revolutionary new shirts combine the marvels of man-made fibers with a unique collar construction that provides the wearer with a never-before comfort and freedom of movement. The expandable collar will actually "grow" up to two sizes and the meticulously cut, ever-fitting body stretches 30%. Moreover, these shirts really drip-dry because of their miraculous new fabric and they require no ironing. We show a barrel cuffed shirt with button-down collar in white, blue or maize; a French cuffed shirt with semi-spread collar in white or blue. Not shown: a barrel cuffed shirt with semi-spread collar in white or blue. 11.00. Men's Shirts.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Southampton • Washington
Chicago • Skokie • Detroit • Beverly Hills • Palo Alto • Phoenix • Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Munsel, Bob Wright, and Mischa Auer, is the second of two productions by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 19.)

The Alchemist—John Heffernan in the Ben Jonson comedy. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amato Opera Showcase Theatre—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19, all at 8:15.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—An obvious, tricky, but often effective drama about a pair of South African brothers, one a Negro and the other half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six able performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave., S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the fine comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Third Ear—A program of improvisation, directed by Elaine May. (*Premise,* 154 Bleecker St. GR 7-9260. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

Leningrad Kirov Ballet—"The Sleeping Beauty": Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8. . . . ¶ "Cinderella" (American première): Friday, Sept. 11, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "Swan Lake": Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 14-15, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Raymonda": Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 7:30, and Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Gala Program ("Bayaderka," the American première of "A Distant Planet," "The Nutcracker Waltz and Pas de Deux," "The Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Prince Igor"): Friday, Sept. 18, at 7:30, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:30. (Metropolitan Opera House. Through Saturday, Sept. 26.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. Presented by Stephen W. Sharmat and produced by Arthur Lesser. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ice Show—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Ice Capades." (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1 and 5. Closes Sunday, Sept. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The good old summertime of the Tommy Dorsey orchestra is reviewed twice a night in the Royal Box by such I-remember-when characters as Helen Forrest, Sam Donahue, the Pied Pipers, and Charlie Shavers, as well as other incunabula. More recent is Frank Sinatra, Jr., following in his father's footsteps and grace notes, maybe a little too closely. The place shuts down on Saturday, Sept. 12, and resumes business on Thursday, Sept. 17, as an echo chamber for Tony Martin, a fancy-Dan warbler. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—That old Hollywood formula—stars in your eyes, maybe even stars in your hair. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. *In the Champagne Room,* Freddie Fassler keeps a Viennese fiddle close to his chin. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The biggest night boat in America. It sets sail every evening but Sunday, manned by Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and his Riverboat Ramblers, who start in at seven (Fridays and Saturdays at eight). The music and its delivery range from 1864 to 1964.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The chipper little Café Pierre is the home of a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest music-makers, who do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Abbe Lane, simply bursting with impact, is the caroller at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Emil Coleman's big, rumbling band and Mark Monte's picadors provide dance music through the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He stays home Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Lofty enough for any summit conference, blithe enough for any débutante picnic, and pretty as a picture. Charles Turecamo's bumbling band and Quintero's absolutely tiptop Iberians play for dancing from eight to two. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The sands of the Egyptian desert here just haven't time to grow cold, for the music (hi-fi, not human) never stops between eight and four every night, and neither do the feet of the guests, even though they are engaged in dance steps that are among the seven wonders of the modern world.

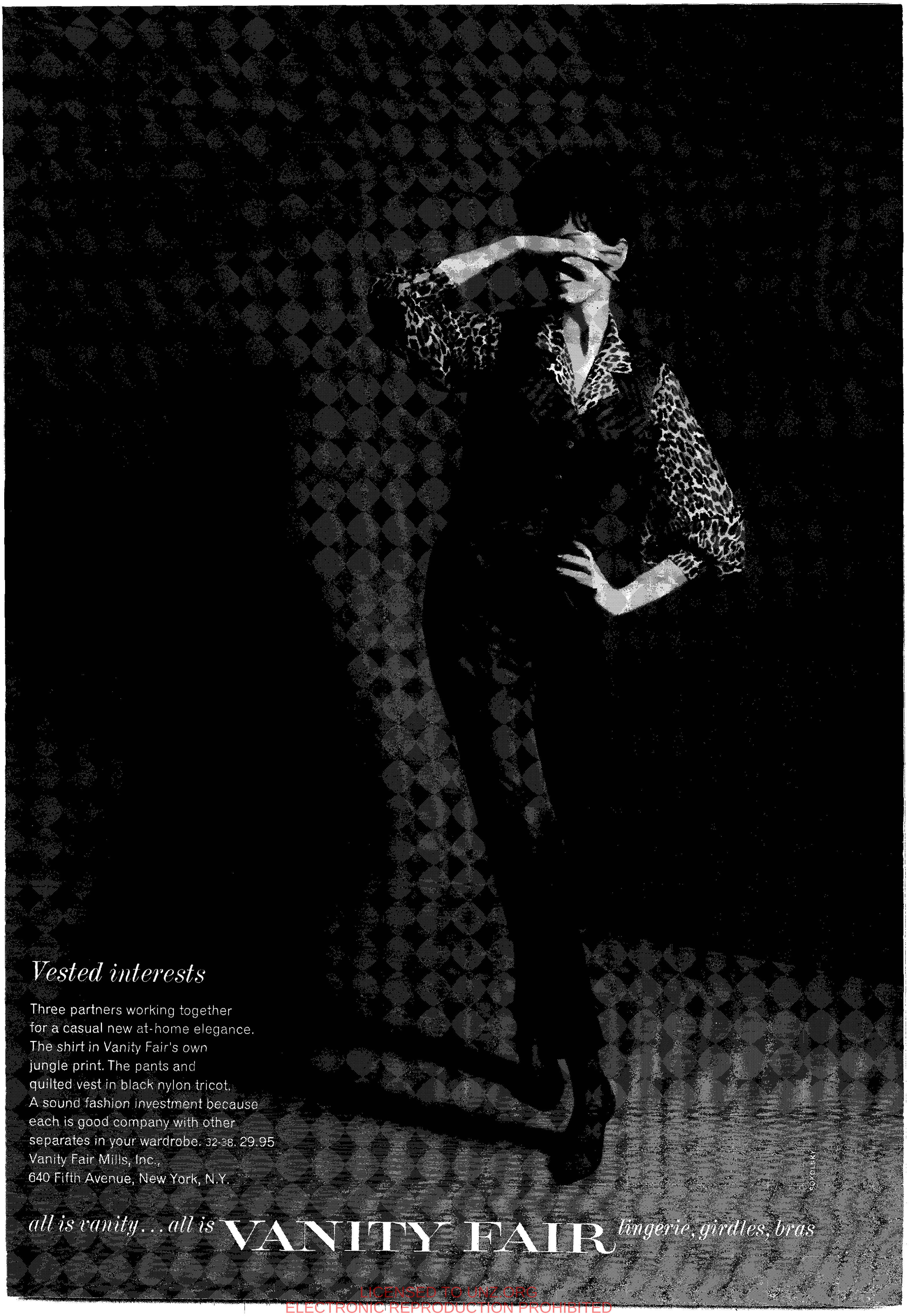
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Not quite a green pasture, but the air is open and the sky is the ceiling as Ted Auletta's nice little band and a collection of Latins take the stand. They play from about eight to one or later every evening. The dance floor and dining room are duplicated indoors at the first sign of rain.

Note—The population-explosion problem is solved by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for its dance floor is a hundred and fifty feet long. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting solution includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-forty-five until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Thursday floor show (at eleven-fifteen), and a non-stop Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the *theatre with a double-team deal by the* Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden. Though they like to patronize their neighborhood composers ("La Bohème" and "La Traviata" are current), they also sing in English (such as "Kiss Me Kate," as of Tuesday, Sept. 15). The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursday through Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies, along which are to be found the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, the effervescent piano of Otis Clements from then on, and, after ten-thirty, the piano and ballads of Bobby Short, which have a zip code that is theirs alone. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St.



Vested interests

Three partners working together
for a casual new at-home elegance.
The shirt in Vanity Fair's own
jungle print. The pants and
quilted vest in black nylon tricot.
A sound fashion investment because
each is good company with other
separates in your wardrobe. 32-38. 29.95
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc.,
640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

SOKOLSKY

all is vanity... all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

WHAT HE LOVES IN A HIGHLANDER IS THE EXCELLENCE OF DETAILS.*
EVERYONE ELSE LOVES THE LOOK.
highlander

*Only a professional knows the importance of hidden details. Sid Gold, our production specialist, knows. He controls the little things that go into every coat . . . from buttons to linings to threads to tapes. His exacting demand for perfection assures the custom tailored look you love in a Highlander.

***The swaggering trenchcoat,** buttoned in brass. Hayride and Truffle suede. Black kidskin. Sizes 8 to 18. About $100 at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Hochschild-Kohn, Baltimore; Godchaux, New Orleans; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati; Rike-Kumler, Dayton; and many other selective stores and specialty shops; or write **Highlander Sportswear, Inc.,** 1407 Broadway, New York 10018. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(JU 2-1244): Lovers' knots and lovers' snarls untied while you wait as Mabel Mercer, a ruler all serene, imparts her own special underemphasis to a bouquet of songs that no one else ever seems to discover. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Friday and Saturday nights after ten-thirty is the extent of her domain. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Grand manner, grand manor is the big idea. Forrest Perrin contributes dignified piano. Cocktails, dinner, and supper are his stint. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita*, and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the circumnavigating violinists. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced seven days a week by a tireless jazz trio. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): How to restore a turn-of-the-century town house while also restoring the inner man. From conservatory to bar to open-air pavilion, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A rambling and picturesque *ranchero* that is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is appropriate to the scene, and so is the music—strolling Latin singers and players on patrol from five-thirty to eleven during the week, and a real conflagration of singers and dancers from one to nine on Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The good life as it can be lived up in the north of Italy, along with the regional culinary perquisites. There is dreamy piano as early as five every night, and there's Joe Candullo and his trio making north-of-America dance music after nine-thirty, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Light hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance. Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, is a balladeer of sentiment pure and majestic. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): An urban melting pot, offering enough variety in urban characters to make bouilla-

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY FRAGRANCE...

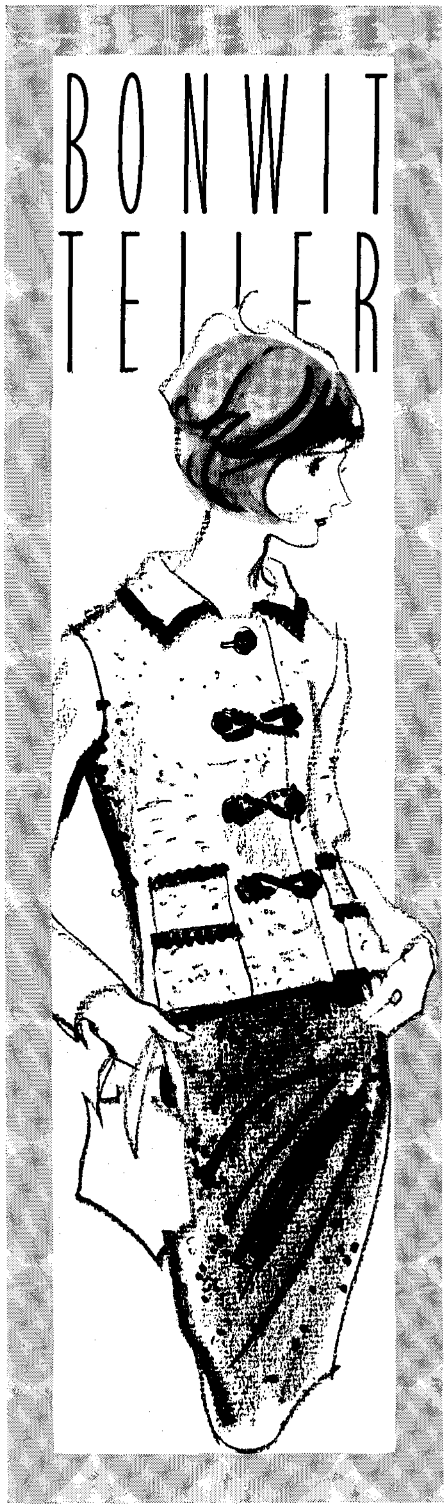
NOW IN A NEW SPRAY MIST!

REVLON
intimate
MIST
CHERISHABLE

4 OUNCES 4.75 PLUS TAX

'INTIMATE' BY REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES



BONWIT TELLER

MISS BONWIT'S SUIT TO BUILD A SEASON ON

A superbly elegant three-piece wool: the skirt and sleeveless shell black, the longer jacket chamois color looped, buttoned and bound in black. By Rabiner-Jontow just for Bonwit's in 6 to 14 sizes, 100.00

Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT SUITS

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

baisse any night of the week, but air-conditioned enough to make dancing, which commences at nine, quite comfortable. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano (two players; no waiting) is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is proffered those who sup. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC**, in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The bandonion, a twice-as-big-as-life concertina of interest to antiquarians and concertina-goers alike, is given full play by its master, Mario Peralta, from cocktails until ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the prankishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and (from seven to nine) a harp in action. Joyce Rosenfield, the current plucker of the strings, has had a concert-hall upbringing. She is on hand every night. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belong to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass, and Viennese-glass, piano is contributed, from eight-thirty until one or two, by Karl Inwald, who will be succeeded, on Thursday, Sept. 17, by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's trio chips in with mild and mannerly dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Olga Guillot, a fluent and florid Cuban expatriate, delivers a resounding song recital at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dancing every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The unimpeachable motto here is "Leave it to the girls," of whom there are three dozen, picked by hand and garbed purely by accident. Their extravaganza is augmented by such wonders as the Wazzans, a rough-and-tumbling act, and Rico, a smoothie magician, as well as by Betty George, the famous Baked Alaska, now the queen pin of the Xavier Cugat band-and-variety act. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jerry Vale, a brisk and best-seller engraver of albums, and Rip Taylor, a standard-gauge humorist, depart this busy life on Wednesday, Sept. 16. Next evening, the Copa turns really professional by bringing back (and very much alive) Joe E. Lewis, the open-all-night raconteur, most of whose gleaming jokes are marked "to the trade only." Helen O'Connell, a well-remembered voice, will be doing the ballads. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, there is never a shortage of shouting and tumult. The quartet of Erskine Hawkins, on view from ten to four without ever a night off, is one reason for that. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Back from the Coast is Frances Faye, the fastest shotgun in the West, to strike terror into the heart of every song she shreds. Her rumbustious yet engaging sense of humor ceases on Saturday, Sept. 12, but only to resume on Thursday, Sept. 17. Ray Bryant's trio, which is very good at mingling modernity and melodic line, is on the same schedule.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A brand-new floor show, largely imported from South America, occupies the stage in

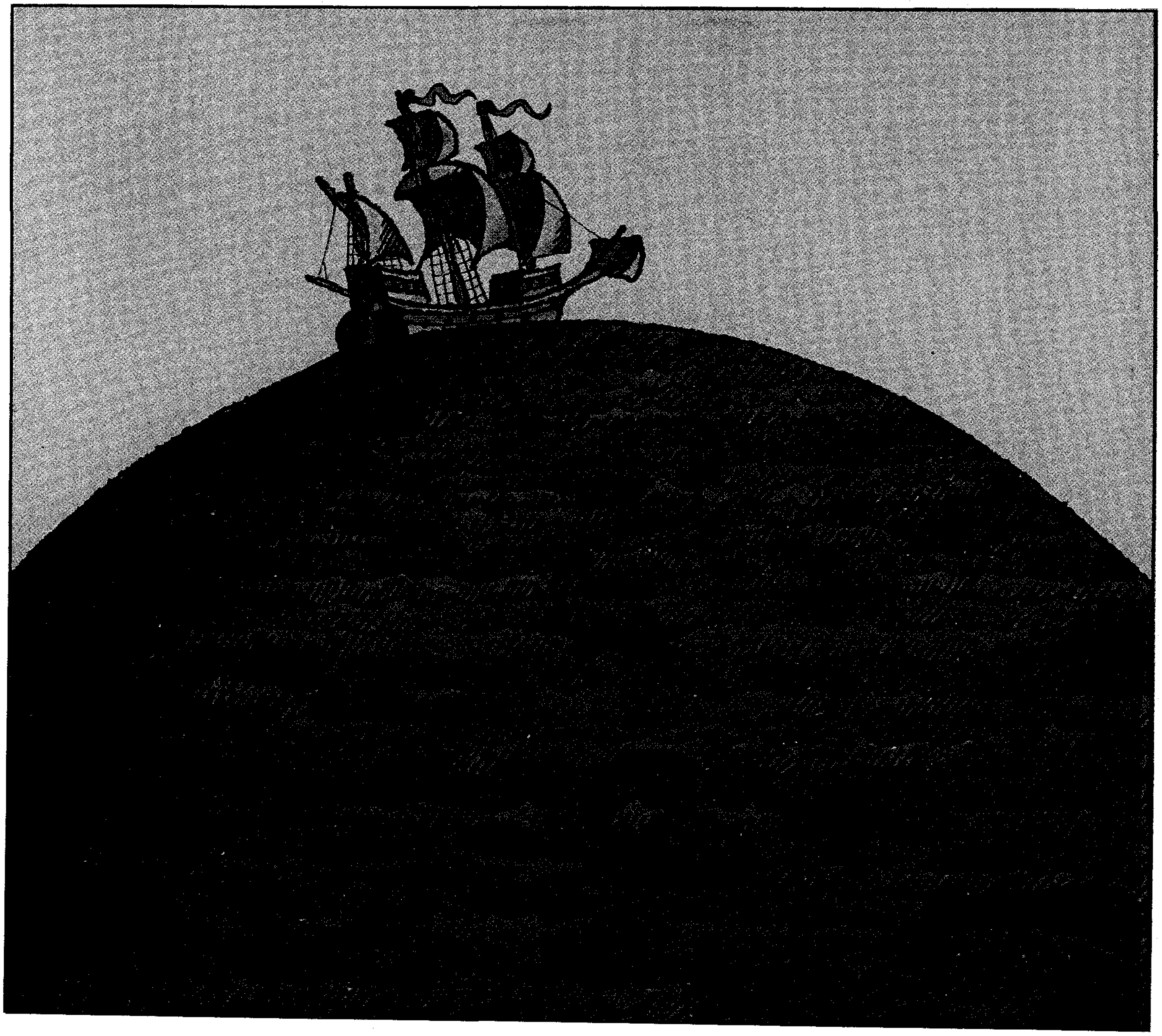
Peck & Peck

Shape of the season in sheer wool for the Peck & Peck Jr.

Secret of this supple new look: the waist, slightly dropped and gently curved. Vivid shades of jade, aqua or hot pink. 5 to 15, 35⁰⁰

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

GLOBAL

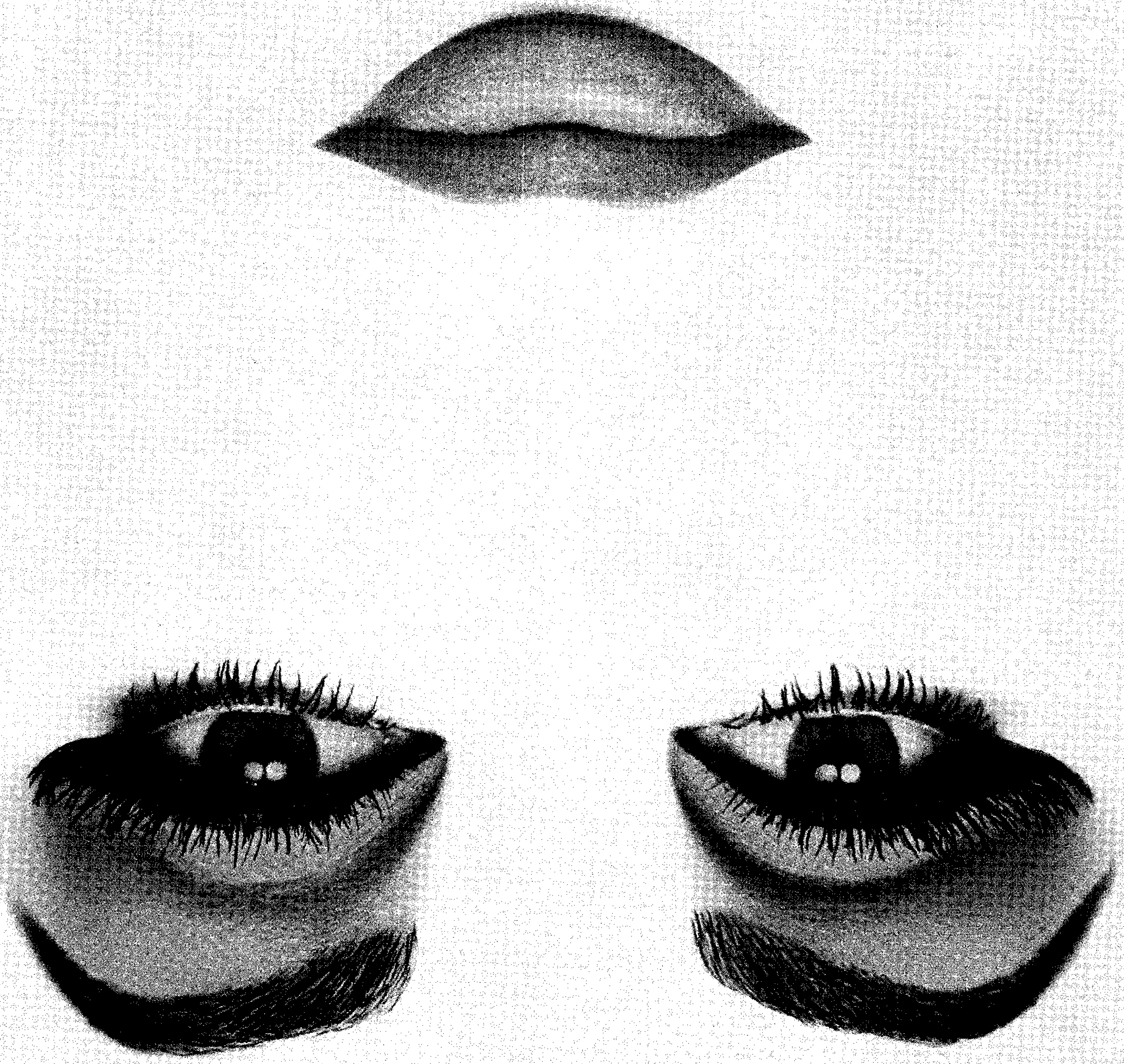


We're always widening our horizons at GT&E. That's why our International company now has facilities and affiliates in Argentina, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Colombia, England, Germany, Italy, Japan and Mexico. ■ The products we make in these countries range from TV sets and electronic devices to lighting products and communication equipment. And almost everywhere we do business, we do *more* business every year. ■ More reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

GT&E

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVE., N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Cos. in 32 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric

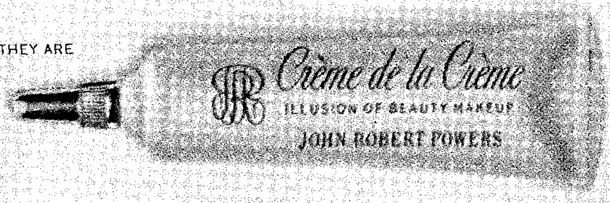


Shadows belong over the eyes. Not under!

Circles can begin running around under the eyes early in life. And even if they're not a sign of age, they're a *look* of age. Here's how to bring your beauty out of the shadows...*how to make eyes that look old look young in seconds.* Squeeze a tube—a particular tube—a tube of John Robert Powers Crème de la Crème. Squeeze it gently so that only a smidgin crowns your finger tip. Stroke this softly, caressingly under your eyes and in seconds the murky shadows can no longer be seen. Know what *can* be seen? The smooth, translucent beauty of alabaster. Know what else? Youth! **JOHN ROBERT POWERS**

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

FOR WOMEN WHOSE EYES ARE OLDER THAN THEY ARE



the back room twice on weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, and only at ten-thirty on Sundays. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The cast of whatever revue is on the boards here is subject to change without notice—a prerogative in which the management excels. Nevertheless, it is likely that Alan Arkin, absolutely as funny as possible, and Barbara Dana, a splendid foil, are brightening the evenings, which begin at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Al Cohn and Zoot Sims lock horns (both of them saxes) in an absorbing set of variations on everything. Three sidemen help carry out their projects. Sundays, there are matinées, too, beginning at four-thirty; Mondays are dark. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba, tower of strength, cloud of glory, lioness of Africa, gives folk music the feeling of security it so often lacks. An aggregation called the Village Stompers (whose name is its description) is also at work. Mondays are set aside for visiting performers. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The local *Kaffeeklatsch* depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music—a compulsory course here—at least depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. The current cast is made up of Jim, Jake & Joan, a squadron come not to praise folk music but to bury it in merriment, plus the Bitter End Singers, whose approach pays more attention to tradition. The regulars are off duty Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, beginning—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with the parody-of-Dixie Dukes of Dixieland and Red Allen's inexhaustible quartet. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Bud Powell, a pianist whose still waters run deep, removes himself and trio on Sunday, Sept. 13. Dakota Staton, a hard-driving songbird, takes flight the same evening. On Tuesday, Sept. 15, Lloyd Price's fifteen-man orchestra moves in. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The latest (the seventeen-thousandth) changing of the guard—or vanguard, considering the music the participants indulge in—occurs on Thursday, Sept. 10. It removes the quintet of Lennie Tristano, who will be succeeded, one night later, by the quintet of Bobby Brookmeyer and Clark Terry. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The sound of the twenties, thirties, and sixties, as remembered by the likes of Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Yank Lawson, and Cliff Leemans. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus is trying, with his mighty fingers and bull fiddle, to say something about jazz that has not been said before and perhaps never can be completely said. Mondays a quartet headed by David Amram takes charge. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mike Longo's trio, the summer-replacement program behind the bar, gives way, on Tuesday, Sept. 15, to the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. John Bunch, whose airy involutions make the interlude piano step lively, remains at his post. No action Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): The piano of Bill Evans makes its way through the intricacies of the new music without ever stumbling. His group is a trio; his

Leaf pins by Jean Schlumberger.
Diamonds in platinum and
eighteen karat gold.
From top: $4,350. $3,500. and $3,400.
Prices include federal tax.

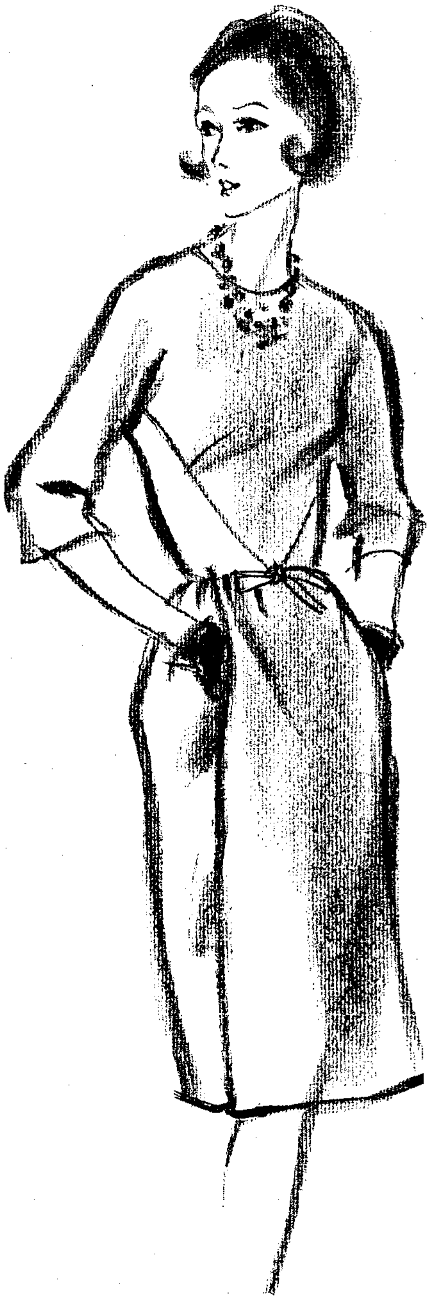
TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57th STREET
NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO
233 Post Street

HOUSTON
First City Nat'l Bank Bldg.

BEVERLY HILLS
9601 Wilshire Blvd.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



Fall's lovely look

. . . seen here in a charm of a dress with softly fitted bodice, gently flowing panel-front skirt with hidden pockets. Of airy wool, lined with Si Bonne for shape retention, in jade, ruby or sapphire, sizes 10 to 20. (*N-43*)
60.00 3rd Floor

New York Store Only

night off is Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street where so many of us were brought up is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that *are certainly not gone beyond their recall.* No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided (in this instance) by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney, applying the most unusual twists and turns to both organ and vocal music, begins his odd ellipses at ten every evening but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Sept. 30. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

JONAH KINIGSTEIN—Kinematic art; through Saturday, Sept. 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

NORMAN LALIBERTÉ—Fabric appliquéd banners; through Sept. 26. (Osborne, 965A Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—A retrospective (1912-64) of sculptures and drawings; through Oct. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Enrico Baj, Suzi Gablik, Jack Levine, Marcia Marcus, Nathan Oliveira, and Oliver Andrews; through Sept. 26. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Twentieth-century drawings by such artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler, and Max Weber; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, among them Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Raimondo Puccinelli; through Oct. 3. (Closed Saturdays.)

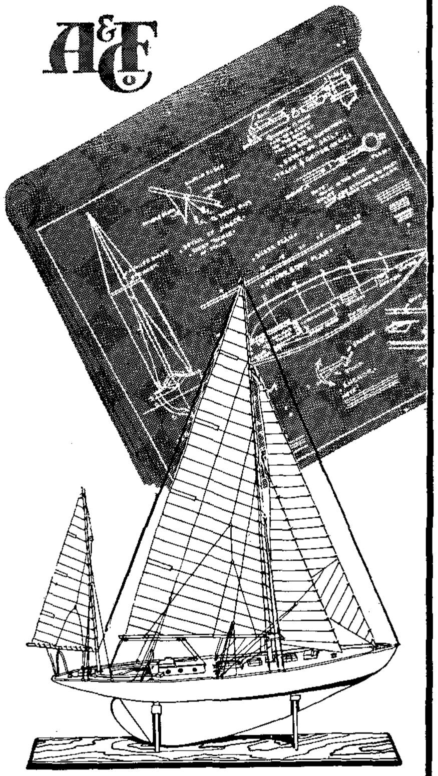
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Léger, Calder, and others; through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Klee, and Daniel Brustlein (to mention a few); through Oct. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Hans Hofmann, Pierre Soulages, and Alberto Giacometti are three of the exhibitors in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Sept. 25. (Closed Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Spirit of New Berlin in Painting and Sculpture," a travelling exhibition of the works of fourteen artists, including Hans Jaenisch, Hann Trier, and Karl Hartung; through Sept. 25. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and constructions by (for instance) van Gogh, Braque, and Dubuffet; through Sept. 26. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: An exhibit of paintings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century French masters, among them Charles Lebrun, Delacroix, and Gauguin; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The portrait by James McNeill Whistler



an authentic model of your boat from your own plans or photos!

We'll produce a scale duplication of any boat, handmade in every detail by a master model maker. From plans or photos, your model will be an exact replica, down to the colors and fittings—done in the materials of the original, at a scale of 6/10" to 1'.

Models of sail boats priced according to specifications, approximately 8.00 per foot of boat's overall length (example: model of 40' sloop, would cost approximately 320.00). All power boat models will be priced individually.

Models of class boats range from 114.00 for Blue Jay to 265.00 for International One-Design.

For details, write or phone Mr. Lowell, 212 MU 2-3600 ext. 273, first floor, or bring him your plans for price quotation, delivery date.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
MADISON AVE. at 45th ST., NEW YORK

NOW BATHE IN CHANEL Nº 5

OIL
FOR THE BATH
Nº 5
CHANEL

NEW OIL FOR THE BATH AWAKENS THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF YOUR SKIN...GIVES IT A FRESH NEW LOOK!

CHANEL

OIL FOR THE BATH 3 OZ. 5.00, EAU DE COLOGNE FROM 3.50, BATH POWDER 5.00, SOAP 4.50 © 1963 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

B Altman & Co

The tailleur for Fall

Kimberly's handsome wool-knit two-piece suit in cobalt blue, oxford grey or ruby mix . . . 6 to 16. Third floor knit shop, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **70.00**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

popularly known as "Whistler's Mother," on loan from the Louvre, is being shown in the Great Hall; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art in a Changing World: 1884-1964" is the theme of seven exhibitions marking the opening of the new galleries and enlarged sculpture garden. Twelve hundred works from the Museum's collections are on view, including American and European paintings and sculptures (Cézanne and Rodin to the present), drawings and prints (Seurat, Chagall, Leonard Baskin, and others), architecture and design, and photographs. . . . ¶ Temporary loan exhibitions include "American Painters as New Lithographers," through Sept. 30, and "Twentieth-Century Engineering," through Sunday, Sept. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Post-Impressionist paintings and sculptures (by Renoir, Modigliani, Lipchitz, and others) from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings from the period 1860 to 1950 (James McNeill Whistler to Edward Hopper and Morris Graves) from the collection of Daniel and Rita Fraad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Will Barnet, Seong Moy, and Louis Schanker are three of the artists represented in a display of contemporary American woodcuts; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—French posters of the eighteen-nineties, including some by Toulouse-Lautrec, from the Huntington Hartford collection; through Sept. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Van Gogh and Expressionism," an exhibition comparing about thirty paintings by van Gogh with the works of twenty-eight Expressionists, including Edvard Munch, Oskar Kokoschka, and Franz Kline; through Sunday, Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me," an archeological exhibition containing sculptures, reliefs, and artifacts of various peoples who lived in the Near East in Biblical and pre-Biblical times; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A hundred contemporary prints produced at the Pratt Graphic Art Center by Cleve Gray, Enrico Donati, Antonio Frasconi, and others; through Sept. 20. (Mondays and Tuesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Selections from the Library's collections; namely, cylinder seals, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, illustrated books, autograph manuscripts, and master drawings; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Between the Fairs: Twenty-Five Years of American Art, 1939-64," an exhibition made up of works by a hundred and nineteen painters and sculptors, among them Milton Avery, Lyonel Feininger, and Richard Lippold; through Sept. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Philippa Schuyler—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Sept. 13, at 5:30.)

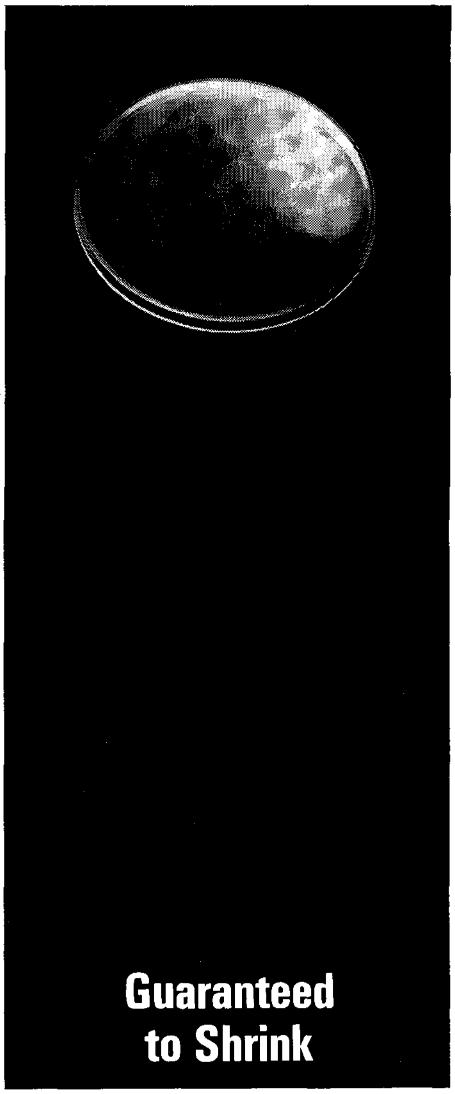
New York Orchestral Society—Joseph Eger conducting two free concerts. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 3:30.)

Jascha Heifetz and Gregor Piatigorsky—Violin and cello, in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Leonard Pennario, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 17, at 7. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)

Peter, Paul & Mary—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.)

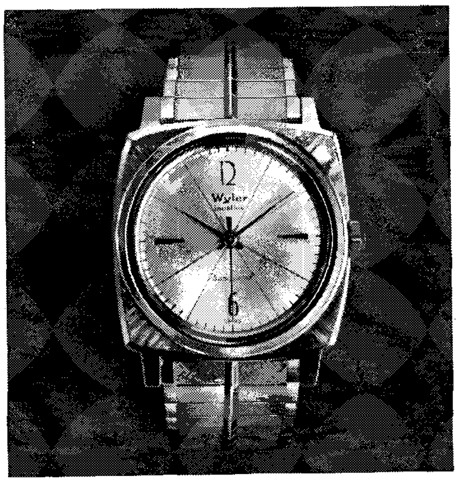
SPORTS

Baseball—At **Shea Stadium**: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2. . . . **Yankee Stadium**:



A waterproof watch crystal can't be "Sanforized"—it is bound to shrink "away" from the case wall. Result: Water seeps through. But in a Wyler waterproof, the crystal locks *over* the case wall. The more it shrinks, the tighter the fit. Our written waterproof guarantee is renewable for the life of the watch, as long as crystal is intact and genuine parts used.

Steel, Waterproof, Self-Winding. $75.00 p.t.



Wyler incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Sept. 11, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1:30.... ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 2; and Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Sept. 18, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2.

College Football—Army vs. Citadel. (West Point. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Denver Broncos. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

Horse Show—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 12, and Saturday, Sept. 19.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 12-13.)

Olympic Canoe Trials—At Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx: Friday, Sept. 11, at 12:30; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 3.

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 3. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 12; the Beldame, Wednesday, Sept. 16; and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 10. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 19. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 8:30 and 11:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, Sept. 19, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2.

Tennis—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 13. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

Yachting—America's Cup Matches. (Newport, R.I. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 15.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so daily from 9 to 4:45, and Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 10-11, until 8:45.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a thirteen-day series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Monday, Sept. 14, at 9: "Hamlet" (Russia).... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 6:30: "The Inheritance" (Argentina).... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 9:15: "Fail Safe" (United States).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "Nobody Waved Good-Bye" (Canada).... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 9:15: "Woman in the Dunes" (Japan).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "Hands Over the City" (Italy).... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 9:15: "Salvatore Giuliano" (Italy).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "Une Femme Est une Femme" (France-Italy).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 9:15: "Band of Outsiders" (France).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "Nothing but a Man" (United States).... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 9:15: "Lilith" (United States).

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18-19, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, belonging to Michael Gottlieb and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 12.

ESTABLISHED 1818
OUR TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVES VISIT MAJOR CITIES FREQUENTLY. TIMES AND PLACES UPON REQUEST.

BROOKS BROTHERS
ENGLISH HATS AND SHOES
made exclusively for us to our designs

The quality, workmanship and styling of English hats and shoes make them outstanding. We import the famous Lock & Co. and Herbert Johnson hats, as well as our Brooks English hats, in our own distinctive shapes and colorings. Our English shoes for dress, street or casual and country wear, noted for their comfort, are also exclusive with us. We invite you to discover for yourself these fine imports.

Brooks Brothers English Hats, $16.50 *to* $25

Brooks English Shoes, $25 *to* $42

Peal & Co. of London Shoes, $62 *and* $65

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Best Man—A political melodrama, brilliantly written by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

Cartouche—This French movie is a part-time spoof and rest-of-the-time imitation of cape-and-sword romance. The humor is broad; the settings, in and around eighteenth-century Paris, are most satisfactory; and the magnetic Jean-Paul Belmondo is well cast as the leader of a band of robbers. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Chalk Garden—A romantic melodrama, played out in the prettiest English country house you ever saw, with, among others, Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, John Mills, Deborah Kerr, and Felix Aylmer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 16.)

The Fiancés—A wistful Italian study of a lower-middle-class couple who find it hard to make their way in the world and still be happy. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Sept. 16.)

Girl with Green Eyes—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Good Neighbor Sam—Jack Lemmon, as a San Francisco ad man in an odd predicament, goes skylarking through a movie that amounts to an omnibus of gags. Mr. L. is very funny. The movie is sometimes funny, sometimes not. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 16.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 15.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

The Night Watch—Jacques Becker has directed a gifted group of non-professional actors in a thrilling account of an attempted escape from a French prison. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 15.)

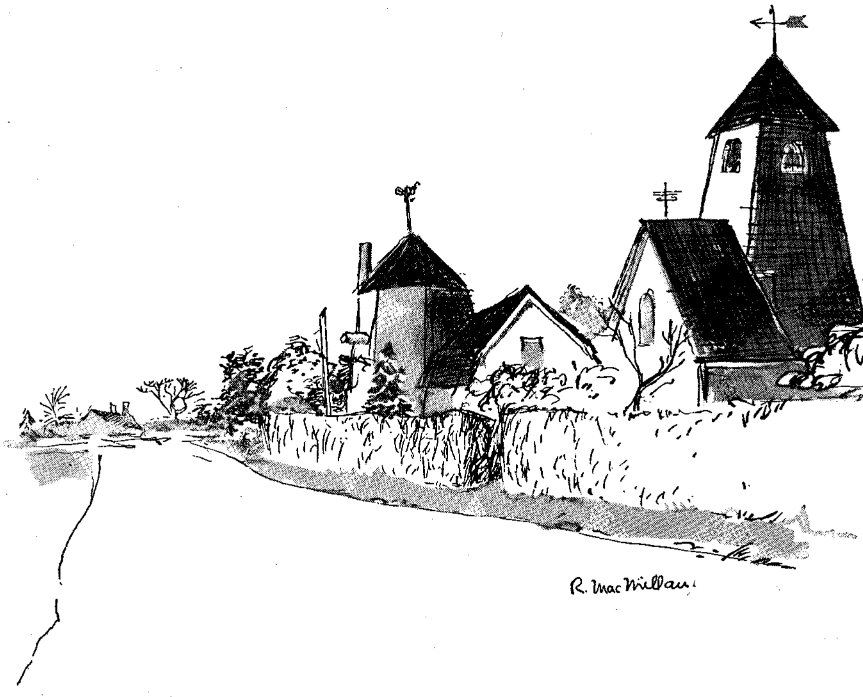
One Potato, Two Potato—This story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child is weakened by a dull, mawkish script, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero, and Painesville, Ohio, where the movie was photographed, is certainly a lovely town to look at. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers being very droll as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. The movie was made under the skilled direction of Blake Edwards, who also collaborated on the script. Everybody involved should be warmly congratulated. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Sept. 15, tentative.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred others. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 16. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 16, tentative.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (In English at the Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ In Italian at the 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 16.)



REVIVALS

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 11-14.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 10.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 15.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charlie Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 15.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore in the old operetta. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Sept. 11.)

Night Affair (1961)—Murder in Paris. Jean Gabin is the detective and two of his suspects are Nadja Tiller and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 16, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Sept. 11.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Sept. 16.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 10.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and scheming in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 11-14.)

The Truth (1961)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. With Brigitte Bardot. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Sept. 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 12: "Top Hat" (1935), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Sept. 13-16: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936), with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"M-G-M's Big Parade of Comedy," a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and others.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15, and Wednesdays and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 10-11, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Sept. 15: "I'd Rather Be Rich," Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet; and "The Last Man on Earth," Vincent Price.
From Sept. 16: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Bushido" (in Japanese), Kinnosuke Nakamura.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 15: **A SHOT IN THE DARK.**
From Sept. 16: **THE CHALK GARDEN.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Samson and the Slave Queen," Alan Steel.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 15: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Sept. 16: **THE CHALK GARDEN.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and "Wild and Wonderful," Tony Curtis, Christine Kaufmann.
From Sept. 16: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Sept. 15: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Sept. 16: **THE FIANCÉS** (in Italian); and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Behold a Pale Horse," Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The 7th Dawn," William Holden, Susannah York.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 15: "I'd Rather Be Rich," Sandra Dee, Robert Goulet; and "The Last Man on Earth," Vincent Price.
From Sept. 16: "Bikini Beach," Frankie Avalon; and "The Masque of the Red Death," Vincent Price.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LIMELIGHT, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 11: **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW**, revival; and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival.
Sept. 12-14: "Waltz of the Toreadors," revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton; and "Make Mine Mink," revival, Terry-Thomas.
Sept. 15-16: "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms; and "Brothers in Law," revival, Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Los Tarantos" (in Spanish), Carmen Amaya.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 15 (tentative): **THE BEST MAN**; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Sept. 16 (tentative): **TOM JONES**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 15: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Sept. 16: "The Secret Invasion," Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"A House Is Not a Home," Shelley Winters, Robert Taylor; and "Samson and the Slave Queen," Alan Steel.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 15: "What a Way to Go!," Shirley MacLaine.
From Sept. 16: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones; and "Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 10: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.
Sept. 11-14: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
From Sept. 15: "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 15: **THE CHALK GARDEN.**
From Sept. 16: **TOM JONES.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 15: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**
From Sept. 16: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 15: "Robinson Crusoe on Mars," Paul Mantee; and "Law of the Lawless," Dale Robertson, Yvonne De Carlo.
From Sept. 16: "The NEW Interns," Michael Callan, Dean Jones; and "Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 15: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Weekend" (in Danish).
From Sept. 16: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 15: **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.
From Sept. 16: "A Tiger Walks," Brian Keith, Vera Miles; and "The Three Lives of Thomasina," revival, Patrick McGoohan.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 14: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From Sept. 15: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CARTOUCHE (in French).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Sept. 10: "Carmen Jones," revival, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," revival, Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe.
From Sept. 11: **MAYTIME**, revival; and "Bitter Sweet," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Marius," "Fanny," and "César" (all revivals, in French, with Raimu).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 10: **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.
Sept. 11-14: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
From Sept. 15: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 15: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian); and "Master Spy," Stephen Murray.
From Sept. 16: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and "The Long Ships," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 10: "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
Sept. 11: "The Would-Be Gentleman" (in French), revival, performed by the Comédie-Française; and "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.
Sept. 12: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
Sept. 13: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.
Sept. 14: **THE TRUTH** and **NIGHT AFFAIR** (both in French and both revivals).
Sept. 15: "The Gypsy Baron" (in German), revival, Anton Walbrook; plus nine short films on the dance.
Sept. 16: "The Bespoke Overcoat," "Water's Edge," and two other George K. Arthur films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 15: **THE NIGHT WATCH** (in French); and "Weekend" (in Danish).
From Sept. 16: To be announced.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. Depending on the weather and the number of people still around, some exhibits stay open later; the Fair gates are closed at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1.

Children—Up to eight years old may be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); up to twelve years old in the Danish Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (twenty-five cents an hour; fifty cents minimum).

Music—Guy Lombardo provides music for dancing at the Tiparillo Band Pavilion every night except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30.

Advice—Recently, more than two hundred thousand people a day have been going to the Fair, which means that it is always crowded, though the crowds are smaller after 7 P.M. Industrial exhibits such as General Motors, Ford, General Electric, Johnson's Wax, and I.B.M. are free, vary in quality, and are usually impossible to get into except at dinnertime, when the Fair's restaurants are impossible to get into. The exhibits in the Amusement Area are always possible to get into, but they cost money and are the least interesting at the Fair.

The best plan is to go to only one impossible exhibit a day, between six and nine in the evening. If that is impractical, arrive at nine in the morning in order to have a good place in line by the time the exhibit opens at 10.

There are twenty-five-cent buses and Glide-a-ride trains that move slowly around the Fairgrounds; the fastest way to get from one place to another is to walk.

Most of the restaurants are relatively expensive. Some accept reservations, but otherwise the best time to try to get lunch is before twelve or after two, and dinner after nine.

A particularly good way to get to the Fair is on the Long Island Rail Road.

There isn't any good reason for going to the Fair on a Saturday.

Children like everything at the Fair.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square, Fifth Avenue, and Grand Central Station.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair every fifteen minutes between 8:45 A.M. and 9 P.M.: from the Fair (Gate 4), on the half hour between 11 A.M. and 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; 40th Street and Eleventh Avenue; Gimbels, 32nd Street, west of Sixth Avenue; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington. $1 each way.

Boats—Hydrofoils leave from the dock at the foot of East 26th Street every twenty minutes between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. Fare $6 round trip; the run takes about twenty-five minutes, and a fifteen-cent bus ride to the Fairgrounds is necessary.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave Kennedy International Airport for the Fair approximately every hour between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. Adults $6, children $3.

At the Fair—Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares are $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four; minimum, $3 for twenty minutes. There is also a special deal: $70 for eight hours. . . ¶ Baby strollers $2 a day. Wheelchairs $4.50 a day. . . . ¶ Helicopters taking off from the Port Authority Heliport provide six-minute sightseeing tours of the Fair, adults $6.50, children $3.50.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

American Interiors—Included in the commercial exhibits in this large pavilion is a great deal of furniture and paintings to go with it; numerous soft-drink and candy machines; a display of paintings and sculpture sponsored by the National Art Museum of Sport, Inc.; and a handy display of reclining chairs to sit down in and go to sleep. Admission fifty cents.

Automobile Companies—Both Ford and General Motors provide free rides into the future, and the Chrysler exhibits include a show about a talking carburetor, which children might enjoy.

Dynamic Maturity—Those who get tired of observing the Fair directly may retire to the peace and quiet of the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion and see views of Flushing Meadow projected onto a circular screen through a revolving periscope set in the roof.

Florida Pavilion—The best part of Florida's exhibit is the Everglades Show, a leisurely lecture on Florida wildlife, with live models, including a largemouth bass, turtles, alligators, snakes of various sizes, and a family of Seminoles (who are technically at war with the United States). Twenty-five cents.

I.B.M.—The I.B.M. Pavilion is the most beautiful structure at the Fair, and the two puppet shows in the center of the main plaza, which illustrate the nature of computers, are among the best shows at the Fair.

Johnson Wax—A short non-commercial film called "To Be Alive!" is shown every half hour or so in the Golden Rondelle theatre, and is an excellent reason to go to the Fair.

New York State Pavilion—The exhibits include a short movie projected onto six screens set in a circle along the walls. The subject of the film is the attractions of New York State, and though the circular technique is interesting, the effect is to make the audience dizzy. Admission twenty-five cents.

Transportation and Travel Pavilion—Projected on the concave ceiling of a theatre on the second floor is a movie about the universe, made by Cinerama and narrated by Lowell Thomas. The film is about twenty minutes long; sitting in the last row may be the best way to avoid a stiff neck; and a ticket costs seventy-five cents.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

Bourbon Street—This sprawling exhibit, sometimes called the Louisiana Pavilion, contains a couple of bars featuring live jazz, a series of snack bars, a dancing chicken, an unopen French restaurant, a doll museum, and several sidewalk artists who charge three dollars for a profile and five dollars for a full-face portrait.

Carousel Park—A dreary area at the foot of the Amusement Area bridge. The carousel costs twenty-five cents a ride.

Pavilion of Paris—The French exhibit, which is far from complete, includes shops that sell candy, pastry, books, and topless bathing suits, and a display of a 460-pound edition of the Apocalypse illustrated by Dali, Buffet, and others.

Pepsi-Cola-UNICEF Small World—A delightful boat ride past Disney-animated dolls dressed in native costumes who sing, dance, and play musical instruments. Adults ninety-five cents; children sixty cents.

Poupées de Paris—An elaborate puppet show, but the barker luring the customers in at the top of his voice prefers never to use the word "puppet." Shows at 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, and 10:30. Adults two dollars, children one dollar.

Santa Maria—An authentic replica of Columbus's flagship, which shows, among other things, how much shorter people were in those days. Adults one dollar, children between 6 and 18 fifty cents.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one eating place of some kind. There are some outdoor cafés in the Amusement Area that are not necessarily good but are often not crowded.)

African Pavilion—The Tree House Restaurant is a very pleasant place for a long lunch on a weekday. For reservations, call AR 1-3440.

Pavilion of American Interiors—At the top there is a bar and restaurant with a splendid view of the Fair and the surrounding highways. The menu is conventional and prices are fairly high.

Caribbean Pavilion—Fairly expensive food and drink, and a more or less continuous, more or less Caribbean stage show. For reservations, call Mr. Baez, AR 1-2712.

Central America and Panama—Although only coffee and buns are available, there are few pleasanter places at the Fair than the small outdoor café at this pavilion.

Danish Pavilion—The Kattegat Inn serves open-face sandwiches or any one of almost thirty other entrées for about three dollars. The Restaurant of Denmark serves a $6.50 "grand cold table," and also has a large à-la-carte menu. The service is excellent.

Festival of Gas—A good, expensive restaurant run by Restaurant Associates. For reservations, call AR 1-5070.

Republic of Guinea—A medium-priced restaurant serving lamb, chicken, and shrimp dishes, and not doing as much business as it deserves. It is therefore a good place to go for a meal and a stage show featuring Guinean music and dancing.

Hilton Café International—A large, moderately priced restaurant in the Better Living Center. There is buffet service from five open kitchens labelled North American, South American, European, Mediterranean, and Oriental. Open from noon to 10 P.M.

Indian Pavilion—Good, fairly expensive Indian food for lunch and dinner. Call AR 1-4123 for reservations.

Indonesian Pavilion—An Indonesian lunch costs about $5, dinner about $7.75. There are shows featuring Balinese and Sumatran music and/or dancing at 12:30, 2:30, 7, and 9:30. The restaurant closes at 10 P.M. For reservations, call AR 1-8106-7-8-9.

Lebanese Pavilion—In the courtyard is a café serving interesting, inexpensive food.

Malaysian Pavilion—A small restaurant with a limited menu, moderate prices, good food, and imperfect service. Some outdoor tables.

Mexican Pavilion—The Focolare restaurant serves expensive Mexican food in luxurious surroundings, and the Café Alameda serves moderately priced Mexican dishes in less luxurious surroundings. There is also an attractive, comfortable bar. For reservations, call AR 1-0022 and AR 1-0023, respectively.

Minnesota Pavilion—The restaurant serves an extensive but unexciting smörgåsbord for $3.75. More exciting dishes may be added for more money.

Moroccan Pavilion—The entrance to the restaurant is hidden in a corner of the outdoor bazaar. Prices are moderate, and there are accompanying Moroccan night-club acts.

Pakistan—The food is plentiful, delicious, and fairly expensive, and the best tables are outdoors, overlooking the Avenue of the United Nations.

Schaefer Beer Garden—Outside the Schaefer pavilion is a café and stand-up bar. Hot dogs, beer, soft drinks, and hard liquor are served, and there is no reason to go there unless you are there already and too tired to go any farther.

Spanish Pavilion—The Granada serves good, fairly expensive Spanish food; no reservations. The Toledo serves good, more expensive French and Spanish food (although they do have a Spanish omelet for two dollars); for reservations, call 888-7320. The service at both is efficient, and the dinner conversation is about the prices.

Swedish Pavilion—A delicious and abundant smörgåsbord is available for six dollars at both lunch and dinner. Reservations taken for lunch only (until 4 P.M.). AR 1-5303.

Top of the Fair—A large, expensive restaurant with a good view of the Fair from some tables. Reservations accepted for "sittings" at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 9:30. Call 888-5500.

Come home with us to Nice

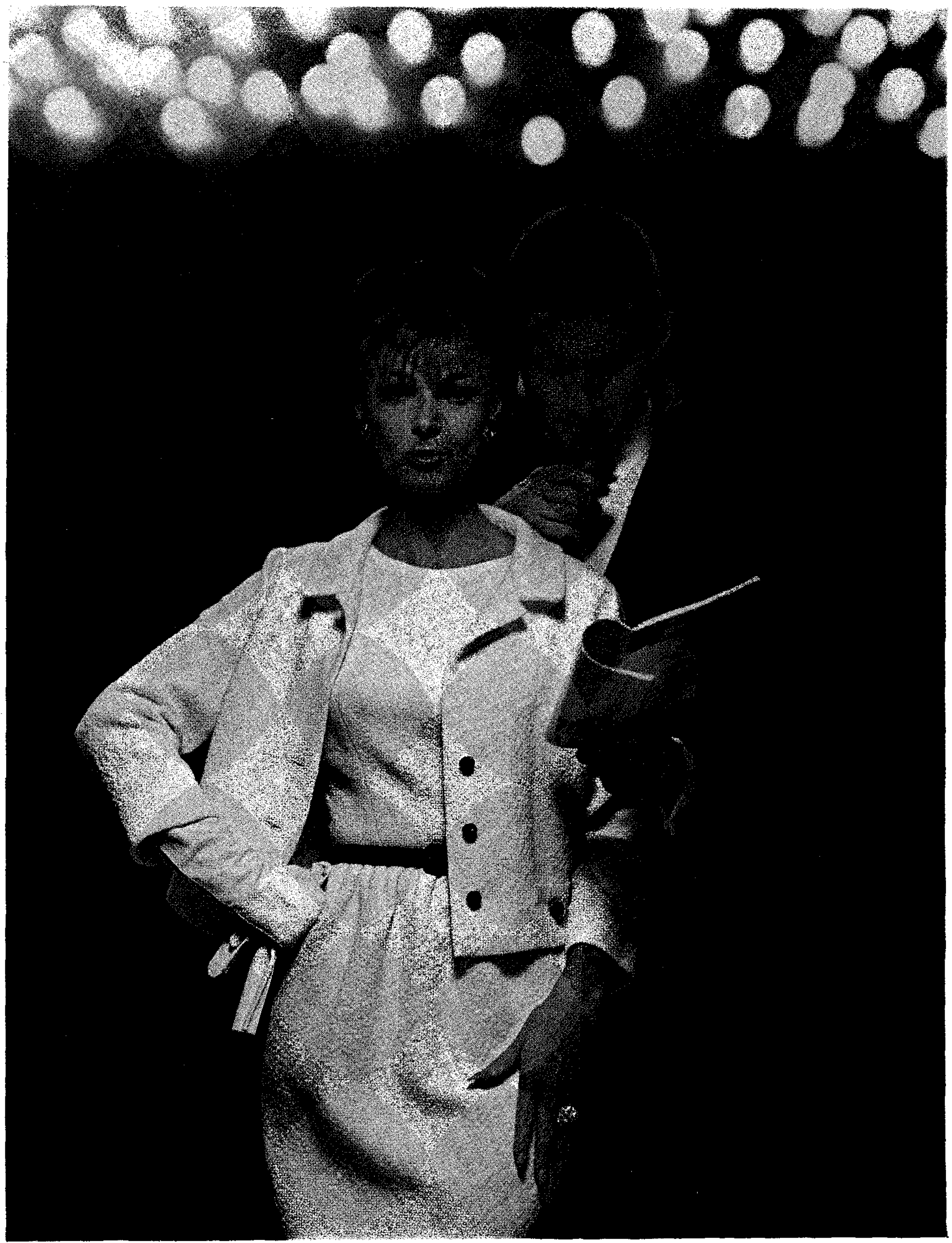
(Migrate to the sun and the fun on an Air France "Fall Jet-Away Holiday")

ST. TROPEZ HARBOR ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA

While most people are home unpacking their parkas, you can be slipping into your swimsuit for a dip in the Mediterranean. Or sipping an aperitif at an outdoor café. Or turning back the clock in a tiny medieval fishing village. Such are the year-round pleasures of the fabulous French Riviera. Air France continues its convenient schedule of Boeing 707 jet flights between the U.S. and Nice (gateway city to the Riviera) all through the Fall. Our low 14/21-Day Economy Excursion Fares will be in effect every Monday to Thursday through November 5. And our frequent flights between Paris and Nice allow for a leisurely stopover in the world's most romantic city before you head South. Of course, Air France knows many more warm-weather retreats. We also know how you can fly, cruise, motor or walk to and through them at remarkable savings. We tell all we know in our colorful "1964 Fall Jet-Away Sun Holidays" tour folders. They're free for the asking at your Travel Agent or your local Air France office.

AIR FRANCE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE



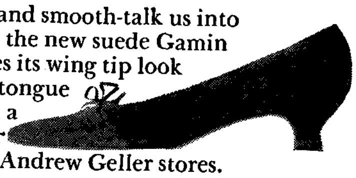
Two-part costuming, knit for after hours in a quilt-stitch wool; jet-buttoned. About $80. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
Lord & Taylor, Neiman Marcus, Bullock's.

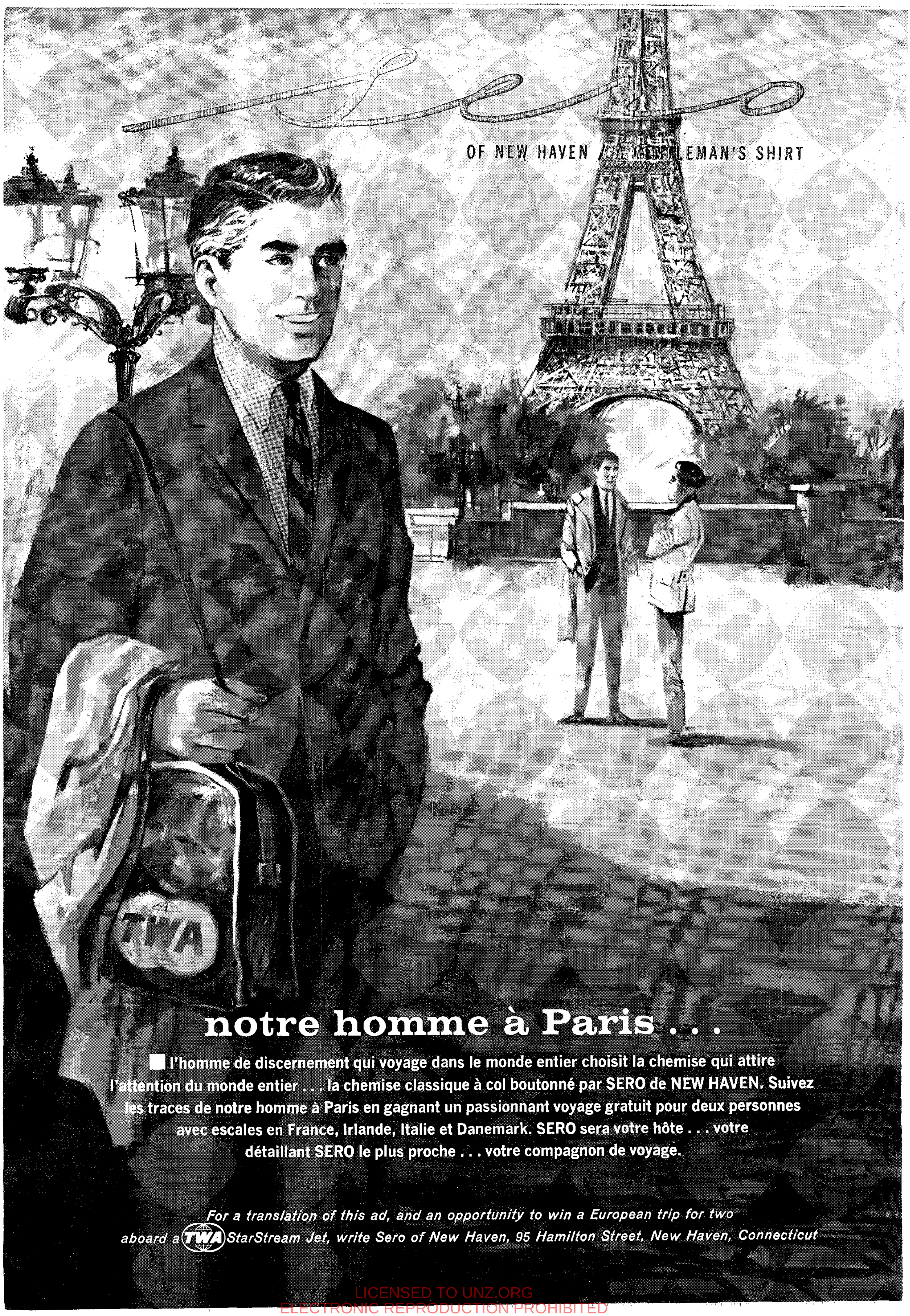
Kimberly

This is a Ggggggggggamin that's tongue-tied

Come in and smooth-talk us into
showing you the new suede Gamin
that expresses its wing tip look
for fall with tongue
and chic. On a
little heel for
about $20 at Andrew Geller stores.

Gamins®

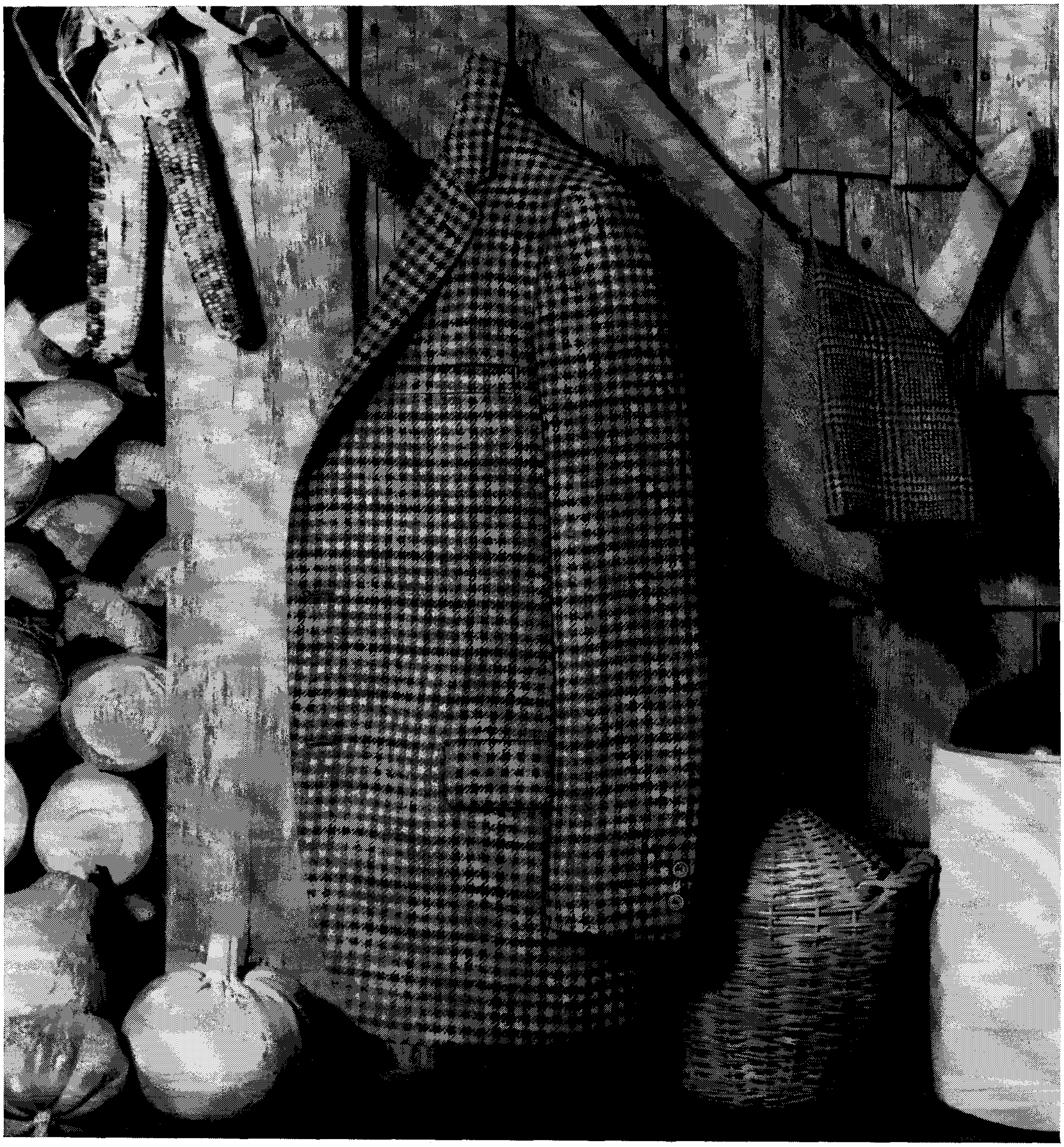



Sero
OF NEW HAVEN / A GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT
TWA

notre homme à Paris . . .

■ l'homme de discernement qui voyage dans le monde entier choisit la chemise qui attire l'attention du monde entier . . . la chemise classique à col boutonné par SERO de NEW HAVEN. Suivez les traces de notre homme à Paris en gagnant un passionnant voyage gratuit pour deux personnes avec escales en France, Irlande, Italie et Danemark. SERO sera votre hôte . . . votre détaillant SERO le plus proche . . . votre compagnon de voyage.

For a translation of this ad, and an opportunity to win a European trip for two aboard a TWA StarStream Jet, write Sero of New Haven, 95 Hamilton Street, New Haven, Connecticut



THE RICH, DEEP COLORS OF AUTUMN...
BRIAR TWEED

Rustic, these Gordon-Ford Briar Tweed wool sport jackets . . . they're as spirited as a blazing forest in Fall. In bold and not-so-bold checks, plaids and solids. Like all Gordon-Ford clothes, the cut of Briar Tweed is unobtrusive . . . it focuses attention on the wearer rather than the maker. About $55. At Lord & Taylor (The Young Man's Shop); The Country Store, Concord, Mass.; Jack Wood, Charlotte; John Mazzo, Reading; Brennan's, Albuquerque.

Prices slightly higher in West.

GORDON-FORD
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

conspicuous consumption italian style

Two kinds of people drive an Alfa Romeo 2600. The connoisseur; the fine car enthusiast. One proclaims he's driving the best money can buy. The other simply wants a classic, high performance car without mortgaging the family heirlooms.

Both appreciate the 2 + 2 seating capacity and custom body by Touring. The 5-forward speeds, double overhead cam shafts, 6-cylinder aluminum engine, and three, dual-throated Solex carburetors.

For normal driving, three "throats" are in action. At higher speeds, the other three cut in to provide one choke per cylinder. No wonder this car is easily capable of over 120 m.p.h. with power to spare.

The cost: including a standard equipment list that contains most items other makes charge for as "extras," $4,995 P.O.E. Or you can own a 5-forward speed, 5 passenger, Giulia TI sedan for $2,995 P.O.E. While the 2 seat, Giulia Spider sports car with custom body by Farina is only $3,395 P.O.E. ($3,450 P.O.E. West Coast). Coupe models available. Also detachable hard tops for all Spiders.

Travelling abroad? Save money. Order your car here. Pick it up overseas. Ask your dealer for details.

ALFA ROMEO MILANO

alfa romeo

231 Johnson Ave., Newark 8, N. J. • 1700 Daisy Ave., Long Beach 13, Calif.

2600 Spider $4995 P.O.E.

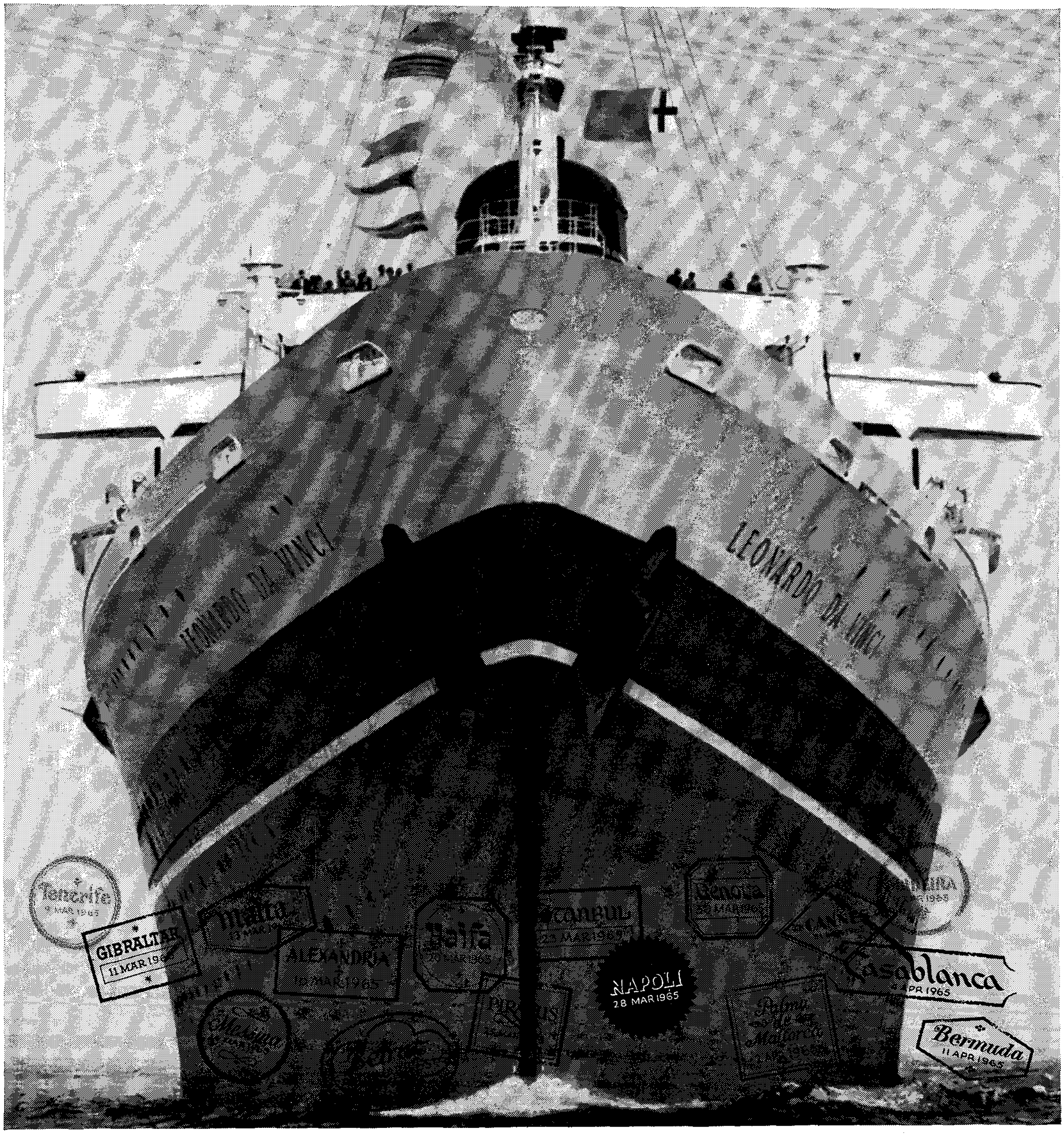
Can this marriage be saved* by a Black Tricot Nightie?

In a fashion, yes. For once a wife neglects her lingerie wardrobe, next thing you know she's walking around in curlers, and leaving the cap off the toothpaste. It's little things like this nightie that can suggest a whole new attitude. Perfume in the hair, flowers on the table, talk instead of TV. And, by the way, although black has a tradition for sheer allure, see what happens with new Burlington tricot shades like tiger-lily, gentian, chartreuse and of course, true blue. In this case, the power of positive slinking is black over nude tricot. Very basic. Designed by SARAMAE in Burlington Tricot of Chemstrand nylon.

At B. Altman & Co., New York; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Joseph Magnin Co., San Francisco.

* With a respectful bow to the Ladies Home Journal. Burlington Tricot Co., 1430 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018 A Division of Burlington Industries.

Burlington Tricot NYLON CHEMSTRAND®


LEONARDO DA VINCI
Tenerife 9 MAR 1965
GIBRALTAR 11 MAR 1965
Malta
ALEXANDRIA
Haifa
Istanbul 23 MAR 1965
Genoa
NAPOLI 28 MAR 1965
Cannes
Casablanca 4 APR 1965
Bermuda 11 APR 1965
Messina
Beirut
Piraeus
Palma de Mallorca
Madeira

The Leonardo da Vinci leaves New York on March 3, 1965, for a 41-day Gala Cruise to 16 ports in 12 Mediterranean/Near-East countries. Come along!

Visit such storied ports as Tenerife, Gibraltar, Malta, Messina, Alexandria, Beirut, Haifa, Istanbul, Piraeus, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Palma de Majorca, Casablanca, Madeira, Bermuda. See the Dodecanese Islands, the Bosporus, Ithaca (Ionian Islands), Kotor Bay and Malaga-Torremolinos, as you cruise. In 6 weeks, travel 13,364 miles...live a pampered life on the luxurious, air-conditioned Leonardo...return to New York April 13, 1965.

Swim in outdoor pools (just a day or two out of New York we rendezvous with spring!) ...laze away the days in your deck chair... play shuffleboard, deck tennis. Shoot skeet, shoot pictures, shoot the breeze with fellow passengers. Italian Line seems to bring out the nicest side of people.

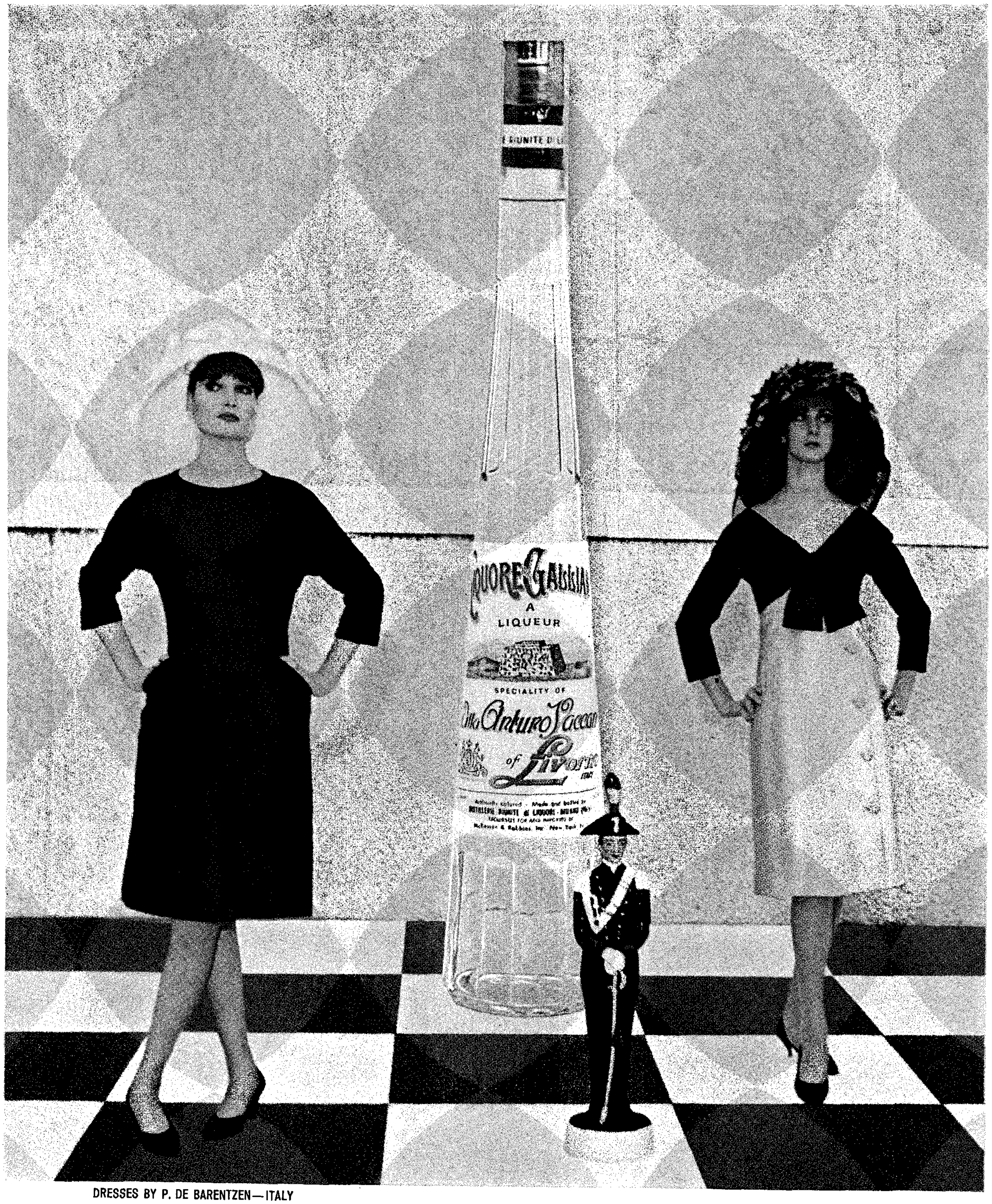
With evening you'll sense a new magic on the Leonardo. Parties, dances, professional entertainment...a musical revue in costume by our talented staff. Concerts, first-run movies, magic shows, cinema-races, Grand Derby, Bingo, bridge...a range of activities rivaling those of the world's great resorts.

The Leonardo has a staff of 500, trained to a fine efficiency. Our English-speaking stewards and stewardesses have but one thought...to make these 41 days perfect for you. Our chefs will overwhelm you with the abundance and variety of luscious foods they offer you every day. This great sea-going resort-hotel is your home in every port... your cabin is your own private world of comfort, luxury and convenience.

Ashore you'll thrill to historic sights and legendary places...walk in streets trod by Christ and His disciples...visit the Sphinx and pyramids of Egypt...and more...on exciting tours expertly arranged by Thos. Cook & Son.

Fares begin at $1250. All first class. Write for colorful brochure and deck plan/rate folder today. Then see your travel agent or contact us directly for the accommodations you want. Italian Line, Dept. B-94, One Whitehall Street, New York 4, or 696 Fifth Ave., New York 19. Tel: 797-7000.

Italian Line

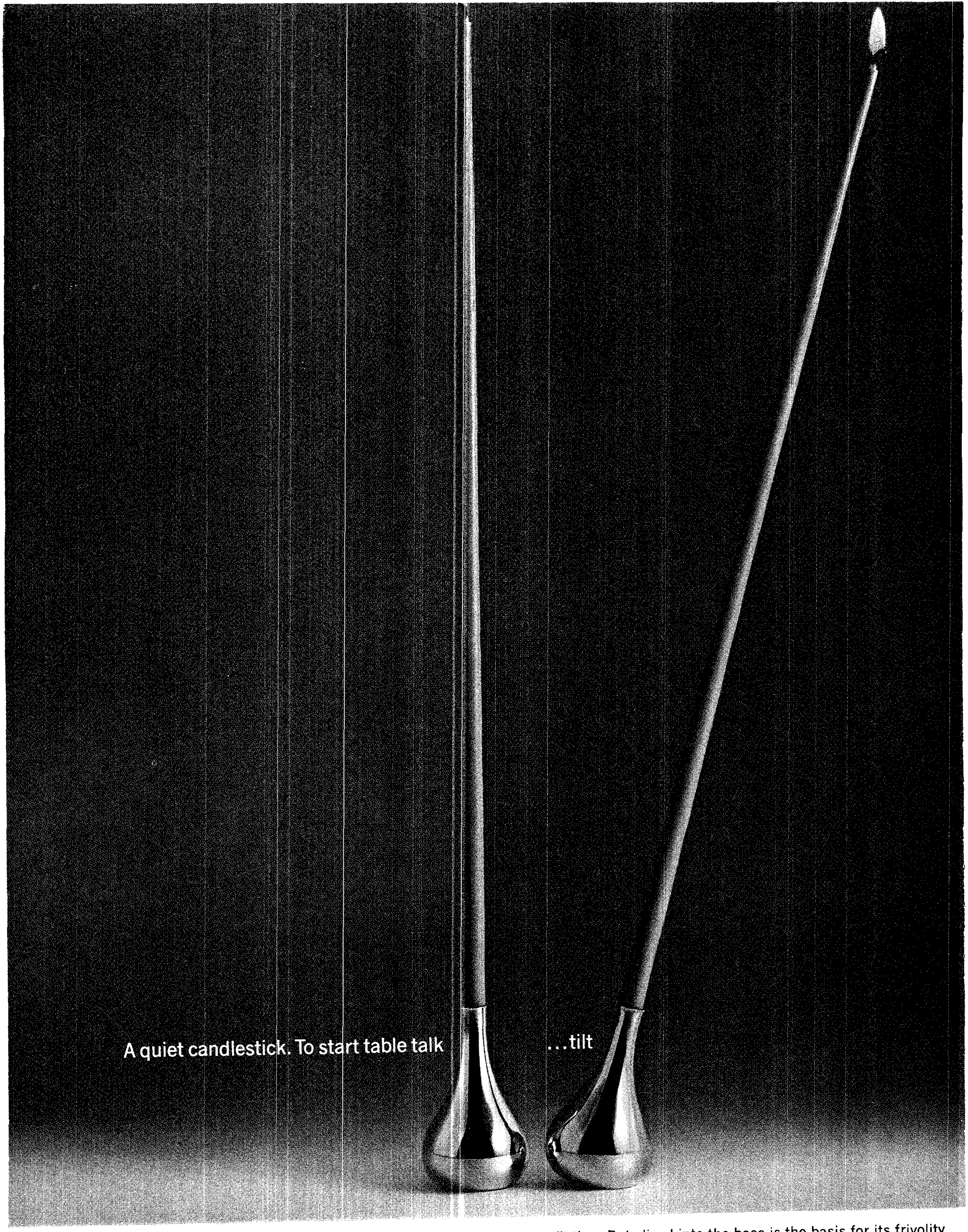


DRESSES BY P. DE BARENTZEN—ITALY

Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano

If you fancy yourself strolling on the Via Veneto in these after-five originals, marvelously mobile to match your mood—the drink you'll stop for in the colorful sidewalk cafe should be Galliano. It's the legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. You'll enjoy it. Galliano, the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK&R, 1964



Jens Quistgaard carves a new Dansk candlestick. No trills, no frills, no fluting. But sliced into the base is the basis for its frivolity. A unique twin angle that lets you tilt it at whim. Quistgaard makes this holder of solid brass for firm stance, silky finish. Bathes it in silver for greater candlepower. One pair at 8.95 includes a gift dozen of 20-inch candles. Dripless, pencil-slim tapers in a choice of 14 colors to set your imagination on fire. A free catalog shows 493 more ideas from Dansk's Top-of-the-Table Collection. Write Department C, Dansk Designs, Great Neck, New York.

DANSK
DANSK DESIGNS LTD

Cover your walls with a rare print from Schumacher.
We have over 750 to choose from.

That's about how many wall covering designs we usually have in stock at any given time. As for special order designs, everybody's too busy just getting them right to bother keeping count.

Actually, any wall covering from Schumacher is pretty special—and not only for the fine quality. For one thing, we can and do reproduce our fabric designs on paper. We call these papers companion prints. Everybody else calls them "rare"

And if you find a design in wallpaper that you'd like in fabric, we can probably do that for you too. The point is, you're more likely to find exactly what you want at Schumacher than anywhere. In fabrics and rugs, as well as wall coverings.

All wall coverings and companion fabrics by Schumacher are available through dealers and interior designers.

Schumacher

F. SCHUMACHER & COMPANY, 58 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 18./SHOWROOMS: 939 THIRD AVENUE

SURPRISING

Reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch reveal the 22 surprises of Amsterdam. Four of them may change your mind about where to *start* your European vacation. Six suggest that Amsterdam is amazingly *lively* (note ecdysiast).

One of Amsterdam's 50 canals.

You can fly KLM to any of 100 cities around the world—including 40 in Europe. Read why many travelers say that Amsterdam, hub of KLM's worldwide network, is the most *surprising* city of all.

1. Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice. You can take a 95-minute ride on a sleek sightseeing boat for about 60 cents.

2. Amsterdam has 636 bridges—more than any other city in the world. A word of caution: Hang onto your *hat*. Hundreds of them fly into Amsterdam's canals every year. A long pole is thoughtfully provided at every bridge.

3. Nightclubs offer everything from Dutch jazz to ecdysiasts. (Typical ecdysiast at right.) Amsterdam has two glittering nightclub districts. A round of jenever (gin) for two: about 60 cents.

4. You can see the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. It's Rembrandt's "The Night Watch" at Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum (say "Rikes-museum"). You can also see more than 500 Van Goghs at the Municipal Museum for 15 cents.

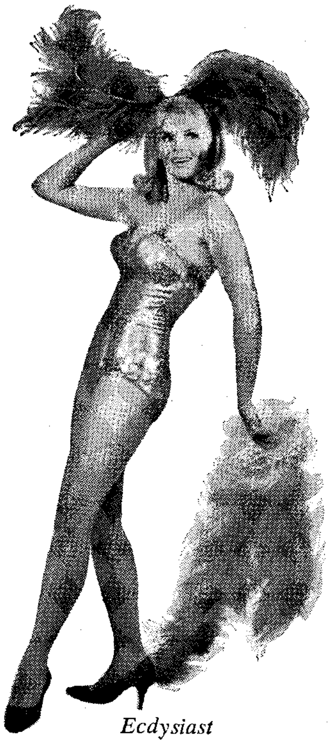
5. You can see where Amsterdam's women wept farewell to seafaring men. It is called the "Tower of Tears." Henry Hudson sailed from this ancient tower in 1609—and discovered the Hudson River.

6. You can buy a tax-free car and save enough to pay for your entire trip. Amsterdam has the only airport showroom for *tax-free* cars on the Continent. Buy a Jaguar Mark X Sedan—and you'll save $1189.

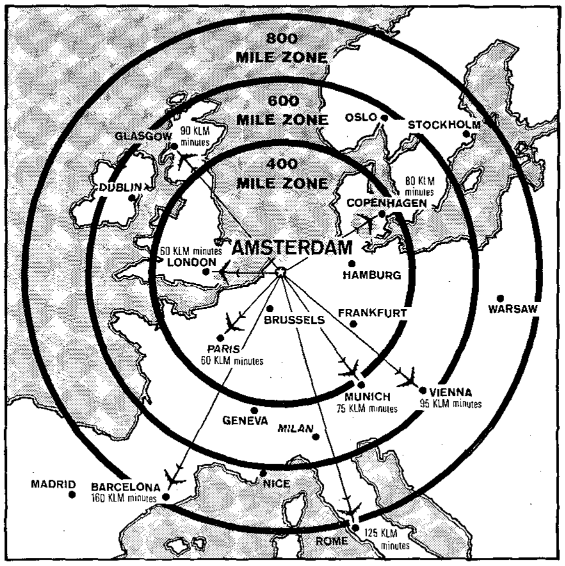
7. You can have a 30-dish dinner in Amsterdam for about $3.50. It's a gourmet's delight called "Rijsttafel." Included: saté babi (pork on a skewer), roasted Katjang nuts and a spicy specialty called *Dagie smoor.*

8. You can see some of the world's most spectacular diamond displays. One cutter's showroom has a 400-carat U.N. emblem with 5,180 brilliants. You can even watch diamonds being cleaved, cut and polished. Free.

9. Amsterdam is your best Gateway to Europe. It's right in the middle of things (see map). London and Paris, for example, are only 60 KLM minutes away. In fact, you will find as many as 14 European capitals within an 800-mile range of Amsterdam.



Ecdysiast
(quite a few in Amsterdam).



800 MILE ZONE
600 MILE ZONE
400 MILE ZONE
GLASGOW
90 KLM minutes
OSLO
STOCKHOLM
DUBLIN
80 KLM minutes
COPENHAGEN
60 KLM minutes
LONDON
AMSTERDAM
HAMBURG
BRUSSELS
FRANKFURT
WARSAW
PARIS
60 KLM minutes
MUNICH
75 KLM minutes
VIENNA
95 KLM minutes
GENEVA
MILAN
MADRID
BARCELONA
160 KLM minutes
NICE
ROME
125 KLM minutes

Amsterdam: travel center of Europe.

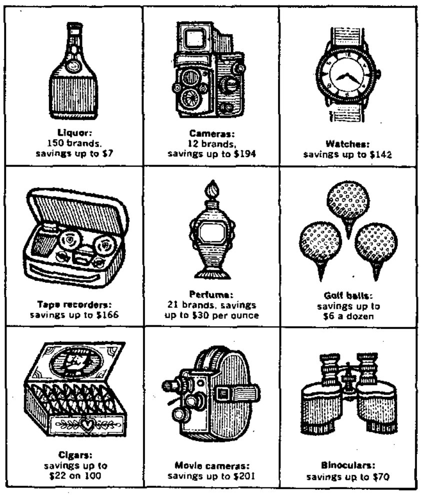
AMSTERDAM

10. You can visit an Amsterdam family in their own home on 24 hours' notice. It is absolutely free. You can even pick the type of family you want to meet.

Simply contact the Amsterdam Tourist Association, 5 Rokin, Amsterdam.

11. You can rent a bike for about 85 cents a day. Join Amsterdam's fantastic bicycle brigade. The city has the world's most astounding variety of cyclists. Lovers even *hold hands* on bicycles.

12. You can rent your own canal boat (with skipper) for about $4.75 a day—and tour Holland by water. This is the per-person cost for a party of six. How many of your friends have seen Holland *that* way?


Liquor:
150 brands.
savings up to $7
Cameras:
12 brands,
savings up to $194
Watches:
savings up to $142
Tape recorders:
savings up to $166
Perfume:
21 brands, savings
up to $30 per ounce
Golf balls:
savings up to
$6 a dozen
Cigars:
savings up to
$22 on 100
Movie cameras:
savings up to $201
Binoculars:
savings up to $70

Bargains at Amsterdam Airport.

13. You can save up to $7 a bottle on 150 brands of liquor at Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center. You can also save as much as $194 on cameras, $166 on tape recorders, $142 on watches.

14. You can picnic by a canal and watch a ship sail past above you. You'll find the Dutch are inordinately proud of their country. They should be. They made it themselves.

15. You can visit the Royal Palace—once the "eighth wonder of the world." It is a palace *without* a front door. Reason: to keep out 17th century marauders.

16. Amsterdam is the most perfectly preserved large city on the Continent. Not one brick or stone can be removed without permission of city officials.

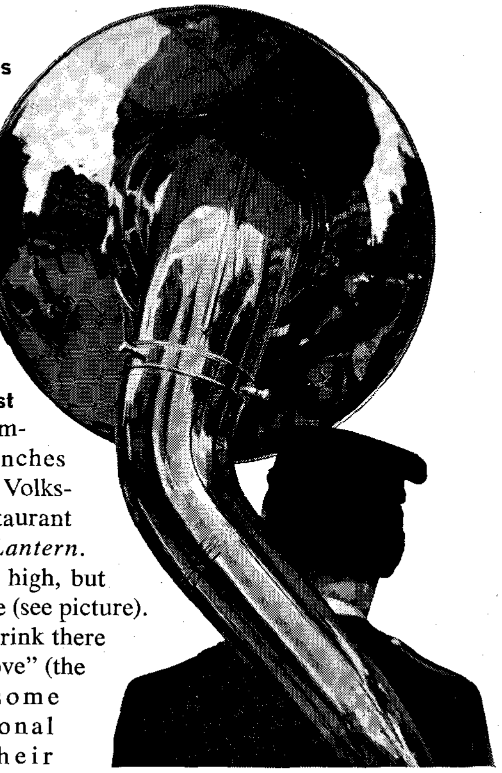
17. Amsterdam has more barrel organs and carillons than any other city. You may even hear a street band with a tuba player (right). Amsterdam is a city of music.

18. You can visit 12 medieval castles within an hour's drive. Most of them have colorful claims to fame. At Muiden, for example, a French count was murdered—*seven* centuries ago.

19. You can see the world's skinniest house—and thinnest restaurant—in Amsterdam. The house is about six inches *narrower* than a Volkswagen. The restaurant is *The Green Lantern.* It's three stories high, but only six feet wide (see picture). You can buy a drink there called "Sated Love" (the Dutch have some rather emotional names for their drinks. After a few sips of "Sated Love" you may get a little emotional yourself).

Restaurant
De Groene Lanteerne

Skinniest restaurant (see #19).



Strolling tuba player.

20. You can visit the Anne Frank house. Her room is just as she left it. The building at 263 Prinsengracht (Prince's Canal) is open to visitors every day.

21. In Amsterdam, almost everyone speaks English. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in the world. Another good reason for *starting* in Amsterdam.

22. Amsterdam is the thriftiest place in Europe to rent a car. Compare Hertz and Avis rental rates in Amsterdam with rates in any other European capital. They are about *half* the Paris prices.

Clip coupon for more surprises

For more KLM surprises including bargain tours, air fares and other valuable travel tips, see your travel agent or clip coupon.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Dept. C, 609 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10017

☐ **Please send me KLM's new 16-page brochure, "KLM's Guidebook to Travel—Fall and Winter, 1964-1965."**

Name ____________________

Street ____________________ Phone ____________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip Code ________

(My travel agent is) ____________________

B-19

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

Until 1828, this was the best way to have a perfumed bath.

That year, the Guerlain family established their parfumerie in Paris. They've been creating the finest French fragrance ever since. Including special versions for the bath—rich, skin-smoothing oils, and soft dusting powder and talcum.

And now, you can have the pleasure of a bath perfumed with Guerlain's newest fragrance, Chant d'Arômes. (Guerlain considers it one of the greatest in their 136 year history.) Or, if you prefer, there's Shalimar, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko or Vol de Nuit.

Just a couple of drops of oil and a sprinkle of powder and you're in honeysuckle and jasmine and roses and violets and lilacs and carnations and white lilies and East Indian patchouli and vetiver and sandalwood and ylang-ylang flowers and balsam and . . .

Guerlain

©1964 FLORENCE EISEMAN

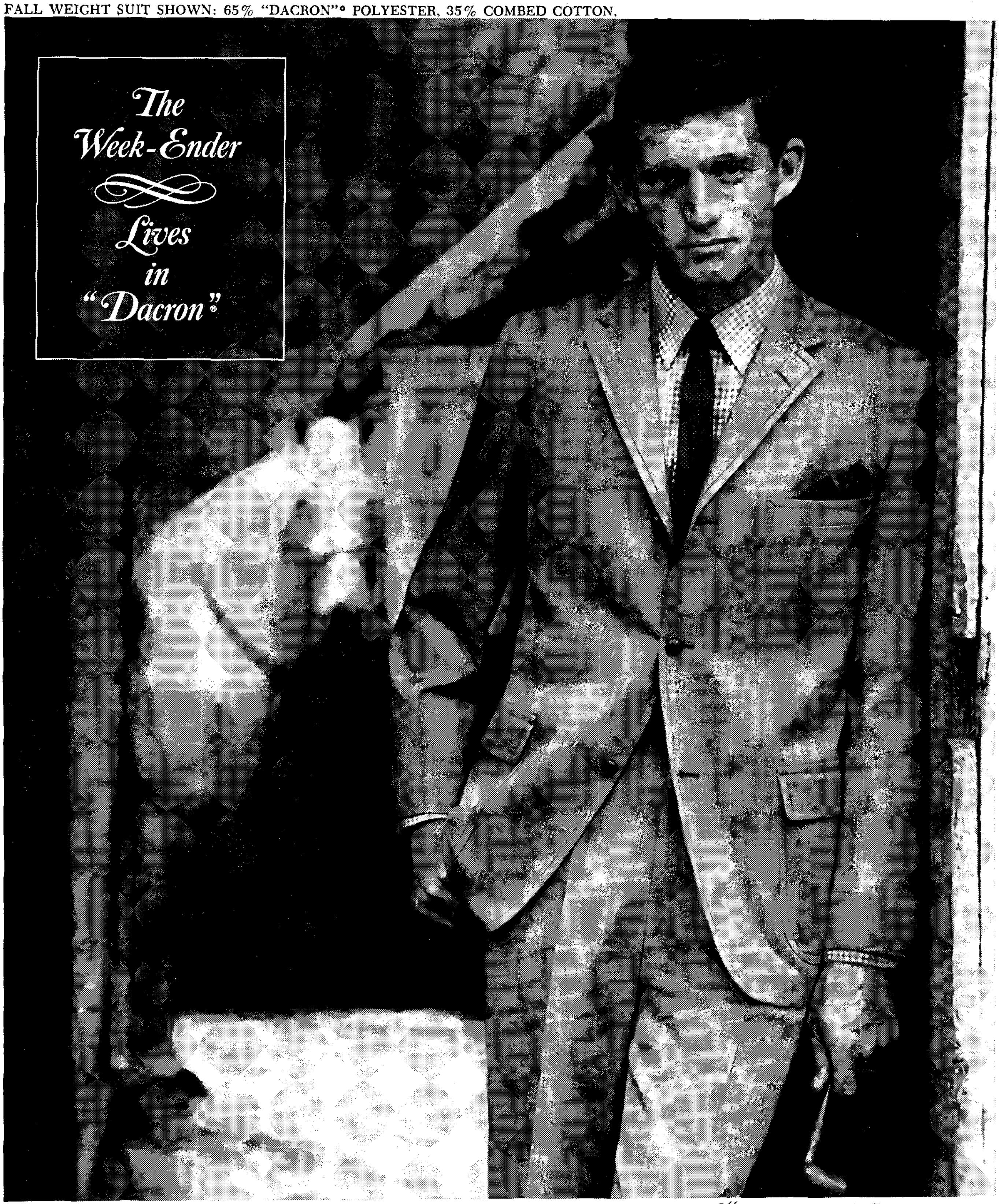
Please don't point at anything but the pastry tray.

IF YOU WANT TO BE ASKED TO THE REALLY IMPORTANT PARTIES, PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING PARTY MANNERS:

1. Don't make shapes out of your mashed potatoes.
2. Please chew up everything, swallow it, use your napkin and then tell us about yourself.
3. Don't ask for two pieces; your eyes are bigger than your tummy.
4. Don't build a castle with the sugar cubes.
5. Be terribly, terribly quiet.

All our social butterflies here are wearing Florence Eiseman's "petit four" velveteens. Our special velveteen comes from Italy; the eyelet, pleated dress is Swiss. Some come in ice pink (our new color) or in red or in black. At I. Magnin & Co.; Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field & Co.; and fine stores everywhere. **FLORENCE EISEMAN**

FALL WEIGHT SUIT SHOWN: 65% "DACRON"® POLYESTER, 35% COMBED COTTON.



Great new idea in fall suits: the country suit of "Dacron"® & cotton.

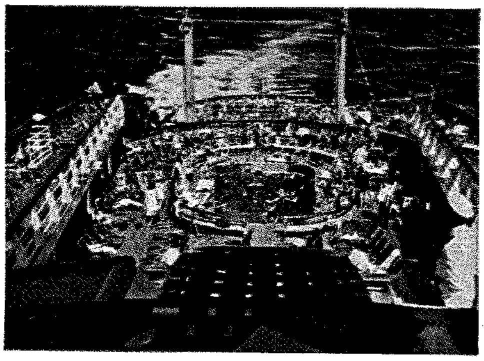
Even if you don't get out of town, show your style on week ends this fall. The brand-new country suit is as comfortable as they come. But it's every inch the country gentleman. Natural shoulders. Tapered trousers. Great touches like plaid lining, leather buttons. And husky, fall-weight Bedford cord or cavalry twill of "Dacron" and cotton. Hold a press? You bet! "Dacron" fights wrinkles, keeps trouser creases sharp through all kinds of wear—and any kind of weather. See it at Wallachs' fifteen stores in metropolitan New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Sakowitz, Houston; Robert Kirk, Ltd., San Francisco; and other fine stores. The superb styling and tailoring by **HASPEL**

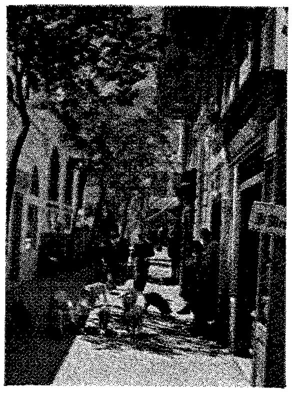
Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

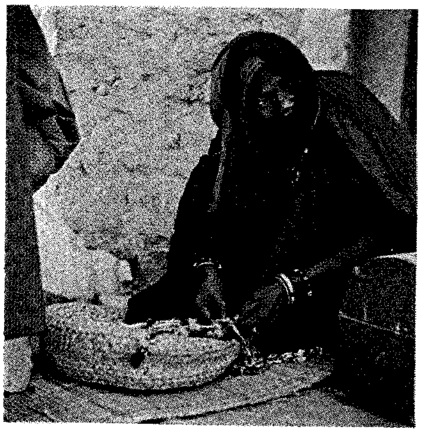
DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

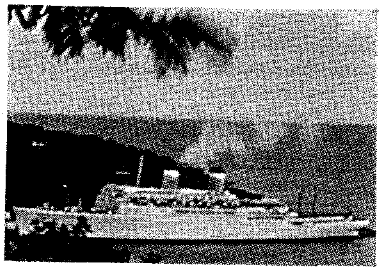
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

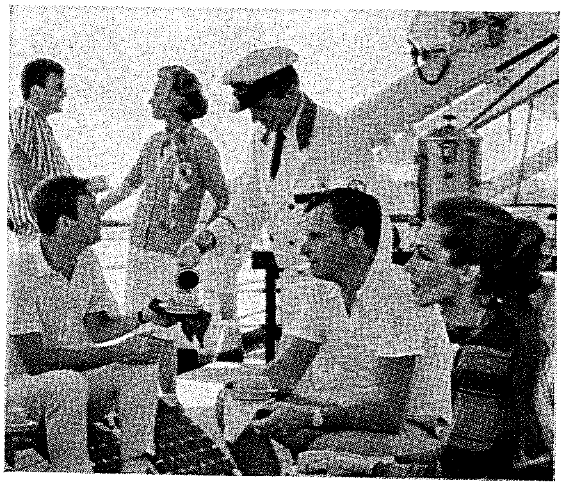
Cruise to Europe on the Sunlane Route. It's the only way to go if you enjoy









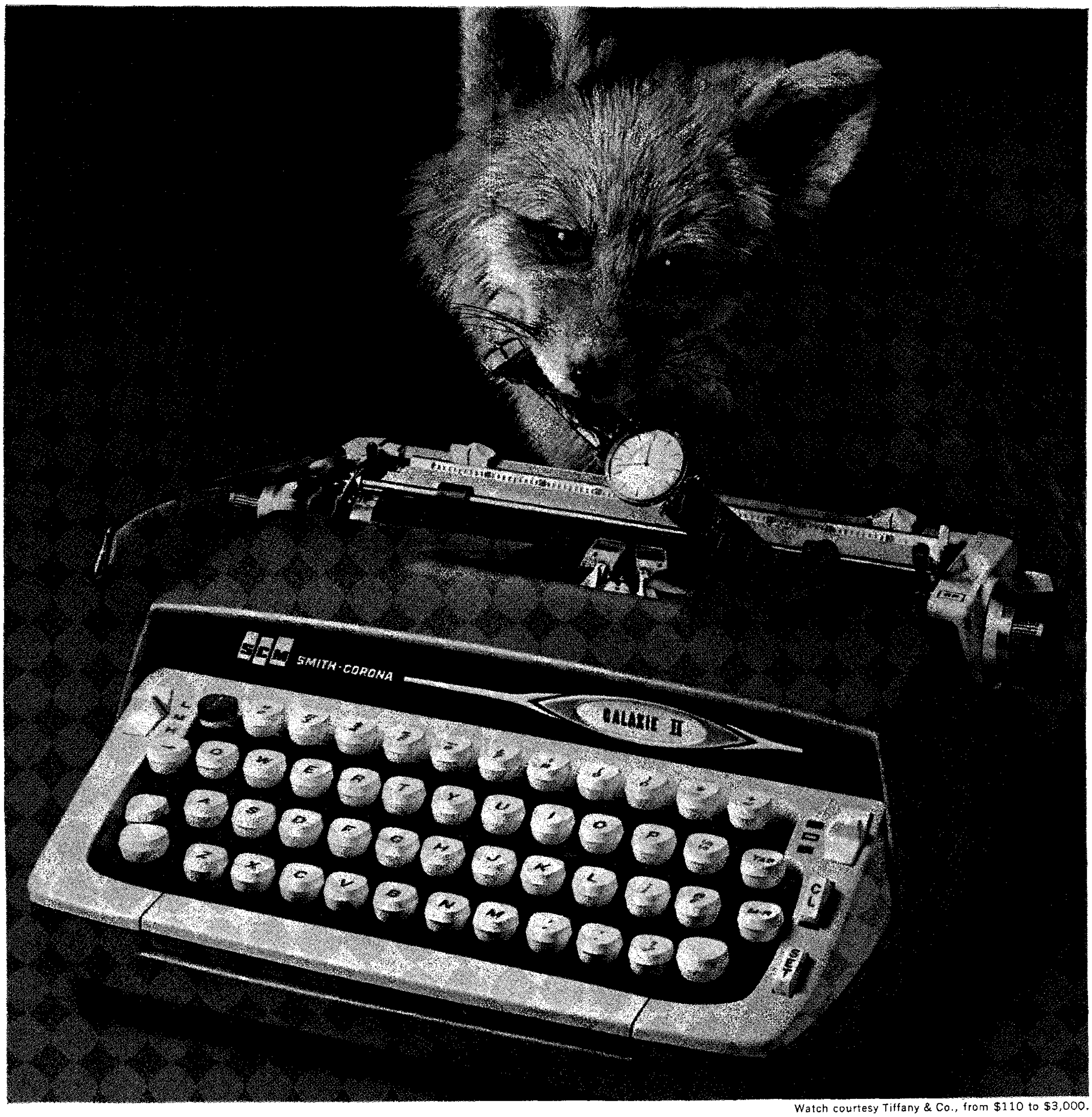


and service that speaks your language.

On a Sunlane Cruise, you sight-see your way to Europe, American-style. You visit Cannes, Genoa, Naples, Casablanca, Madeira, Gibraltar, Majorca. Each evening you're back aboard your Sunliner, dancing under the Mediterranean stars. Relaxing in familiar American comfort. ☐ 3-week Sunlane Cruises from $486 (Cabin Class). Slightly higher in summer. The full luxury of First Class also available. Cruise one way or round trip; stop over as long as you want. Sailings every two weeks from New York. Also, economy Mediterranean cruises aboard ss Atlantic. See your travel agent or write American Export Isbrandtsen Lines, 24 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10004. Welcome aboard!

ss INDEPENDENCE ss CONSTITUTION ss ATLANTIC

AMERICAN EXPORT ISBRANDTSEN LINES



Watch courtesy Tiffany & Co., from $110 to $3,000.

Smith-Corona outfoxes the field...

Now there's a jeweled main bearing in this Smith-Corona portable.

Why? For the same reason jewels are put in a fine watch!

A typewriter, like a fine watch, is a precision instrument. Now Smith-Corona® adds a new dimension to typewriting precision. The first jeweled main bearing in a typewriter—made from the same hard sapphire used in the bearing points of fine watches, U.S. satellites, and many space-age precision instruments. Only Smith-Corona has it and so many other exciting features. Changeable type. An all-steel frame so strong you can stand on it. A cushioned carriage-return handle. Distinctive new colors . . . even the platens are colored! All from the company that offered the first five-year guarantee on any typewriter. Small wonder more people buy Smith-Corona portables than any other portable in the world. How about you?

SMITH-CORONA PORTABLES

SCM® GUARANTEE: Any Smith-Corona branch office will replace without charge (except for labor and shipping) any part that proves defective within 5 years of purchase date. No labor charge within 90 days of purchase. Warranty covers all parts except motor, rubber parts, energy cell or charger after 90 days. Does not cover damage from accident or misuse and extends only to original owner. SCM CORP., 410 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. 22, N. Y. IN CANADA: SCM LTD., 30 BERTRAND AVE., SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

STOCKBROKER TO KNOW

James Davant puts your investment interests first

Our managing partner, James Davant, represents our breed of stockbroker. He's a roving financial quarterback who's earned the trust of businessmen across the country. How? For every one of our 2,000 partners, managers, representatives and employees he has a message:

> *"Know people first hand.* Talk face to face with businessmen, and serve their interests ahead of your own. Ring doorbells to find out what customers want. Then *deliver.* Measure your success as a broker by the success of your customers."

James Davant lives and breathes this credo. And he's made it pay off.

Our managing partner believes that you want and need to place your confidence in this kind of dedicated, personal help. His aim is to see that you get it.

We invite you to visit one of our 43 offices soon. James Davant's formula for success will be there, working for you.

James Waring Davant, 46, joined our Minneapolis office after World War II, served as broker, sales manager, and resident partner. During these years he helped thousands of investors, and quadrupled business in this office. Corporate managements place full confidence in him, and he has frequently been called upon to act in the delicate intricacies of public offerings. Last year, for example, he handled the many complex problems involved in the million-share public offering of the common stock of North American Life and Casualty Company.

PAINE
WEBBER
JACKSON
& CURTIS

Members of
The New York Stock Exchange

NEW YORK
25 Broad Street 425 Park Avenue

BOSTON
24 Federal Street

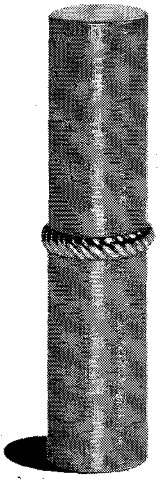
CHICAGO
209 S. LaSalle Street

LOS ANGELES
204 W. 7th Street

AKRON ASHLAND BEVERLY HILLS CLEVELAND COLUMBUS CONCORD DETROIT DULUTH ERIE GARDEN CITY GRAND RAPIDS HARTFORD HOUGHTON
INDIANAPOLIS LONG BEACH LYNN MARQUETTE MERCED MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS MUSKEGON PASADENA PHILADELPHIA PROVIDENCE
ROCHESTER ST. PAUL SAN BERNARDINO SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SANTA BARBARA SANTA MONICA SPRINGFIELD VIRGINIA WAUSAU WORCESTER

the gleam in her eye
reflects the glisten on her lips...

LUMINANTE LIPSTICKS



The Romans (XX Cent.) started it, the way they incite nearly everything that's alluring. Scandia's new-formula lipstick puts more than beguiling color on your lips... it adds a glossy, slippery, utterly seductive glisten that will keep your mouth as smooth as satin. In the new refillable Romanesque golden case.

SCANDIA
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW YORKER

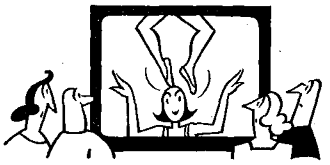
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been studying an article called "Visit to the World's Fair of 2014," which appeared in the *Times Magazine* a few weeks ago. It is the work of Isaac Asimov, a professor of biochemistry and a writer of science fiction, and it has had the odd effect of increasing our appreciation of the present World's Fair, which had been moderate. In the future that Mr. Asimov salutes with bliss, entire cities will be buried under the ground, and windows will be largely things of the past. There will be kitchens on display at the Fair of 2014 in which frozen "automeals" will be "processed" spontaneously by gadgets, while television will keep pace with gastronomy by introducing transparent tubes "in which three-dimensional viewing will be possible."

> In fact, one popular exhibit at the 2014 World's Fair will be such a 3-D TV, built life-size, in which ballet performances will be seen. The cube will slowly revolve for viewing from all angles.

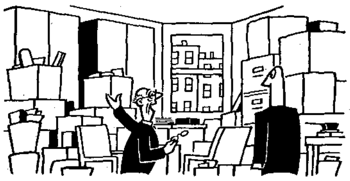
It is interesting to speculate upon the sensations of the future viewer when, owing to a passing airplane or some other sort of electronic maladjustment, the head and shoulders of the dancer suddenly part company with the remainder of the torso and appear on the floor while the three-dimensional, life-size feet perform a lively tattoo on her head. Such an apparition, coming hard upon the evening automeal, may very well drive the susceptible viewer right back to the archaic 2-D tube and those old-timey TV dinners.



Prophetic visions, of course, tend to be strongly colored by the prophet's own inclinations, and since Mr. Asimov's future strikes us as dreary and repulsive, we have decided to set up shop for ourself, in a small way, and meditate upon the likely development of the monorail, the perennial Train of Tomorrow that has graced the fairs of so many yesterdays. We like to think that by 2014 some bright young engineer will have hit upon the idea of removing the rail from its lofty stilts and laying it flat on the solid earth. Next, in order to improve stability, he might lay a second rail parallel to the first. And then, as the unthinking multitude jeers and calls him dreamer, he will take the bold step of removing the wheels from the roof of the monorail and putting them underneath the car, in contact with the rails. In our reverie, we foresee that a triumphant demonstration of this "train" at the World's Fair of 2014 will so impress the public with its merits that efforts will be made to link our larger cities by means of such tracks. The necessary land could undoubtedly be found where parallel lines of rust mark the extinction of the old-fashioned railroad.

Vanes

OUR thoughts still turning to technology, future and past, we had a delightful visit the other day with Mr. Charles C. Kessler, who described himself to us, in a tone that combined pleasure and indignation, as a Relic of the Golden Age of Weathervanes. (We could hear the capitals forming as he spoke.) Mr. Kessler, who is eighty-one, is small, vigorous, opinionated, and youthful in voice and mind, and is forever putting pince-nez on over ordinary spectacles, because bifocals infuriate him. Once, long ago, he was a steeplejack, but he has spent most of his working life with E. G. Washburne & Co., a firm that has been making weathervanes of hand-hammered copper and gold leaf for a hundred and eleven years. Mr. Kessler maintains an office on the second floor of a gray brick building at 206 Fulton Street, about a block and a half from the Hudson River. On the ground floor is one of those shiny, mostly non-drug drugstores with fluorescent lights and piped-in music; a neon sign outside it reads "Barney's Cut Rate." Upstairs, Mr. Kessler presides over a narrow, shadowy room that has one window and a stamped-tin ceiling and contains more furniture than anyone except a very nimble ex-steeplejack could possibly pick his way through. As we took note of two enormous oak cabinets, a metal filing cabinet, three armchairs, a table bearing a single hot plate, a desk, and a hodgepodge of wastebaskets, old paper cartons, and wooden yardsticks, Mr. Kessler observed that the oak cabinets had belonged to the first J. P., adding "Morgan, that is," with the air of a man who knows that most of the mighty names of his youth have lost their power to resound. "In 1853, Isaiah Washburne started E. G. Washburne & Co. in a second-floor shop at 708 Broadway," he went on. "He was a friend of Duncan Phyfe, and his son, E. G., who inherited the business, was a friend of J. P. I keep those cabinets because they remind me of the great days of weathervanes."



Mr. Kessler pointed through his office window to a building across the street. "Washburne moved to 207 Fulton in 1908," he said. "We did all the vanes for the big estates that were going up then, and when I say 'big estate' I mean that besides the main house there would be a superintendent's house, a gardener's cottage, a laundry, a garage, and, of course, a stable and carriage house—and they'd all have vanes on the roof. Today, what happens? The estates get broken up into subdivisions, and the subdivision houses are all topped off with TV antennas. To make matters worse, when people do buy vanes, they buy the kind that are stamped out by machine, slap, slap, a hundred and fifty a day. Well, as long as I'm alive and kicking, E. G. Washburne & Co. will make its vanes by hand. I say 'kicking' because I have to do a lot of it to get the younger generation to listen to me. Sometimes, when I get into an argument with the boys at the factory, I put my hat on my head and say 'See you tomorrow' and walk out the door and go over to my grave and relax."

We asked, with diffidence, if we'd heard him correctly. Grave?

"Over in The Evergreens, a cemetery in Brooklyn," he said. "I bought the plot in '61, perpetual care guaranteed, and put up a stone with my name on it, as big as life. I've a great friend in that cemetery, and once or twice a year I buy a couple of wreaths and go over and put one of them on his grave and the other on mine. Three dollars apiece, and I figure I get my money's worth out of them. His wreath says, 'From me to you,' and my wreath says, 'From me to me,' and somehow it relaxes me to sit there and look at them."

In 1956, Mr. Kessler said, he turned the Washburne tools and dies over to a younger man, who moved them to a factory up in Danvers, Massachusetts. The vanes are fabricated there, then shipped to a factory in Brooklyn to be covered with twenty-three-carat gold leaf. The Washburne vanes are sold locally through Abercrombie & Fitch and Triangle Metal Spinning, in Brooklyn. "I kept an office at the old address until a year ago," Mr. Kessler said. "Then along came the Fire Department and said the building wasn't safe and moved me out. Once upon a time, we had vanes hanging all over the front of the building—eagles and arrows and banners and horses, and even a great big golden cow—and when the sun shone, how they did gleam! Custom work aside, our line now runs from a twelve-inch arrow vane, at thirty-one dollars, to a forty-eight-inch trotting horse, at six hundred and thirty-seven dollars. If you look out the window here, you can see a Washburne vane on top of St. Paul's steeple, and if you step over to City Hall, you can see another on the flagpole in the park. I keep fussing away here because I just don't believe in retiring. All my friends died when they retired. They wanted to sit on the front stoop and twiddle their thumbs and watch the neighbors go by. Well, they tried it, and now they're under and I'm up."

•

THE Chablis Restaurant, in East Norwalk, offers "Intermittent Dining."

Exciting

"WHAT next?" is a question we ask ourself with unflagging astonishment from week to week, and this week, stimulated by both Mr. Asimov and Mr. Kessler, we certainly ask it again. Who would have guessed that 1964 would see the arrival of checkerboard ice cream and of a frozen orange drink that contains generous amounts of seaweed and other romantic edibles but no orange juice? One of the likeliest places in which to encounter unlikely new products is the semiannual National Notion and Novelty Show, which recently occupied three and a half floors of the New York Trade Show Building, and we passed a gasping, what-next hour or so there one afternoon. Among the odds and ends we saw as we roamed were nickel-plated pruning shears "finished with a hammered enamel effect;" K2r, a cleaning product described as "the world's first spot *lifter;*" an assortment of exercising bicycles, including the Poni-Cycle, which provides a horseback-riding workout; an Egyptian beauty-bath sponge featuring "an antique bubble-light serpent handle set with jewelled eyes;" black-and-white "scenic" quilted china protectors; collapsible valises big enough to contain a man's suit and small enough to fit into a man's coat pocket; and cordless electric everything—hairbrushes, kitchen scrubbers, shoe polishers, vacuum brushes, furniture polishers, and so on.

Semiannually for as long as we can remember, the items on display at the N. N. & N. S. have been described as "space-saving," "healthful," "beautifying," "eye-catching," "the latest," "glamorous," or "hot." This year's favorite adjective was "exciting," and in an attempt to determine which product was considered most deserving of it we wandered from cubicle to cubicle asking the exhibitors, "What's the most exciting thing at the Show?" The first six exhibitors answered "I am." The seventh, a more modest sort, told us that a company named Stewart-Form was showing a new dress form that would make all previous dress forms obsolete. In the Stewart-Form enclosure, surrounded by a dozen shapely white polyurethane-foam torsos on metal poles, we found a pretty lady, who was also shapely, wearing a professional smile and a name tag that read "Teri York Cram." Teri York Cram told us that the Stewart-Form dress form has two parts. "One part is the polyurethane form, which comes in five sizes, spanning sizes three to forty-six," she said. "The second part is a zip-on poplin jacket, which comes in eleven sizes. A woman's correct size for the form is a little larger than she is; in the jacket, it's the size closest to her measurements. The woman puts the jacket on at home and has a friend help her fit it—a simple matter of taking in or letting out a seam here and there—until the jacket follows her contours like a second skin. If she has a swayback or a high shoulder or a flat hip—none of us is perfect—the jacket duplicates every curve or hollow. Then she zips the jacket off and zips it onto the form, which fills out the jacket exactly the way she did. Each form comes with one jacket and costs forty-nine ninety-five, but extra jackets may be bought for nine-ninety-five each, so several women in the same size range can share a form. Polyurethane has a memory. When a jacket is taken off a form, the form returns to its original shape. Another jacket can be zipped on, and the polyurethane will conform to *its* shape. All the movie studios are using Stewart-Forms. You just zip off Debbie Reynolds and zip on Carroll Baker."

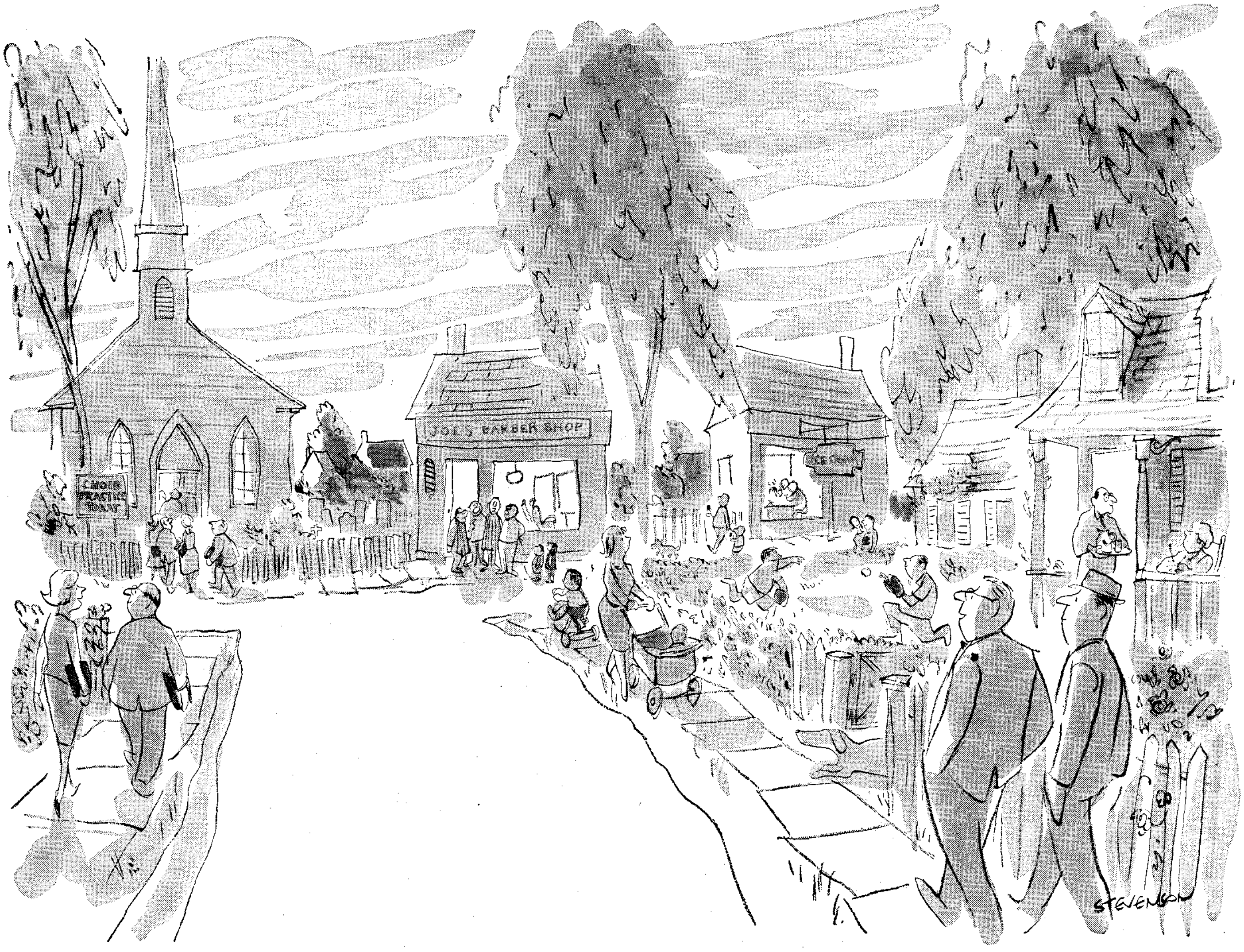
We zipped off.

•

OVERHEARD in the Old School Museum, in Quogue, flowered chiffon to another flowered chiffon: "Oh, isn't this lovely! It's circa."

Hiram and the Animals

HIRAM STANLEY, our aging operative's youthful nephew, showed up in our office again last week, with an embarrassed grin on his freckled face, and turned over to us another outsize manuscript written in his unmistakable bold, cursive hand. He had been preceded by an airmail missive from his uncle. Mr. Stanley wrote, "My apologies, and it won't happen again, but Hiram is still trying to shake the cole-



"It's kind of a cozy little town on summer evenings."

• •

opteran bug. I think he has made some progress. Regards, S."

Hiram had written:

HIRAM'S REPORT

"SUBJECT: The Beatles—and After.

"PURPOSE OF REPORT: To tell what I haven't about the Beatles, so I won't have to tell any more about the Beatles, and to give a glimpse of the future, which as far as I can tell right now is the Animals. (I explain what the Animals are later.)

"READINGS: 'My Autobiography,' by Charles Chaplin, pages 177-78:

[Mr. Chaplin is explaining about his first trip from Hollywood to New York after making movies in Hollywood. This was in 1916.] The large railroad station in Kansas City was packed solidly with people. The police were having difficulty controlling further crowds accumulating outside. A ladder was placed against the train to enable me to mount it and show myself on the roof. . . . I wanted to enjoy it all without reservation, but I kept thinking the world had gone crazy! If a few slapstick comedies could arouse such excitement, was there not something bogus about all celebrity? I had always thought I would like the public's attention, and here it was—paradoxically isolating me with a depressing sense of loneliness. . . .

[In New York] That afternoon I walked the streets and looked into shop windows and paused aimlessly on street corners. Now what happens to me? Here I was at the apogee of my career—all dressed up and no place to go. How does one get to know people, interesting people?

" 'Single Record T.I.P.S.' ('Tune Index of Performance & Sales'), from *Variety*, September 2, 1964:

This Wk.	Last Wk.	No. Wks. On Chart		Label
1	10	3	HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN Animals	MGM
7	1	8	A HARD DAY'S NIGHT Beatles	Capitol

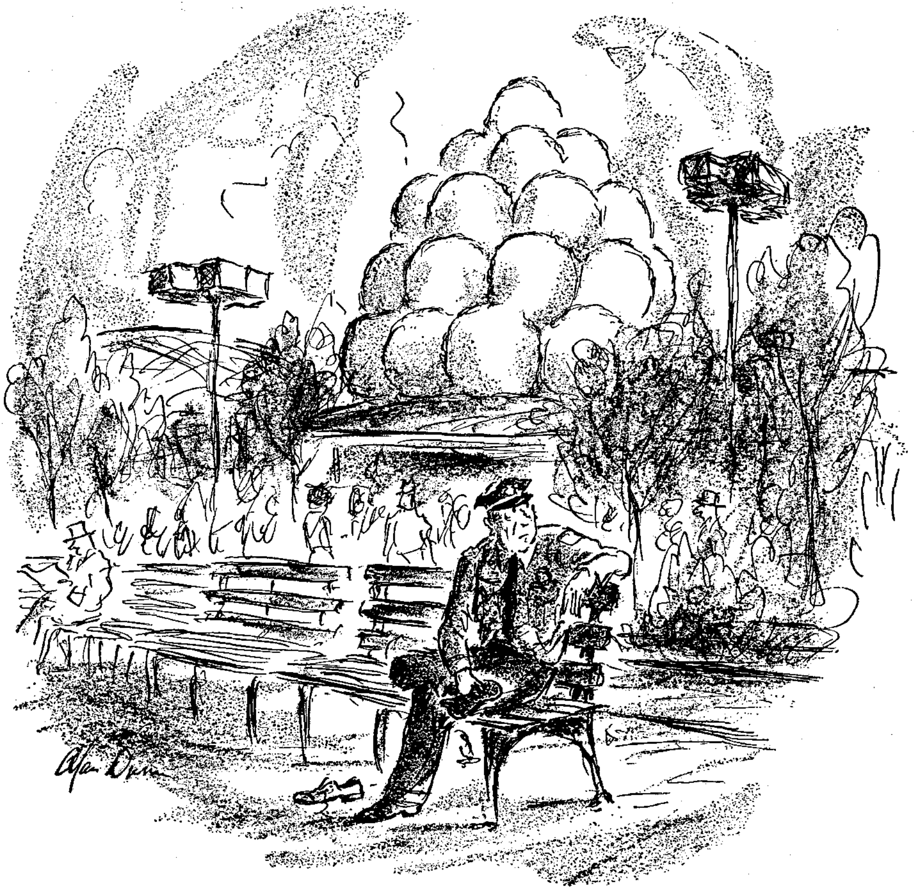
"PROCEDURE: The Beatles were in town on Friday and Saturday, August 28th and 29th, and on Friday afternoon I spent about half an hour at a big press conference at Delmonico's Hotel at a distance of about twenty feet from the Beatles, and that was as close as I could get to them. It was also about as close as anyone else got to them except lots of cops and publicity people. The publicity people were suddenly very nervous, as if they were a lot of Sorcerer's Apprentices, and the cops were very much on edge, as if the Beatles were Senator Goldwater, or somebody. (Actually, this is unfair, because at the press conference the Beatles, or at least Paul, said that they didn't like Senator Goldwater, because of his comment on extremism. The Beatles were asked who their choice for President was, and they said Ringo first, Johnson second.) I also had a telephone call from Cheryl, who was one of the members of Chapter IX of the Beatles, U.S.A., Ltd., that I told you about last time. Then, on Tuesday, September 1st, I spent a whole evening with the Animals. The Animals are now the top new group in England, and their names are Chas, Hilton, John, Alan, and Eric. They come from Newcastle-on-Tyne and thereabouts. Hilton's full name is Hilton Stuart Patterson Valentine. The Animals' rock 'n' roll is based on old rhythm-and-blues songs (called R. & B.), and they will be at the Paramount for ten days starting September 4th. Englishmen are tearing down the Savoy-Plaza, but Englishmen are saving the Paramount from being torn down—at least for a little while. The Animals' song 'The House of the Rising Sun' is about a bordello in New Orleans, and I must say I got very enthusiastic about the whole group and their music (although I suppose I shouldn't bring that up until I get to Observations).

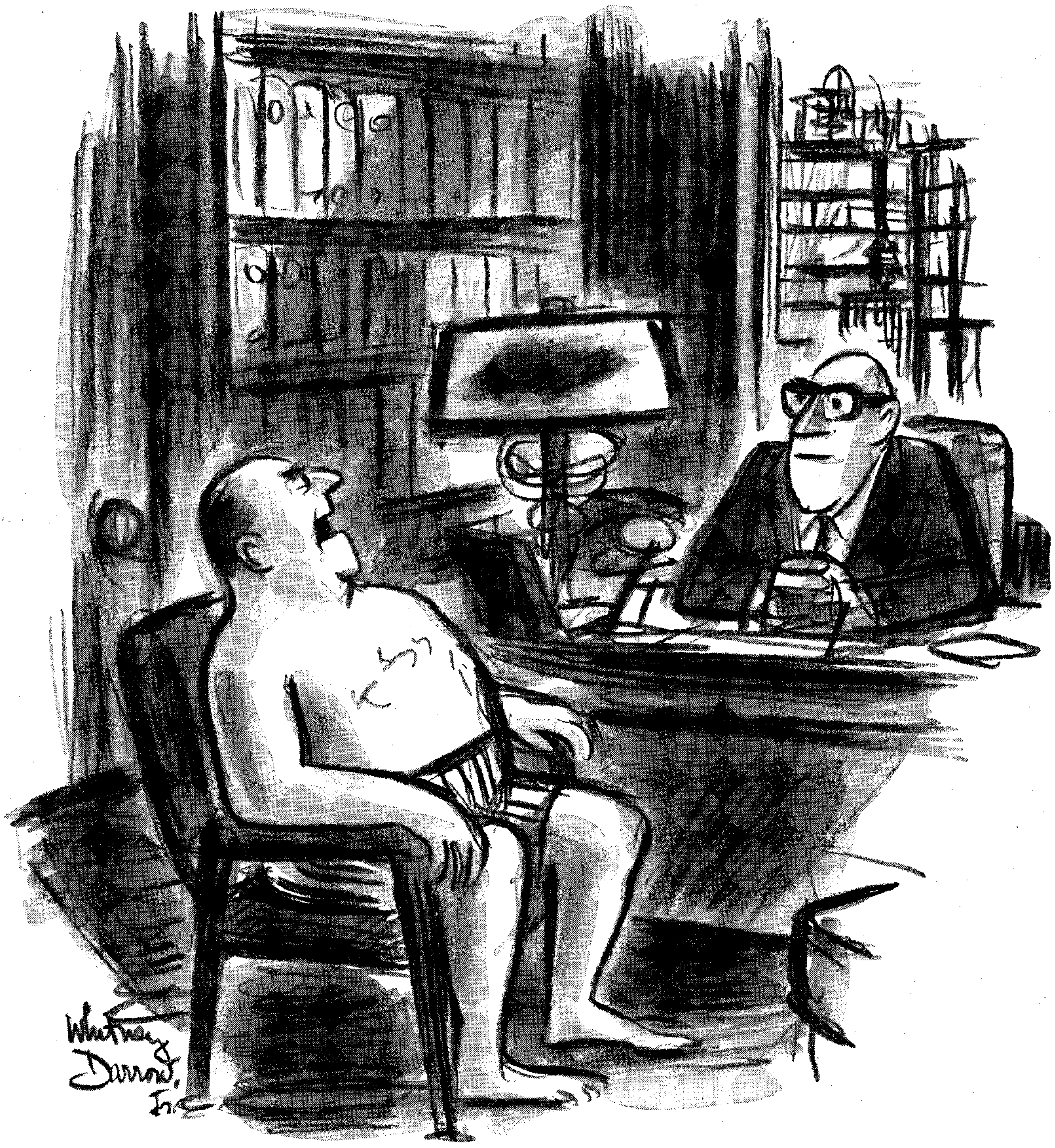
"Observations: I won't say much about the Beatles' press conference on Friday, because I have already told you about one of their press conferences, and this one was like the other one, except, of course, that some of the questions were different. Not all of them, though. The Beatles' answers were still very funny, and they didn't look at all bored, although they did look used to it, which I guess they are. The publicity people did look bored. The Beatles were still pretty sensible. John said, 'If we split up, we'd be nowhere.' When they were asked if they were a menace to public safety, they said 'Rubbish,' and when they were asked how much money they had made, they said they hadn't the foggiest.

"Cheryl called up that afternoon, and she said John had said that the Beatles were dying to meet their fans. Cheryl said, 'That's the laugh of the century.' She also said that she was in the middle of typing up another copy of her novel about the Beatles (see my last report), to write which she had almost failed mathematics, but that if she couldn't give it to the Beatles personally, she was going to tear it up. Then she said that WMCA, WABC, and WINS, which are the three big rock-'n'-roll stations in town, were going after the Beatles the way C.B.S., N.B.C., and A.B.C. had gone after the Democratic Convention; they were more interested in outscooping each other than in the fans. She sounded pretty bitter.

"The Animals got into New York on Tuesday afternoon, and I got to their hotel room about nine that night. I forgot to mention that the instruments they play are the guitar, the bass guitar, the electric organ, and the drums; Eric is the main vocalist. Obviously, this was the Animals' first night on the town, and they hoped to get to hear some of the jazz artists, like Charlie Mingus, that they look up to, but by the time we all got to the Five Spot Café (at about ten minutes to one), where Charlie Mingus plays, they were so tired, what with flying in and the time lag of five hours, that they decided to go back to the hotel, since it would be rude to walk out in the middle of a set. They did get to shake Charlie Mingus's hand, though, and before that they had been to Trude Heller's, a fairly new place in the Village, which I guess caters to the N.Y.U. undergraduate crowd, and before *that* to the Peppermint Lounge, which thinks of itself as the birthplace of the Twist, and which the Beatles visited when they were here in February but which they now feel they have outgrown, because the Beatles are pretty sophisticated. (All the people at the Peppermint Lounge looked like World's Fair visitors, if you know what I mean.)

"At the Peppermint Lounge, the Animals were introduced to the audience by the group there, the Orbits—four boys in green dinner jackets and one girl in a black dress—and they got up and everyone applauded quite loudly. Then I started talking to Mike Jeffery, one of the English managers of the Animals, who is a graduate in sociology from the University of Durham, and who founded the jazz club in Newcastle in which the Animals got their first start. He explained to me that there was a huge double market in England for the Animals, and he numbered his reasons, in a sociological way. (1) The Animals play a rhythm-and-blues rock 'n' roll, unlike the Beatles' straight rock 'n' roll, as I have already explained. The Beatles came along when there was a lull in the pop field in England. His lads like the Beatles (I didn't want to mention the Beatles to the Animals; it would be sort of like mentioning Hubert Humphrey to Bobby Kennedy), but now it looks as if there would be another lull, which the Animals could fill with their singles (45-r.p.m. records with one song on each side). (2) There is also a lull in what Mr. Jeffery called 'the phony-intellectual-cultist field.' This consists of people who collect albums (33-r.p.m. records with a number of songs on each side) and who talk a lot of big talk about Oh, yes, that one was first heard in Natchez in 1917, with Louie Armstrong—or Louis, as he was then known—playing, interestingly enough, the mouth organ. Eighteen months ago, Mr. Jeffery said, these people were collecting traditional Dixieland jazz, but then the bottom fell out of the market, and now they are turning to R. & B. and tracing the influence of John Lee Hooker and Sonny Boy Williamson on the Animals, which is not a very difficult task. (The Beatles' English sounds rather like Vice-President Nixon's, but the Animals' sounds more like Amos and Andy, and I hope that won't be held against them, because, after all, they just picked it up from records, the same way the Beatles did.) Then Alan, who plays the organ, and who used to be an




Whitney Darrow, Jr.

“I want you to draw up a petition in bankruptcy.”

• •

income-tax collector, and who was wearing an orange shirt, a gray jacket, and no tie, said to me, ‘What are you talking to him for? He has nothing to do with us,’ and he and Mr. Jeffery both grinned.

“Driving from the Peppermint Lounge to Trude Heller’s, we were followed by a cabload of fans. The driver of the cab pulled up alongside the Animals’ car and said, ‘Hey, you the Animals?’ John, who is the drummer, said, ‘Don’t you know Ringo when you see him?’ The cabbie said, ‘No, listen, if you are the Animals, I’ll manage you for only two per cent, and I live at 360 Riverside Drive.’ The girls yelled, ‘Did you get our chocolates and the little green one that looked like a troll?’ This was a pretty good introduction to New York, I thought.

“Outside Trude Heller’s there were some more fans. The fans were ardent, but they weren’t quite sure yet which Animal was which. (At first, John looks a good deal like Hilton, who plays the guitar.) In this, they resembled Beatle fans back in February. Of course, these girls might have been Beatle fans back in February. Inside Trude Heller’s were the Larks and Jimmy Castor and his Quartet, two rock-’n’-roll groups, and Jimmy Castor invited the Animals to give a number, which they did—Alan very willingly, Eric, John, and Chas (who plays the bass guitar) willingly, and Hilton not quite so willingly. The number was ‘I’m Mad Again,’ and it takes four minutes and fifteen seconds and is the next-to-last number on the flip side of their first album, and I guess it is my favorite, although others prefer ‘Memphis, Tennessee,’ which comes just before ‘I’m Mad Again’ on the record.

“On the way back to the hotel after dropping in on Charlie Mingus, the Animals said they had liked their first look at New York; they thought it was both friendly and regimented.

“ ‘It’s very hard hitting,’ said Eric.

“ ‘Very cut-and-thrust,’ said Alan.

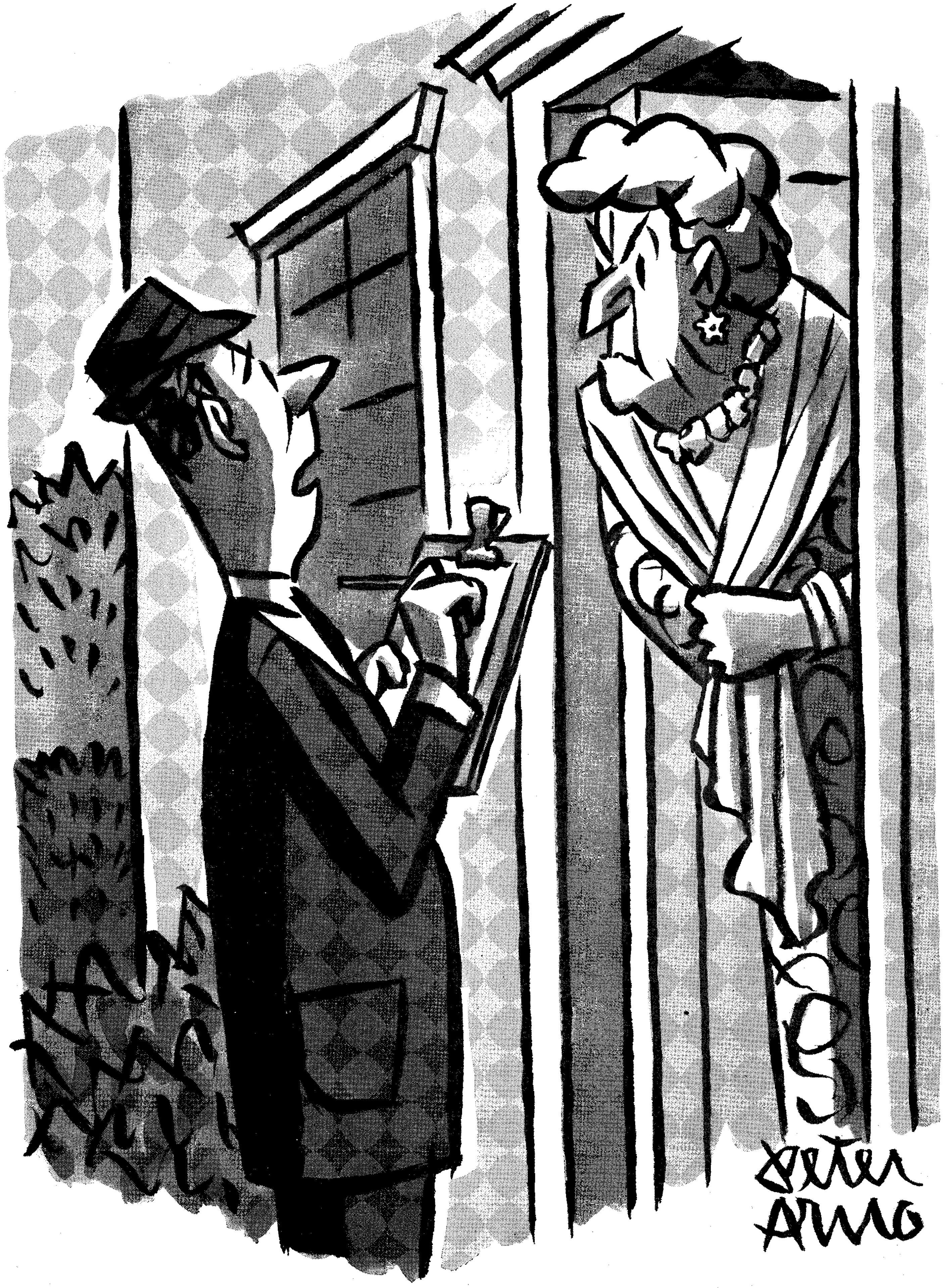
“Then a white convertible passed us, with its radio playing ‘Everybody Loves Somebody,’ which is the No. 3 song this week, and which is sung by Dean Martin. Last week, it was No. 2.

“ ‘Hey, Dean!’ said one of the Animals. ‘We’re going up and you’re going down.’

“Conclusions: The Animals are very cut-and-thrust.”

Emergency Call

ONE of our more neurotic friends switched psychoanalysts recently and has sent us the following tale, which might conceivably put to rest for a while all stories about that badgered profession. Our friend, whom we shall call Phil, taxied to his new analyst’s office, in a West Side brownstone, and found at the end of his trip that he had nothing smaller than a twenty-dollar bill to pay the fare with. The driver angrily announced that he had just left his garage and couldn’t possibly provide change. Since there were no shops nearby, the only thing for Phil to do was ask the analyst to break the twenty. Phil told the cabby to wait, and ran up three flights to the doctor’s office. Panting, he rang the doorbell several times. As soon as the analyst opened the door, Phil waved the bill in his face and said, “Quick! Have you got change for a twenty?” The doctor smiled knowingly. “Come in, come in,” he said, “and we will talk about it.”



"No opinion? You?"

THE VIEW FROM THE MIDDLE

IT was not strange that I was happy, and knew it, for the age of seven or eight or nine is a happy age if given half a chance to be happy. It was, however, strange that I knew that I should never again be so happy. There were incidents enough that I remember, but what are incidents? They pass, and it is the continuing mood—the air and the light through which one moves, with the days becoming weeks and months—that remains important and that is not only remembered but is felt as well.

It is, I suppose, rather difficult to find life dull when one is the only boy between two and eighteen on an eighty-acre estate. The Place was one of many on a mountain in northern New Jersey. Here, between 1916 and 1921, my father was kennel manager for more than a hundred dogs, and my parents and sister and I lived in a cottage on the property. Our cottage was somewhat isolated, and not quite in the center of those eighty acres, but it was so situated that a few steps took me into fields, or orchards, or woods, or down to the pond. The path from the front door led to a world of buildings, and I moved through all of it, freely and alone.

Close to the cottage, beyond a small front yard and to the left of the path, were two low huts, which were used as summer kennels. Just beyond them was the Top Kennel, an old washhouse for carriages, with a long bay-windowed wing added to it for kennels. The Top Kennel had a room that was used for cooking and fixing the food for the dogs, and two or three steps down from that was the old washroom, a cement-floored area with box kennels around the sides. It was also the place where bales of aromatic shavings, and cedar bedding, and the show crates were stored. Upstairs there was a long loft, with more kennels, which were seldom used.

If one turned left here and went down the hill through a meadow, one came to the Bottom Kennel and the pigpens. If one did not turn left but went along the main roadway through the farmyard, there was, on the left, a steep bank covered with sumac, through which one could prowl. On the right, there was a corncrib and then a long wagon shed, full of mowing machines, wagons, hayrakes, hay rigs, dump carts, corn planters, seed drills, and the large, smelly tank that was used to spray the fruit trees. All of these things had oil-holes and oil cups, which could be scraped clean with a stick and liberally dosed with oil to keep them in good running order. At the end of the wagon shed was the narrow, enclosed carpenter shop, where Old Alec made screens and did cabinetwork and fixed chairs, and took care of all the other minor woodworking jobs on The Place. Inside the shop, there was a stairway that led to the loft of the wagon shed, where all the impedimenta of the garden—all the stakes, pots, fertilizer, burlap, and assorted tools—were stored.

Beyond the wagon shed was the icehouse, as tall as a two-storied building, set a little away from a wall that ran behind all these buildings. The icehouse itself was nearly always unlocked, but the damp, smelly sawdust that covered the large blocks of ice made it a messy and unpleasant place, and it offered very little in comparison to the pleasant complexities of all that surrounded it.

Next to the icehouse was a long building that held the cow barn, the stable for the retired coach horses, and on the corner the coach barn, with its yard in front of it and its washhouse beside it. Joined to the corner of the washhouse, making a sort of L, was the rough barn where our car was kept, and then came the stable for the work teams. The coach barn was flanked by a long, narrow tack room, in which the seldom used harness was kept gleaming and immaculate, and while the coach barn now housed only the Cadillac station wagon, it still had its decorated floor. Danny, the underchauffeur and groom, would spread clean sea sand around the sides, rake it very even, trace designs on it, and use something—probably lampblack—to make silhouettes upon the gray background.

The upper floor of this complex structure had a hay and straw loft over the cow barn, then, over the coach-horse stable, a place where the long-unused carriages were stored, some of them covered, but most of them gathering dust on their black enamel, their patent leather, their brass, and their glass. Above part of the coach barn and the tack room, where a register in the floor carried heat up from the stove below, was a dark place in which a few kennels had been built as an isolation hospital for the dogs. Over the barn in which our car was kept was a small, simple apartment, occupied for a time by a young Hungarian farmhand called Cow Johnny (to distinguish him from another Johnny, a teamster) and his wife. Over the work-horse barn was another hayloft.

To the left of the L-shaped barn, and a fair distance in front of the Bottom Kennel, below a privet hedge and a stone wall, was the three-car garage and the chauffeur's apartment. Beyond that was the gardener's cottage, with a small stone smokehouse behind it. In front of all these buildings, like the crossbar of a T, and separating them from a large pasture and a row of poplar trees, was the driveway that led up to the Big House, passing between the Brick Cottage, where the foreman lived, and a pump house and a summerhouse, which was built over a cistern. Behind the Brick Cottage, flanking the cow barn and the wagon shed, was the greenhouse, surrounded by its hedges, its gooseberry bushes, and its cold frames, and beyond that, close to our cottage and in front of the Top Kennel, were the chicken coops.

There were three ways of going up to the Big House. From our cottage, one could go up a wagon road, called the Back Road, which led between thickets of blackberry briars and phlox on the garden side, and a post-and-rail fence running along the orchard and fields on the other, until it turned left through a strip of woods, passed a pump house and water tower, and came, in a wide curve, to the rear of the Big House. Or one could go between the greenhouse and the chicken coops, across six or seven acres of garden, using the carefully edged paths, and come through a privet hedge onto the front lawn of the Big House. Or else one could go up the driveway from the Brick Cottage, and on up a steep, winding road with a thick belt of pines and clumps of wisteria on one side, and on the other the stone walls and thickets of honeysuckle that formed one side of the gardens. Up at the Big House, there were two or three temporary summer kennels in the wooded area at the rear, a fountain across the driveway from the front door, a long rectangular lily pool in a trellised, vine-covered enclosure on the garden side, and, down a path, a shed where the large power mower was kept.

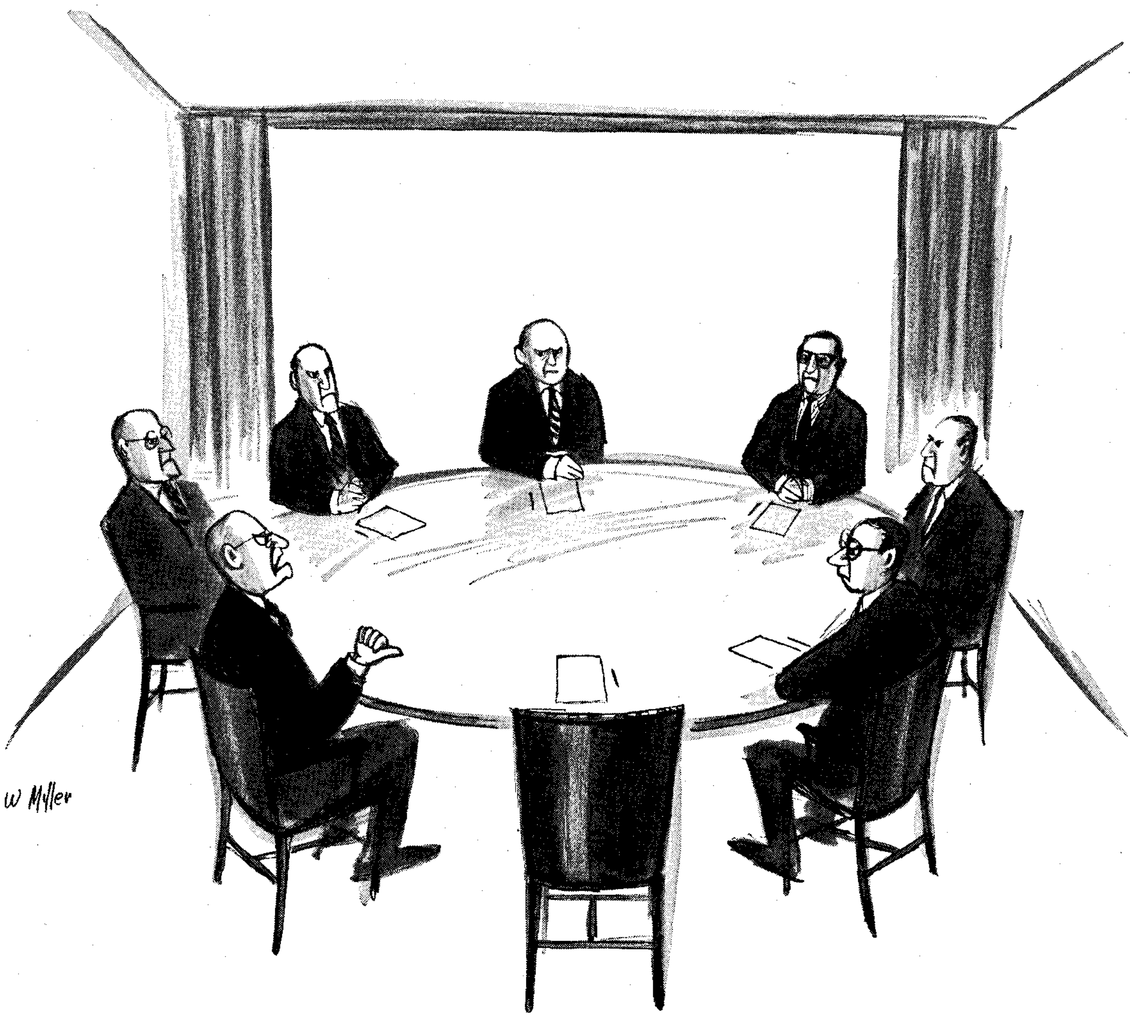
Through all of this I roamed at will, governed only by discretion. One did not wander around the vicinity of the Big House while the family was there, but the family had a winter house in Manhattan and a summer house at Quogue, so this restriction was no hardship. I knew every path, every stairway, every ladder, every door, and to a small, light, and agile child there is hardly a fence that cannot be gone through or over or under. Nearly everyone was friendly, or at least neutral, and, having been trained not to be a nuisance, and being extremely shy, I got along well with Silas, the foreman, and Chester, the chauffeur, and Danny, the groom and underchauffeur, and Cow Johnny's wife, Helen, and even the seldom seen help in the Big House: Bridget, the cook; Beasey, the waitress and stern major-domo; Margaret, the lady's maid; and Joe, the houseman. There were others—the four or five farmhands, the four or five who worked in the gardens and the greenhouse, and kitchen maids and laundresses and upstairs maids.

I KNOW that it snowed in the winter and I suppose that it rained in the summer, but I do not remember bad weather. It is as though it were always fair, and I cannot remember a morning when my sister and I waited for the school bus in the rain. We stood along a stone wall, across the road from The Place, and the foreman's high-school daughter and a few children from Hardscrabble, the rather wild, narrow little valley down below the pond, waited with us. The estate in front of which we waited contained an authentic Japanese garden tended by Japanese laborers, but the mystery of this was lessened by the fact that the German butler and his wife were acquaintances of ours. The school bus was an old Federal truck with hard-rubber tires, equipped with a top, side curtains, and plank seats along the sides. While we waited, the limousines—Locomobiles, Pierce-Arrows, Cadillacs, Panhards—would carry the owners of estates farther up the mountain down to the train known as the Millionaire's Express. Frequently, when the bus got down into town, we would see, coming down from the other side of the mountain, a glass-enclosed light carriage, drawn by two high-stepping chestnuts, with coachman and footman on the box, moving like a procession to meet the same train. The carriage gleamed, the horses gleamed, the harness gleamed, and the tall-hatted, uniformed men sat imperturbably on the box, the coachman holding the reins precisely and the footman sitting erect, arms folded across his chest.

In school, we spoke a common language, for at least a third of the students were, like my sister and me, most easily identified not so much by name as by the job that his or her father held on some estate. Superintendent, gardener, chauffeur, cowman, horseman, butler, kennelman; it was not a matter of caste so much as a matter of location, for when you knew where the father worked, and what his job was, then you knew a great deal. Those who lived on the mountain were, by the nature of their world, set apart from those who lived in town.

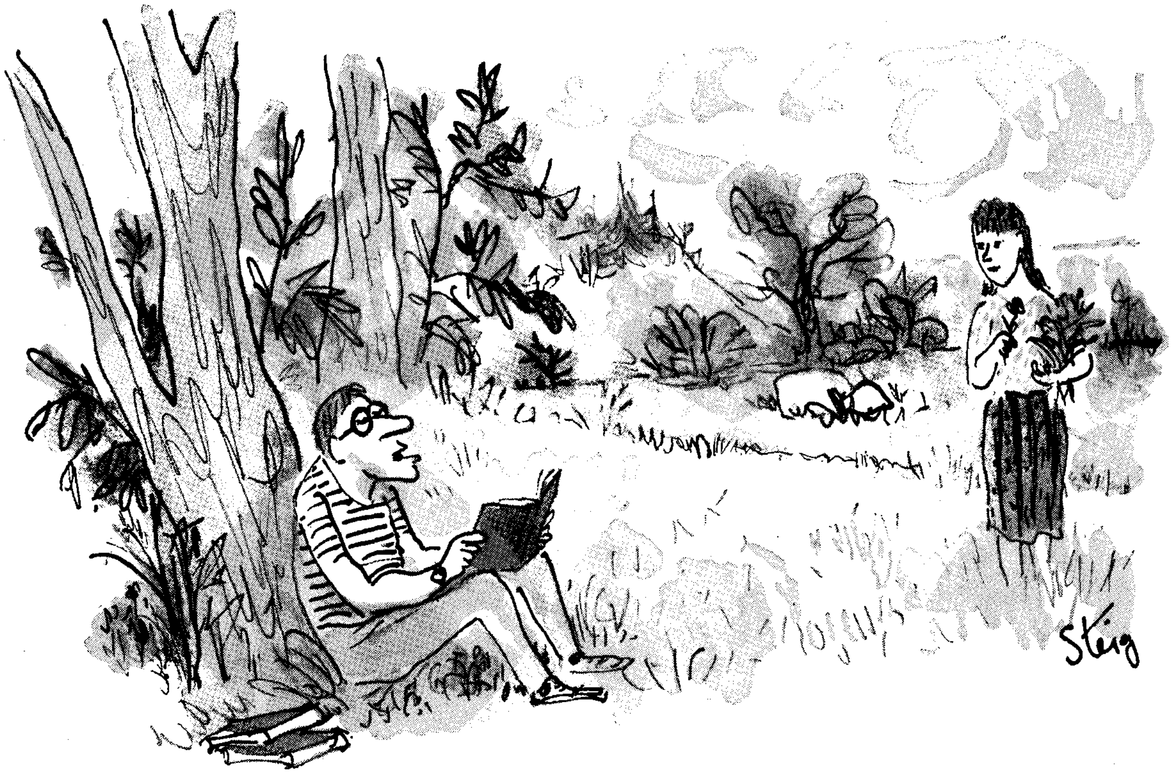
At least once a week, we went to the movies in town, if not to those in the larger town seven miles away. All the young boys sat in the first two rows, close to the pianist or the drummer, whichever was working. Those silent films, frequently only half comprehended but nearly always well remembered, provided material for the imagination, but the better material was on The Place itself. I established a reputation as an early and avid reader, with three results. My parents would bring back from the public library not children's books but the sort of thing written by Curwood, Grey, Burroughs, and others from that prolific period of adventure yarns, and I would consume them. Even better than that, word of my proclivity had reached the Big House, and on Christmas Day, when all the help went up to receive their gifts, I was, on two occasions, given the bound volume of the year's issues of *St. Nicholas*, and on a third Christmas a year's subscription to *Popular Mechanics*. To fill the rest of my time between Christmases, I was told that I could come into the Big House at any time, go down the hall, turn, go up the staircase, and borrow anything I wanted from a bookcase in the front of the upper hall.

The Big House was an attractive place, and I remember the upper hall, lighted by the large front window, as a perfumed, scented, bright place of red carpets and white woodwork. There, against one wall, was a bookcase filled with bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* from the late eighteen-hundreds, and I could borrow them, two at a time—or, at least, two were all that I found it convenient to carry the quarter of a mile down the Back



"King Arthur is late, as usual."

Road to the cottage. The fact that they dealt with a period about which I knew nothing was neither here nor there. In school, our readers were composed largely of fables, with the doings of Thor and Loki and with the Greek myths, and we also read "The King of the Golden River." Down in the Bottom Kennel, in what was called the office, there were cabinets filled with the smell of moldy leather and containing several old bound volumes of *Scribner's*. I understood the school readers fairly well; I did not understand the volumes of *Scribner's* so fully, but I loved their smell and their illustrations. The old *St. Nicholases* I loved completely—their embossed bindings and the rich smell of the material, their illustrations, their departments. I read almost anything and everything, and to me, people of my own age were a poor substitute.



"Poetry."

• •

I HAD few companions, and found no need for more. There were all the buildings, all the sheds and lofts to be gone through, all the ladders up all the hay chutes to be climbed. In summer, there were at least forty acres of fields and woods and orchards to be wandered through. Getting a drink of water was the simplest of acts, for there were cast-iron hydrants all over The Place, and a small child has no difficulty in drinking from hydrants. The size of the stream coming from the nozzle could be regulated to a nicety. I would then bring the side of my mouth against the nozzle at the proper angle to insure a solid stream of water, which could be swallowed in quiet gulps, without any clumsy sucking of air. In winter, there was sledding in the orchard beside the cottage, and when one is light enough to walk on any reasonable crust without breaking through, snow is much less of a bother than it becomes later. There was skating down on the pond. Jimmy, the kennel boy, who was not a boy but a man, would take my sister and me down, help us to put on our skates, and then teach us to skate, or at least watch to see that we did not go through the ice, either up where the brook came into the pond, leaving the ice as clear as glass, or down by the dam, where the water did not freeze. Down in the sloping meadow between the Bottom Kennel and the road, where the surface water froze in gentle, smooth terraces, I could get a good running start on the grass and then slide beautifully on the terraced ice.

There was so much to be done. When Old Alec, the carpenter, had ripped down a tongue-and-groove board, there were long, thin sticks that made fairly good throwing spears, and, in the fall, dry goldenrod stalks, stripped of their leaves, served the same purpose. In season, there were dogtooth violets, hazelnuts, and hickory nuts to be looked at or collected; in the summer, there were large bushes of honeysuckle to be relocated in the woods, and there was black-birch bark to be chewed for its root-beer taste. In the late summer, the hard, green apples that fell in the orchard could be stuck on the sharpened end of a stick, preferably a green apple-shoot, and then thrown tremendous distances. One could control the release of these projectiles by giving the stick a slight snap at some point in its swing, sending the apple flying off in some general direction, at some general elevation, but without any accuracy at all.

One was welcome almost everywhere so long as one did not get in the way, or get out of place, and since I did neither, I was frequently off with someone else. I remember one midwinter drive, on the open front seat of the Locomobile, with the Madam and her sister in the back, when Chester, the chauffeur, in response to a question from the speaking tube, asked me if I was cold and wanted to go in the back, and I, half frozen, and needing to go elsewhere, said that I did not. How many errands I ran with Danny, the under-chauffeur, on the front seat of the Cadillac, I'll never know because I didn't keep track of them. I would often go downtown with him, and if he visited the drugstore on the square, the elderly druggist would give me a package of those chocolate wafers, intricately wrapped in brown paper and foil, that Peter Cailler-Kohler used to manufacture. Winter and summer, I travelled a good many miles on the rich leather of the front seat of that Cadillac.

I was admitted as a sort of familiar to certain tasks. The station wagon was a gray, custom-built body on a Cadillac chassis, and if I happened to be over at the coach barn when Danny was polishing its brass, I would take a handful of waste, and polish and shine some of the little fasteners that served to hold the side curtains in place when they were rolled down. If I happened to be there when Danny was changing the oil and cleaning the sludge out of the pan, I would help him scrape the pan and would then lie under the car, holding the

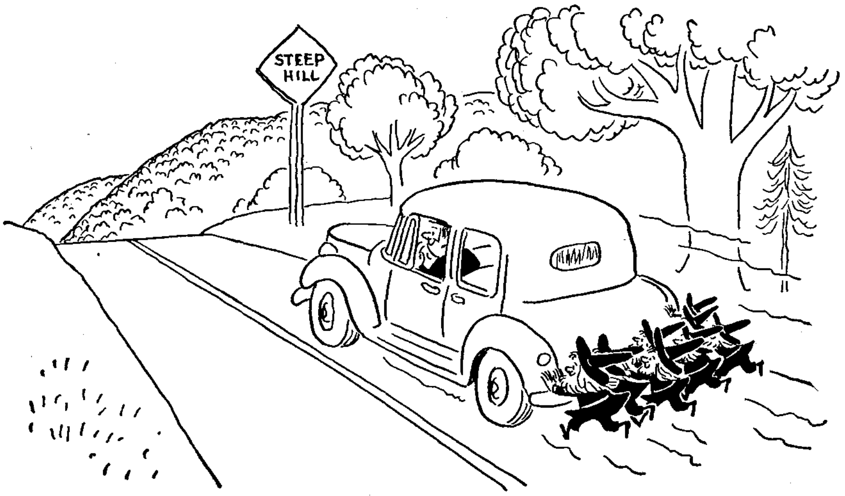
1

SAM'S USED CARS
QUIET MOTOR $150.

3

SAM'S USED CARS
QUIET MOTOR $150

5



pan in place, and holding various nuts and bolts while Danny tightened them from above.

I also used to like to watch Chester start the big limousines—the Locomobile, and later the Rickenbacker, and whatever the other car might have been—by first of all pumping a fuel injector, which was mounted on the steering column, before he turned them over and set the garage echoing with their noisy exhausts. Chester had a record of "Cohen on the Telephone," which I heard so often that I can still hear the thing, and another about some peddler who called "Oysters, Clams," giving each word an extra syllable in a sort of parody of a fishmonger's chant. In summer, Chester made a to-do about baiting conical wire flytraps with molasses, and then, when he had trapped enough flies, he would put a trap on the workbench, light up a blowtorch, solemnly incinerate the catch, clean the trap, rebait it, and put it in place once more.

The kitchen of the chauffeur's quarters was a wing extending from the back of the garage, and the rest of the living quarters were upstairs, over the garage. Chester's wife, Hannah, was a dark, pleasant, quiet woman, a woman who was almost invariably referred to as "sweet." She wore perfume, and to me she was strangely refined and very feminine. The apartment upstairs always struck me as being what could only be called dainty. It had about it a cloistered air, and to this day I associate French clocks and perfume with a peculiar distillation of femininity and daintiness, for I found the strange mechanism and the exotic appearance of a French clock to be the intriguing detail of Hannah's rooms. The clock was of glistening gold and glass, and it spun airily, and was small and very silent.

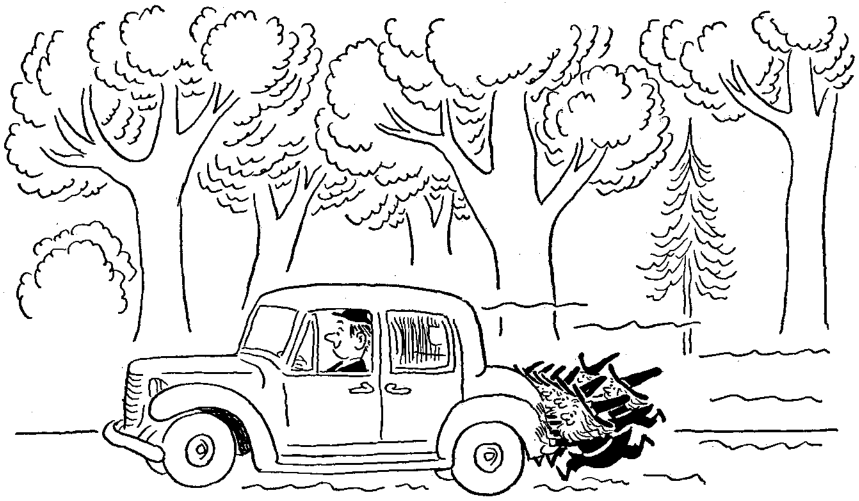
I DO not know what perfume it was that Hannah used, nor do I know what sachet it was that identified the Big House, but there are other smells that come through most clearly, and that invoke the strongest images. Once in a while, gasoline will smell as it used to when a tank truck would pull into the yard of the garage and a man would lug five-gallon cans through the privet hedge and dump them into a large funnel that he had set in the opened fill pipe of the underground tank. Sometimes on a hot day, I will catch the scent of pines as the pines smelled in the dense belt of tepeed limbs that ran along the driveway. Sometimes when a large lawn has been newly cut, I will catch again the spacious order of the lawns around the Big House, the whole two or three acres of them hedged, bordered, meticulously edged, with an occasional rabbit playing on them in the summer evenings. Even now, on a cold day, an occasional cigarette will smell as the smoke smelled from Jimmy's cigarettes when he took my sister and me skating.

Always there were lights, and smells, and silences as well as sounds. There were few cars, and we were well away from the nearest road. I could climb an ash tree that stood in front of the Top Kennel, and only a catbird and the chickens would disturb the silence. On the corner of the chicken runs nearest our house was a young wild

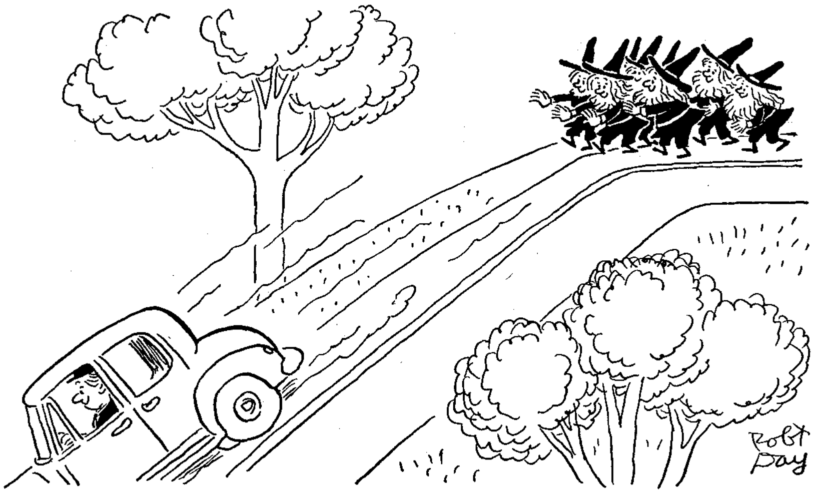
2

SAM'S
USED
CARS
CLEAN
QUIET
$175.
QUIET
MOTOR
$150.

4



6



cherry that had a three-branched crotch at its top. I would spend as much time as an eight-year-old ever spends in one place, sitting peacefully in that crotch, and from the height of fifteen feet or so I would maintain a foremast look-out down over the orchard, or pilot an airplane aimlessly through the sky.

Of all the remembered sounds, there are only two that have survived. In summer, after I'd been sent to bed, I would lie in the late dusk, begrudging the loss of the fading day and hearing, from down by the pond, the croaking of a great bullfrog and the sound of some creature—bird or insect or tree toad, I have never known which. Now, at times in the late summer, I hear the same creature, and I begrudge not the fading day but the fading year.

I SUPPOSE that there were minor crises, such as bruised knees and skinned elbows. At one stage, I managed to hammer my fingernails so often that I lost some of them twice over. There were disappointments, but they seldom lasted, for there was always The Place to do away with any disappointment. At times there were responsibilities, mostly due to the war. One is either born a livestock man or one is not, and I had been born a livestock man, which means not only that one likes livestock but that one places the interest of the stock above one's own interests. In 1918, Jimmy was away and it was impossible to get help to replace him, for the only people who could be hired were boys just out of school, and they manifestly preferred sitting on the strip of grass across from the Top Kennel to the job of cleaning kennels. Therefore, at the age of nine I cleaned kennels, making the rounds unattended, for whenever my father was away at a show, my mother, my sister, and I had to do the work, and when my father was home, I helped him.

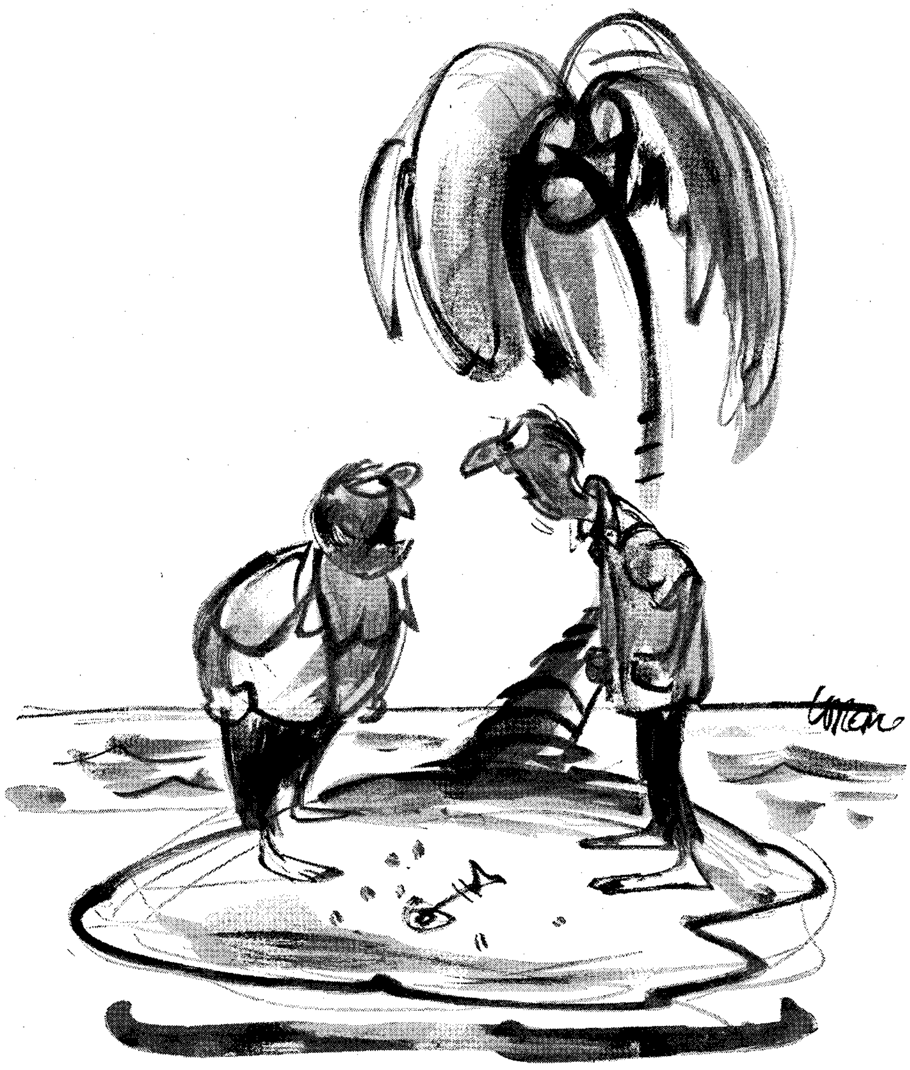
It was not arduous work. It was a little difficult for me to carry a boxful of clean shavings, since the box was clumsy for one of my height, but the cleaning was simplicity itself. The one problem that I had to solve was that of getting rid of the soiled shavings from the four summer kennels that were situated below our cottage. The fences around all the kennels were the same: three or four tongue-and-groove boards at the bottom, then a four-foot width of quarter-inch mesh wire, then a tongue-and-groove board at the top. One of these fences went from a back corner of the cottage down through the orchard to the woods, turned right and ran parallel to the woods, turned again and came level with the front of the cottage, and then turned up a slope and joined a front corner of the cottage. Interior fences divided the area into half-acre pens, arranged so that each of the summer kennels provided shelter for two pens. The shavings from these kennels were dumped over the bottom fence, where it came up from the woods, along a strip of rough, wild, wooded ground. The fences were, of course, much higher than I, and it required a short period of experimentation for me to work out the most expeditious means of getting the shavings over the fence without having to climb over to retrieve the basket in which they were carried. I learned to fill the basket only half full, take it down to the corner where an interior fence joined the outside fence, and then balance it on the T formed by the boards. Those fences were the easiest things in the world to climb over at any point, for one put the inner side of one's shoe against the wire, on top of the boards at the base, swung up, grabbed the top board, swung the free leg over the top board, and straddled the fence, much as one might mount a pony. Once up there, I could take the basket, dump its contents over the fence, drop the empty basket back into the run, swing down in a reversal of the previous procedure, and go my way, all in no time at all.

Cleaning kennels was not my only responsibility. In those days, the dog biscuits came in thick, dark-brown, hard squares, which had to be put through a small hand-turned machine in order to break them up so that terriers could eat them. This machine, made of wrought iron and bolted to a bench in the cookroom of the Top Kennel, had a hopper, which held perhaps four biscuits at one filling; two drums fitted with spikes, which broke up the biscuits; a crank; and a chute. On weekdays, when the dogs were fed on biscuits soaked in a stew of boiled beef or boiled fish, the biscuits had to be broken fairly fine, which meant that my sister and I had to turn the crank together, halting the grinding whenever the hopper had to be refilled. On Sundays, when the dogs—except for the puppies, show dogs, bitches in whelp, and so on—were given dry biscuit and water, the grinder was set for the larger size and I could turn the crank alone, while my sister popped the square biscuits into the hopper. I suppose that it was only as often as I was hanging around the kennels at feeding time that I helped to feed the dogs, pick up the empty feed pans, wash them under one of the hydrants, and then stack them on a counter to dry, but it was a job with which I was fully familiar. There were many things that I regarded as chores, then and later, but cleaning kennels and feeding dogs were not among them.

On one occasion, my responsibilities fused into something that, for a few minutes, verged on terror. It was an evening that began with a somewhat grim chore and ended with a minor crisis. The chore arose because a dog had died. It was a very good dog, one of the most promising that the kennel had produced, and this was a kennel that did a good deal of winning. (It should have, since it numbered over a hundred dogs.) This dog had won at Southampton, on a very hot day, and when the Cadillac was returning that evening, the dog, along with the others, had been given water in Manhattan. It had been taken ill the following day, and had been, of course, brought into the cottage. It had died in the night, with its head on the bottom step of the stairs, and the body had been autopsied late the following day, "mechanical pneumonia" being given as the cause of death.

That night, my father and mother went to the movies, and for some reason or other they left my sister and me without a sitter, perhaps because none was available. The autopsy on the dog must have been performed late in the day, because it was Danny, and not my father, who buried the dog. Danny came by the cottage in the early dusk, with the body in my express wagon, and, while I do not remember, I assume that I had been told to help him take it down to the gravel pit. The body was wrapped in newspapers, and I took the handle of the wagon, resolutely turned my back on a glimpse of bluish entrails, and pulled the wagon down the road to the woods at the bottom of the orchard. There we turned left and went along the wagon road to the gravel pit. The sky had been clouding over, and as we reached the pit, Danny looked up, lifted the newspapers and the body out of the wagon, and told me to cut across the orchard and get home.

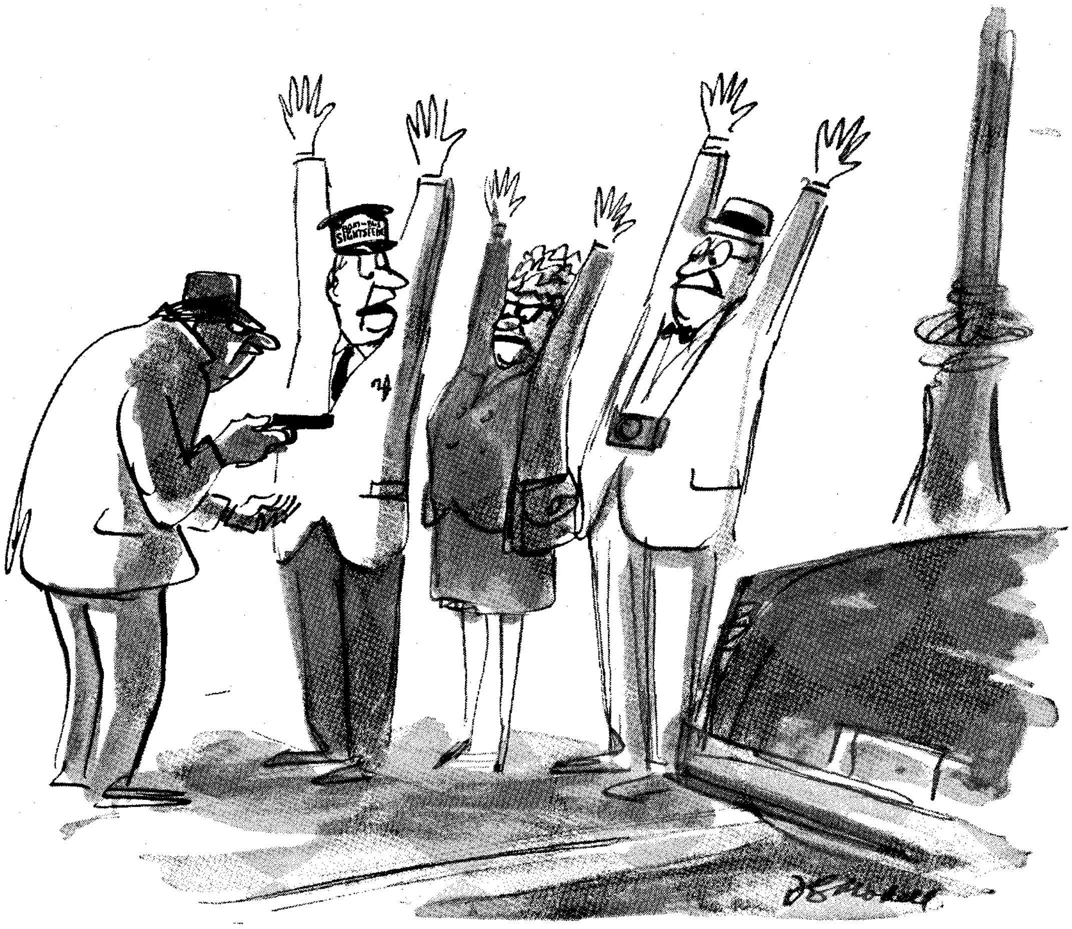
I reached the cottage before the storm broke, and at some point after dark the lights went out, leaving my sister and me in blackness. We could have sat there, perfectly safe, until our parents came home, but that was not the way my sister and I looked at things. We did not feel it right that we should merely sit in the dark and wait. There were kerosene lamps upstairs, but it was pitch black in the house, and I was not particularly in favor of going up those stairs alone. My sister, who was all in favor of getting a lamp, had no intention of going upstairs at all. Besides, the chimney of a kerosene lamp is a fragile and precarious thing, not to be juggled about on a dark stairway. There was no flashlight, and we were



"Microcosm!" "Macrocosm!"

far too responsible to try to light our way with matches. We then hit upon a freakish solution. Not too long before, at a firemen's carnival held on the school grounds, my father had won the only prize he ever won on a wheel of chance. The prize was a brown woolly Teddy bear with flashlight bulbs for eyes. The batteries were past their prime, but they were not yet dead, and the switch, which operated when one pressed a certain place in the broad, flattened back, was still in working order.

I took the Teddy bear, dimly lighted my way up into the shadowy rooms above, grabbed a lamp with my free hand, and came back down the stairs. We then lit the lamp very carefully, thereby reducing a crisis to the level of the merely unusual. I kept the little toy around for years after its batteries had gone dead and it was useless, for it had served me well.



"Now, don't start knocking New York. There's a crime wave all over the country."

THERE was a period in the latter part of 1918 when I did not go near Danny, or the Cadillac, or the coach barn, for the Cadillac was constantly curtained and all its surroundings were under a quarantine of fear. It was during the time when, in the spring or fall, we would sometimes assemble on a grassy bank beside the school building and wave little flags while we sang about the long, long trail, and the home fires that we were keeping burning, and our shrill voices piped our vehement intention of canning the Kaiser, all of which must have had a tremendous effect on the war effort. It was the period when my annual gifts of *St. Nicholas* preached the bestiality of the Hun; it was the time when barrels were placed beside the school doors for the collection of peach pits, to be converted into charcoal for use in gas masks. It was the time when the militia staged a sham battle on the Fourth of July, using the football field beside the high school as a no man's land and leaving a confused impression of two lines of rifle fire twinkling in the thickening dusk. One line finally advanced behind dim objects, supposed to be tanks, and overwhelmed the other line. It was in the winter of the influenza epidemic that the curtains on the Cadillac were fastened down to stay for weeks. The station wagon became an ambulance, with Danny and a chauffeur from another estate as its crew, and the parish house in which I went to Sunday school became an emergency hospital. A friend of ours, a horseman from an estate ten miles or so to the west, was stricken with the flu and then with pneumonia, and in order that his wife and two small daughters might be closer to the hospital proper, seven miles to the north of us, they were taken in to live with us for six weeks. Still, my sister and I went to school every day, and aside from the fact that I saw the familiar gray Cadillac only from a distance and Danny not at all, it was like any other time.

So it went, in a world of grass and trees and blossoms and snow. All the world was a golden quietness, and the long, bright, scented years passed, and then a man died, the kennel was disbanded, and I grew older in other places. I moved out upon the world, and the world moved in upon me, and it was as I had known it would be, for never again was the world to be quite so bright, so fair, so enchanted.

—NORMAN HANKINSON

• •

LITTLE LULLABY

Dark-time. The little ones like bees
Have stolen your light, packed it away
In their healthy mandibles, and gone off.
Rest, little soul, of your lithe cunnings,
Of your tattling tattoo undressed. They
Have taken the daylight in their keeping;
Safe in the hive, hidden, it will not chide
You if you are silent. At last, listen:
Under the fallow, sad song of your neighbor's
Life, or the blood waltzing in your ear,
Dispossessed, uncharming, enormous
Bodies approach; they wish to fulfill you.

—IRVING FELDMAN

SHIP ISLAND

THE French book was lying open on a corner of the dining-room table, between the floor lamp and the window. The floor lamp, which had come with the house, had a cover made of green glass, with a fringe. The French book must have lain just that way for two months. Nancy, coming in from the beach, tried not to look at it. It reminded her of how much she had meant to accomplish during the summer, of the strong sense of intent, something like refinement, with which she had chosen just that spot for studying. It was out of hearing of the conversations with the neighbors that went on every evening out on the side porch, it had window light in the daytime and lamplight at night, it had a small, slanting view of the beach, and it drew a breeze. The pencils were still there, still sharp, and the exercise, broken off. She sometimes stopped to read it over. "The soldiers of the emperor were crossing the bridge: *Les soldats de l'empereur traversaient le pont*. The officer has already knocked at the gate: *L'officier a déjà frappé*—" She could not have finished that sentence now if she had sat right down and tried.

Nancy could no longer find herself in relation to the girl who had sought out such a good place to study, had sharpened the pencils and opened the book and sat down to bend over it. What she did know was how—just now, when she had been down at the beach, across the boulevard—the sand scuffed beneath her step and shells lay strewn about, chipped and disorderly, near the water's edge. Some shells were empty; some, with damp drying down their backs, went for short walks. Far out, a long white shelf of cloud indicated a distance no gull could dream of gaining, though the gulls spun tirelessly up, dazzling in the white light that comes just as morning vanishes. A troop of pelicans sat like curiously carved knobs on the tops of a long series of wooden piles, which were spaced out at intervals in the water. The piles were what was left of a private pier blown away by a hurricane some years ago.

Nancy had been alone on the beach. Behind her, the boulevard glittered in the morning sun and the season's traffic rocked by the long curve of the shore in clumps of breasting speed. She stood looking outward at the high straight distant shelf of cloud. The islands were out there, plainly visible. The walls of the old Civil War fort on the nearest one of them, the one with the lighthouse—Ship Island—were plain today as well. She had been out there once this summer with Rob Acklen, out there on the island, where the reeds grew in the wild white sand, and the water teemed so thick with seaweed that only crazy people would have tried to swim in it. The gulf had rushed white and strong through all the seaweed, frothing up the beach. On the beach, the froth turned brown, the color of softly moving crawfish claws. In the boat coming home through the sunset that day, a boy standing up in the pilothouse played "Over the Waves" on his harmonica. Rob Acklen had put his jacket around Nancy's shoulders—she had never thought to bring a sweater. The jacket swallowed her; it smelled more like Rob than he did. The boat moved, the breeze blew, the sea swelled, all to the lilt of the music. All twenty-five members of the Laurel, Mississippi, First Baptist Church Adult Bible Class, who had come out with them on the excursion boat, and to whom Rob and Nancy had yet to introduce themselves, had stopped giggling and making their silly jokes. They were tired, and stood in a huddle like sheep; they were shaped like sheep as well, with little shoulders and wide bottoms—it was somehow sad. Nancy and Rob, young and trim, stood side by side near the bow, like figureheads of the boat, hearing the music and watching the thick prow butt the swell, which the sunset had stained a deep red. Nancy felt for certain that this was the happiest she had ever been.

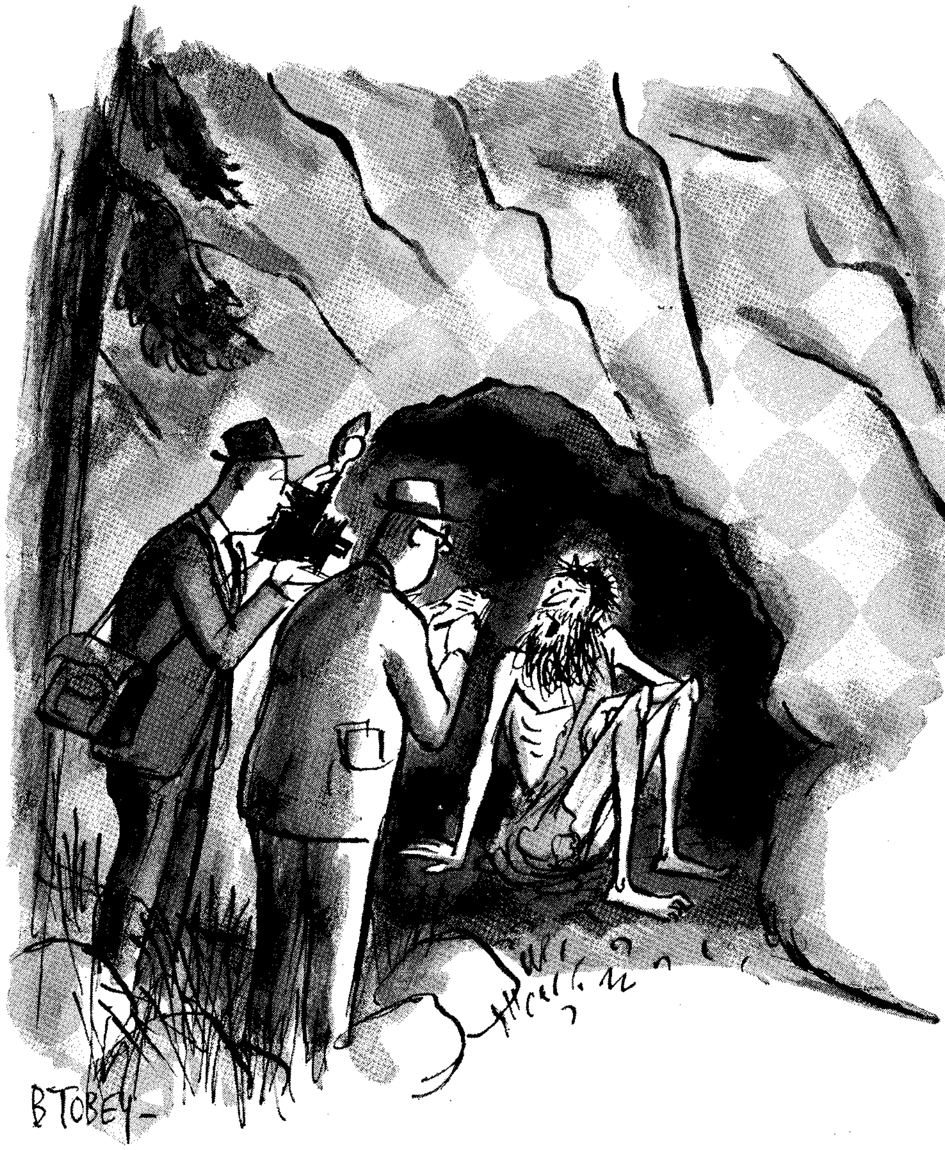
TING-A-LING
TING-A-LING
TING-A-LING
HOSPITAL ZONE QUIET
ICE CREAM
O'BRIAN

Alone on the sand this morning, she had spread out her beach towel and stood for a moment looking up the beach, way up, past a grove of live oaks to where Rob Acklen's house was visible. He would be standing in the kitchen, in loafers and a dirty white shirt and an old pair of shorts, drinking cold beer from the refrigerator right out of the can. He would eat lunch with his mother and sister, read the paper and write a letter, then dress and drive into town to help his father in the office, going right past Nancy's house along the boulevard. Around three, he would call her up. He did this every day. His name was Fitzrobert Conroy Acklen—one of those full-blown Confederate names. Everybody liked him, and more than a few—a general mixture of every color, size, age, sex, and religion—would say, when he passed by, "I declare, I just love that boy." So he was bound to have a lot of nicknames: "Fitz" or "Bobbie" or "Cousin" or "Son"—he answered to almost anything. He was the kind of boy people have high, undefined hopes for. He had first seen Nancy Lewis one morning when he came by her house to make an insurance call for his father.

Breaking off her French—could it

have been the sentence about *"l'officier"*?—she had gone out to see who it was. She was expecting Mrs. Nattier, their neighbor, who had skinny white freckled legs she never shaved and whose husband, "off" somewhere, was thought not to be doing well; or Mrs. Nattier's little boy Bernard, who thought it was fun to hide around corners after dark and jump out saying nothing more original than "Boo!" (Once, he had screamed "Raw head and bloody bones!," but Nancy was sure somebody had told him to); or one of the neighbor ladies in the back—old Mrs. Poultney, whom they rented from and who walked with a cane, or Miss Henriette Dupré, who was so devout she didn't even have to go to confession before weekday Communion and whose hands, always tucked up in the sleeves of her sack, were as cold as church candles, and to think of them touching you was like rabbits skipping over your grave on dark rainy nights in winter up in the lonely wet-leaf-covered hills. Or else it was somebody wanting to be paid something. Nancy had opened the door and looked up, and there, instead of a dozen other people, was Rob Acklen.

Not that she knew his name. She had seen boys like him down on the coast, ever since her family had moved there from Little Rock back in the spring. She had seen them playing tennis on the courts back of the hotel, where she sometimes went to jump on the trampoline. She believed that the hotel people thought she was on the staff in some sort of way, as she was about the right age for that—just a year or so beyond high school but hardly old enough to work in town. The weather was already getting hot, and the season was falling off. When she passed the courts, going and coming, she saw the boys out of the corner of her eye. Were they really so much taller than the boys up where they had moved from, up in Arkansas? They were lankier and a lot more casual. They were more assured. To Nancy, whose family was in debt and whose father, in one job after another, was always doing something wrong, the boys playing tennis had that wonderful remoteness of creatures to be admired on the screen, or those seen in whiskey ads, standing near the bar of a country club and sleekly talking about things she could not begin to imagine. But now here was one, in a heavy tan cotton suit and a light blue shirt with a buttoned-down collar and dark knit tie, standing on her own front porch and smiling at her.



"On second thought, I do have a message for mankind: Nuts to one and nuts to all!"

Yet when Rob called Nancy for a date, a day or two later, she didn't have to be told that he did it partly because he liked to do nice things for people. He obviously liked to be considerate and kind, because the first time he saw her he said, "I guess you don't know many people yet?"

"No, because Daddy just got transferred," she said—"transferred" being her mother's word for it; fired was what it was. She gave him a Coke and talked to him awhile, standing around in the house, which unaccountably continued to be empty. She said she didn't know a thing about insurance.

Now, still on the beach, Nancy Lewis sat down in the middle of her beach towel and began to rub suntan lotion on her neck and shoulders. Looking down the other way, away from Rob's house and toward the yacht club, she saw a man standing alone on the sand. She had not noticed him before. He was facing out toward the gulf and staring fixedly at the horizon. He was wearing shorts and a shirt made out of red bandanna, with the tail out—a stout young man with black hair.

Just then, without warning, it began to rain. There were no clouds one could see in the overhead dazzle, but it rained anyway; the drops fell in huge discs, marking the sand, and splashing on Nancy's skin. Each drop seemed enough to fill a Dixie cup. At first, Nancy did not know what the stinging sensation was; then she knew the rain was burning her. It was scalding hot! Strange, outlandish, but also painful, was how she found it. She jumped up and began to flinch and twist away, trying to escape, and a moment later she had snatched up her beach towel and flung it around her shoulders. But the large hot drops kept falling, and there was no escape from them. She started rubbing her cheek and forehead and felt that she might blister all over; then, since it kept on and on and was all so inexplicable, she grabbed her lotion and ran up the beach and out of the sand and back across the boulevard. Once in her own front yard, under the scraggy trees, she felt the rain no longer, and looked back curiously into the dazzle beyond the boulevard.

"I thought you meant to stay for a while," her mother said. "Was it too hot? Anybody would be crazy to go out there now. There's never anybody out there at this time of day."

"It was all right," said Nancy, "but it started raining. I never felt anything like it. The rain was so hot it burned me. Look. My face—" She ran to look in the mirror. Sure enough, her face and shoulders looked splotched. It might blister. I might be scarred for life, she thought—one of those dramatic phrases left over from high school.

Nancy's mother, Mrs. Lewis, was a discouraged lady whose silky, blondish-gray hair was always slipping loose and tagging out around her face. She would not try to improve herself and talked a lot in company about her family; two of her uncles had been professors simultaneously at the University of North Carolina. One of them had written a book on phonetics. Mrs. Lewis seldom found anyone who had heard of them, or of the book, either. Some people asked what phonetics were, and others did not ask anything at all.

Mrs. Lewis now said to her daughter, "You just got too much sun."

"No, it was the rain. It was really scalding hot."

"I never heard of such a thing," her mother said. "Out of a clear sky."

"I can't help that," Nancy said. "I guess I ought to know."

Mrs. Lewis took on the kind of look she had when she would open the handkerchief drawer of a dresser and see two used, slightly bent carpet nails, some Scotch Tape melted together, an old receipt, an unanswered letter announcing a cousin's wedding, some scratched negatives saved for someone but never developed, some dusty foreign coins, a bank deposit book from a town they lived in during the summer before Nancy was born, and an old telegram whose contents, forgotten, no one would dare now to explore, for it would say something awful but absolutely true.

"I wish you wouldn't speak to me like that," Mrs. Lewis said. "All I know is, it certainly didn't rain here."

Nancy wandered away, into the dining room. She felt bad about everything—about quarrelling with her mother, about not getting a suntan, about wasting her time all summer with Rob Acklen and not learning any French. She went and took a long cool bath in the big old bathroom, where the bathtub had ball-and-claw feet painted mustard yellow and the single light bulb on the long cord dropped down one mile from the stratosphere.

What the Lewises found in a rented house was always outclassed by what they brought into it. Nancy's father, for instance, had a china donkey that bared its teeth in a great big grin. Written on one side was "If you really want to look like me" and on the other "Just keep right on talking." Her father loved the donkey and its message, and always put it on the living-room table of whatever house they were in. When he got a drink before dinner each evening, he would wander back with glass in hand and look the donkey over. "That's pretty good," he would say just before he took the first swallow. Nancy had often longed to break the donkey, by accident—that's what she would say, that it had all been an accident—but she couldn't get over the feeling that if she did, worse things than the Lewises had ever imagined would happen to them. That donkey would let in a flood of trouble, that she knew.

After Nancy got out of the tub and dried, she rubbed Jergens Lotion on all the splotches the rain had made. Then she ate a peanut-butter sandwich and more shrimp salad left over from supper the night before, and drank a cold Coke. Now and then, eating, she would go look in the mirror. By the time Rob Acklen called up, the red marks had all but disappeared.

THAT night, riding down to Biloxi with Rob, Nancy confided that the catalogue of people she disliked, headed by Bernard Nattier, included every

---

THE WAR WOUND

It wounded well—one time and
A half: once with instant blood and again
Reinfecting blackly, years later. Now all
Is calm at the heel of my hand

Where I grabbed, in a bellied-
in airplane, and caught the dark glass
Offered once in a lifetime by
The brittle tachometer.

Moons by the thousands
Have risen in all that time; I hold
The healed half-moon of that night.
I tell it to shine as still

As it can in the temperate flesh
That never since has balled into a fist,
To hover on nylon guitar strings
Like the folk-moon itself;

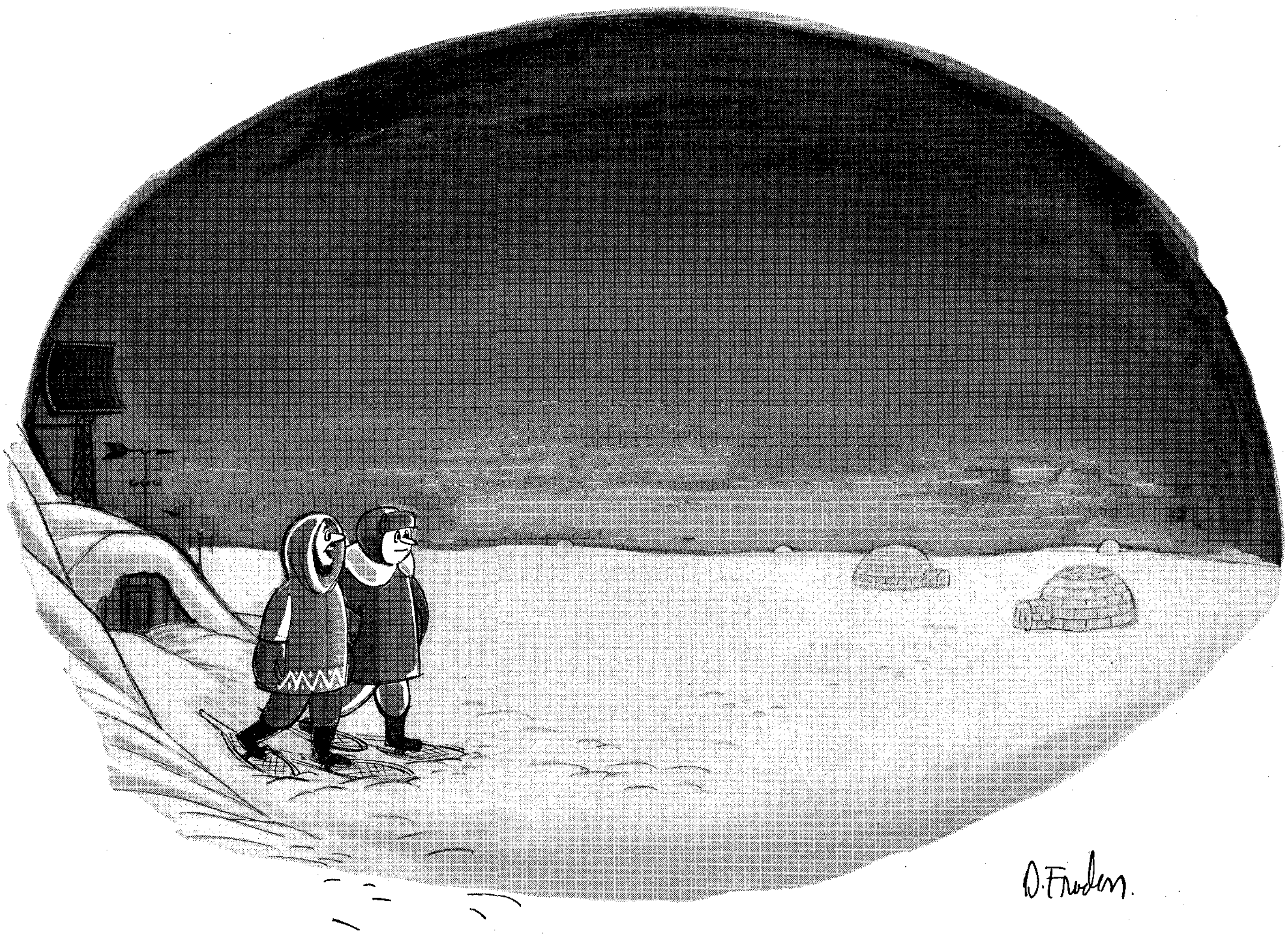
I tell it to burn like a poison
When my two children threaten themselves,
Wall-walking, or off the deep end
Of a county swimming pool,

And, with thousands of moons
Coming over me year after year,
I lie with it well under cover,
The war of the millions,

Through glass ground under
Heel twenty-one years ago,
Concentrating its light on my hand,
Small, but with world-fury.

—JAMES DICKEY

• •



"A smart young fellow could do worse than buy himself some acreage up here."

• •

single person—Miss Henriette Dupré, Mrs. Poultney, and Mrs. Nattier, and Mr. Nattier, too, when he was at home—that she had to be with these days. It even included, she was sad to say, her mother and father. If Bernard Nattier had to be mean—and it was clear he did have to—why did he have to be so corny? He put wads of wet, chewed bubble gum in her purses—that was the most original thing he ever did. Otherwise, it was just live crawfish in her bed or crabs in her shoes; anybody could think of that. And when he stole, he took things *she* wanted, nothing simple, like money—she could have forgiven him for that—but cigarettes, lipstick, and ashtrays she had stolen herself here and there. If she locked her door, he got in through the window; if she locked the window, she suffocated. Not only that, but he would crawl out from under the bed. His eyes were slightly crossed and he knew how to turn the lids back on themselves so that it looked like blood, and then he would chase her. He was browned to the color of dirt all over and he smelled like salt mud the sun had dried. He wore black tennis shoes laced too tight at the ankles and from sunup till way past dark he never thought of anything but what to do to Nancy, and she would have liked to kill him.

She made Rob Acklen laugh. She amused him. He didn't take anything Nancy Lewis could say at all to heart, but, as if she was something he had found on the beach and was teaching to talk, he, with his Phi Beta Kappa key and his good level head and his wonderful prospects, found everything she told about herself cute, funny, absurd. He did remark that he had such feelings himself from time to time—that he would occasionally get crazy mad at one of his parents or the other, and that he once planned his sister's murder down to the last razor slash. But he laughed again, and his chewing gum popped amiably in his jaws. When she told him about the hot rain, he said he didn't believe it. He said "Aw," which was what a boy like Rob Acklen said when he didn't believe something. The top of his old white Mercury convertible was down and the wind rushed past like an endless bolt of raw silk being drawn against Nancy's cheek.

In the ladies'-room mirror at the Beach View, where they stopped to eat, she saw the bright quality of her eyes, as though she had been drinking. Her skirts rustled in the narrow room; a porous white disc of deodorant hung on a hook, fuming the air. Her eyes, though blue, looked startlingly dark in her pale skin, for though she tried hard all the time, she never seemed to tan. All the sun did, as her mother was always pointing out, was bleach her hair three shades lighter; a little more and it would be almost white. Out on the island that day, out on Ship Island, she had drifted in the water like seaweed, with the tide combing her limbs and hair, tugging her through lengths of fuzzy water growth. She had lain flat on her face with her arms stretched out before her, experiencing the curious lift the water's motion gave to the tentacles of weed, wondering whether she liked it or not. Did something alive clamber the small of her back? Did something wishful grope the spiral of her ear? Rob had caught her wrist hard and waked her—waked was what he did, though to sleep in water is not possible. He said he thought she had been there too long. "Nobody can keep their face in the water that long," was what he said.

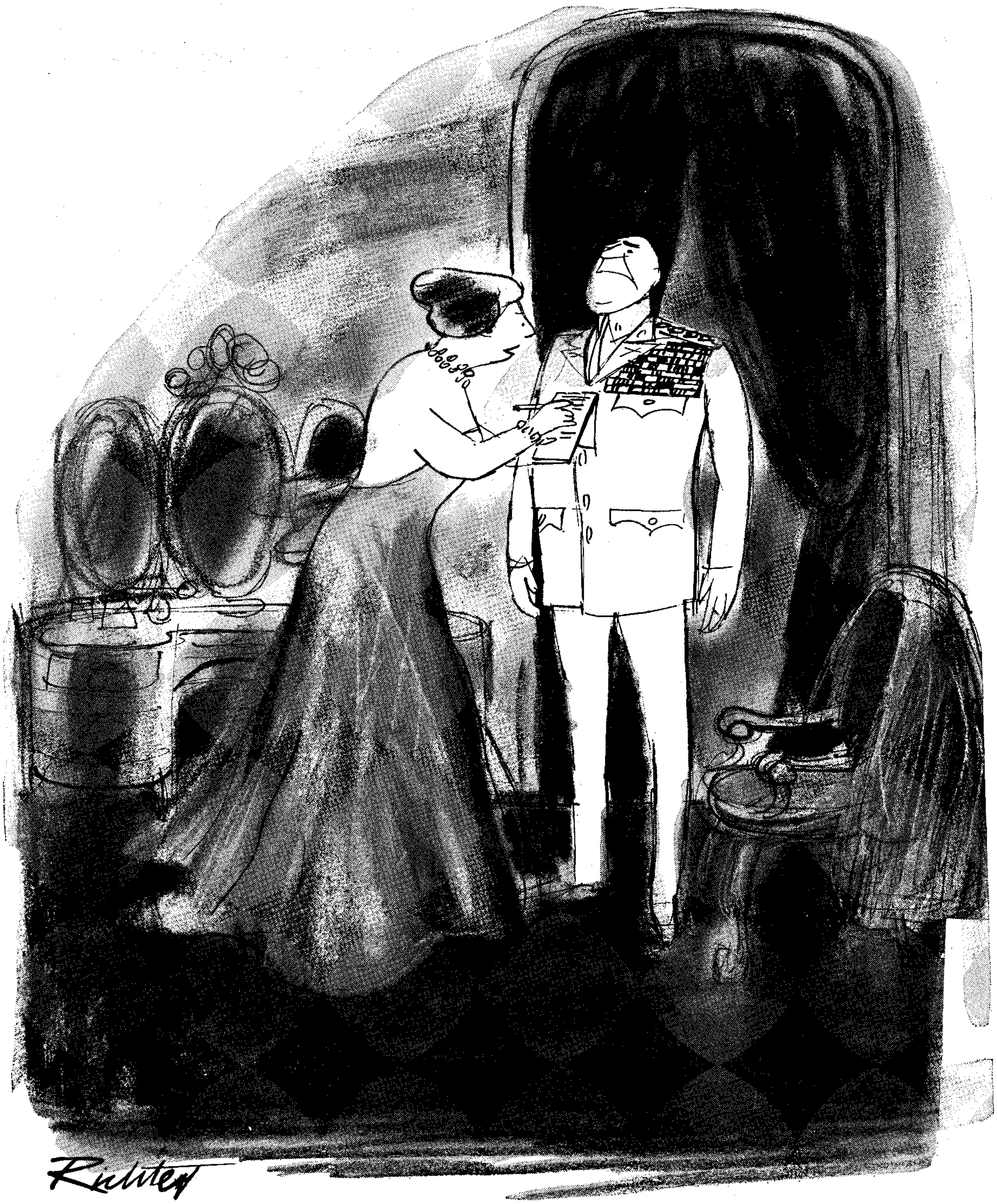
"I did," said Nancy.

Rob's brow had been blistered a little, she recalled, for that had been back early in the summer, soon after they had met—but the changes the sun made on him went without particular attention. The seasons here were old ground to him. He said that the island was new, however—or at least forgotten. He said he had never been there but once, and that many years ago, on a Boy Scout picnic. Soon they were exploring the fort, reading the dates off the metal signs whose letters glowed so smoothly in the sun, and the brief summaries of what those little boys, little military-academy boys turned into soldiers, had endured. Not old enough to fill up the name of soldier, or of prisoner, either, which is what they were—not old enough to shave, Nancy bet—still, they had died there, miserably far from home, and had been buried in the sand. There was a lot more. Rob would have been glad to read all about it, but she wasn't interested. What they knew already was plenty, just about those boys. A bright, worried lizard ran out of a hot rubble of brick. They came out of the fort and walked alone together eastward toward the dunes, now skirting near the shore that faced the sound and now wandering south, where they could hear or sometimes glimpse the gulf. They were overlooked all the way by an old white lighthouse. From far away behind, the twenty-five members of the Adult Bible Class could be overheard playing a silly, shrill Sunday-school game. It came across the ruins of the fort and the sad story of the dead soldiers like something that had happened long ago that you could not quite remember having joined in. On the beach to their right, toward the gulf, a flock of sandpipers with blinding-white breasts stepped pecking along the water's edge, and on the inner beach, toward the sound, a wrecked sailboat with a broken mast lay half buried in the sand.

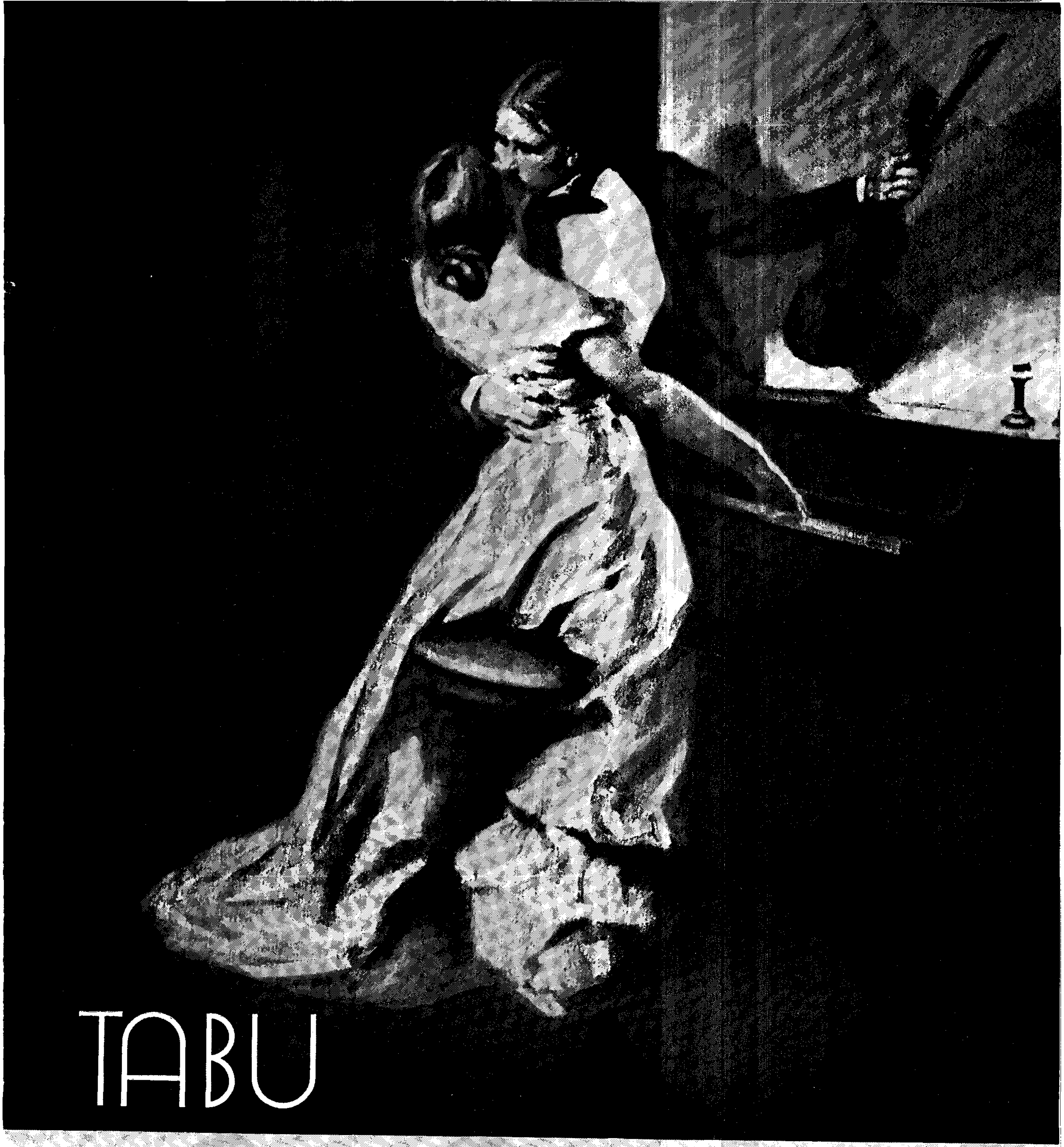
Rob kept teasing her along, pulling at the soft wool strings of her bathing suit, which knotted at the nape and again under her shoulder blades, worrying loose the damp hair that she had carefully slicked back and pinned. "There isn't anybody in that house," he assured her, some minutes later, having explored most of that part of the island and almost as much of Nancy as well, having almost, but not quite—his arms around her—coaxed and caressed her down to ground level in a clump of reeds. "There hasn't been in years and years," he said, encouraging her.

"It's only those picnic people," she said, holding off, for the reeds would not have concealed a medium-sized mouse. They had been to look at the sailboat and thought about climbing inside (kissing closely, they had almost fallen right over into it), but it did have a rotten tin can in the bottom and smelled, so here they were back out in the dunes.

"They've got to drink all those Coca-



"Just let me check them off once more to be sure you haven't forgotten any."



the 'forbidden' fragrance

TABU
Dana
TABU
Dana

Dana

PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

Magnificent Gem Pavéd Leaf Clips
in 18 kt. yellow gold and platinum settings from
our Collection of Precious Jewels:
left—sapphires and diamonds 2,950.00
right—emeralds and diamonds 5,800.00
prices incl. fed. tax shown actual size

only
at Jensen
the 1964
Lunning Collection
of Christmas Cards

Jensen's exclusive collection of traditional or lighthearted greetings for the beautiful season... Write for our Christmas Card catalog

name ______________________
(please print)
address ______________________
city ____________ zone ______ state ______

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. PL1-2400

Colas," Rob said, "and give out all those prizes, and anyway—"

She never learned anyway what, but it didn't matter. Maybe she began to make up all that the poor little soldiers had missed out on. The island's very spine, a warm reach of thin ground, came smoothly up into the arch of her back; and it was at least halfway the day itself, with its fair, wide-open eyes, that she went over to. She felt somewhat historical afterward, as though they had themselves added one more mark to all those that place remembered.

Having played all the games and given out the prizes, having eaten all the homemade cookies and drunk the case of soft drinks just getting warm, and gone sightseeing through the fort, the Bible Class was now coming, too, crying "Yoohoo!," to explore the island. They discovered Rob hurling shells and bits of rock into the surf, while Nancy, scavenging a little distance away, tugged up out of the sand a shell so extraordinary it was worth showing around. It was purple, pink, and violet inside—a palace of colors; the king of the oysters had no doubt lived there. When she held it shyly out to them, they cried "Look!" and "Ooo!," so there was no need for talking to them much at all, and in the meantime the evening softened, the water glowed, the glare dissolved. Far out, there were other islands one could see now, and beyond those must be many more. They had been there all along.

Going home, Nancy gave the wonderful shell to the boy who stood in the pilothouse playing "Over the Waves." She glanced back as they walked off up the pier and saw him look at the shell, try it for weight, and then throw it in the water, leaning far back on his arm and putting a good spin on the throw, the way boys like to do—the way Rob Acklen himself had been doing, too, just that afternoon.

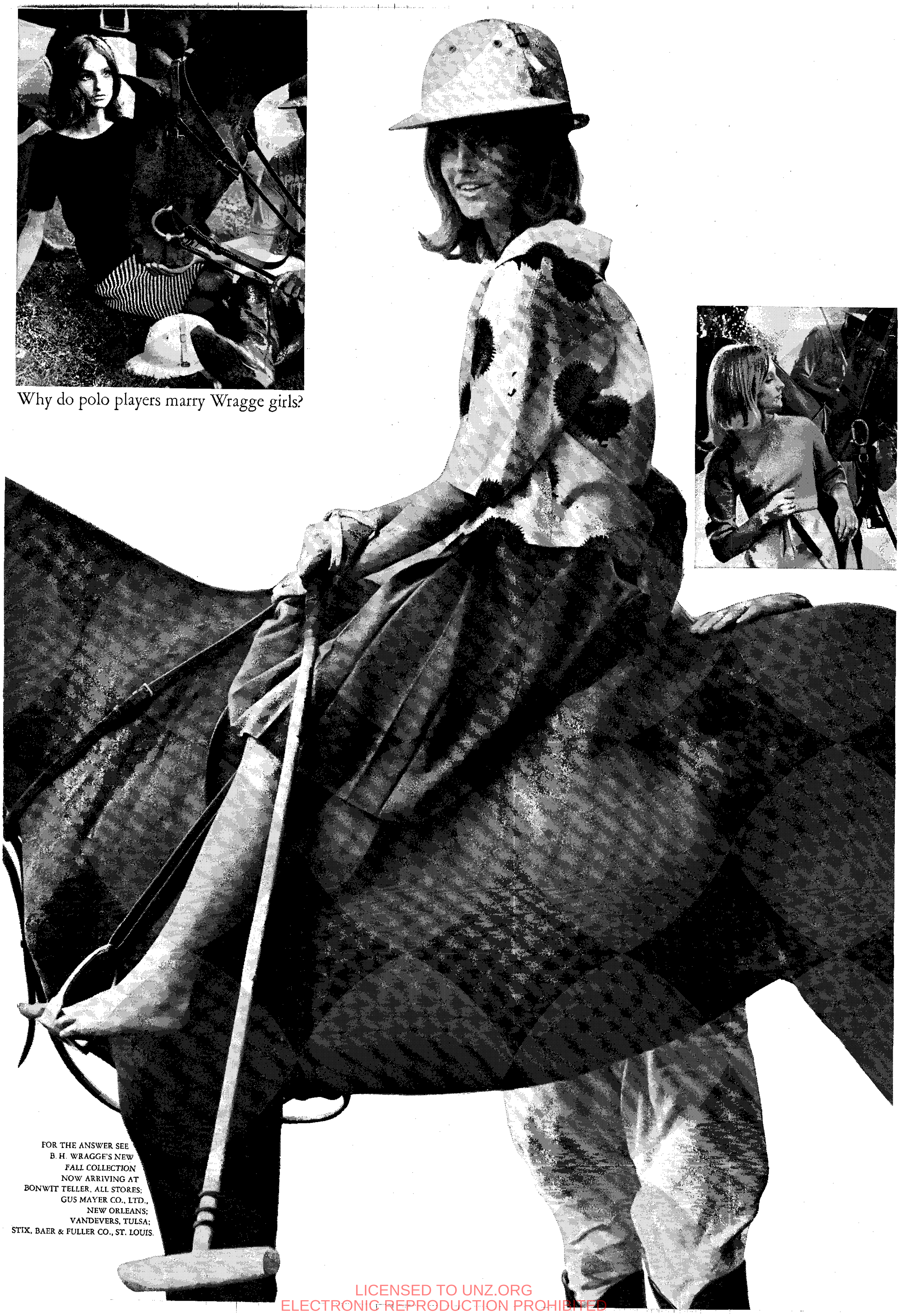
"Why did you do that?" Rob had demanded. He was frowning; he looked angry. He had thought they should keep the shell—to remember, she supposed.

"For the music," she explained.

"But it was ours," he said. When she didn't answer, he said again, "Why did you, Nancy?"

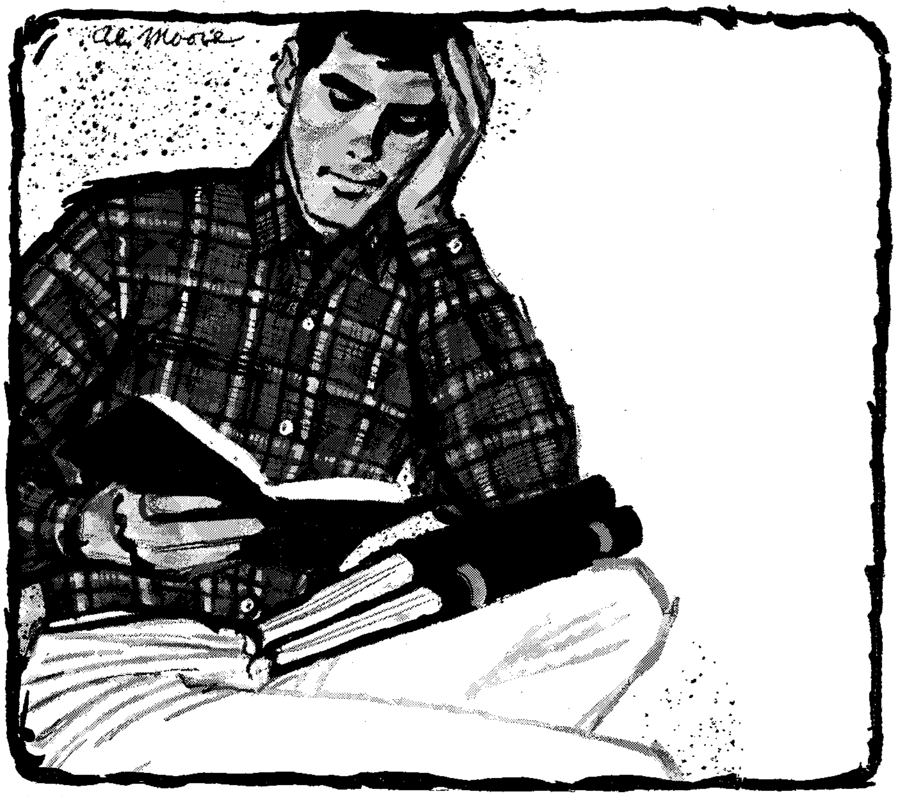
But still she didn't answer.

WHEN Nancy returned to their table at the Beach View, having put her lipstick back straight after eating fish, Rob was paying the check. "Why not believe me?" she asked him. "It was true. The rain was hot as fire. I



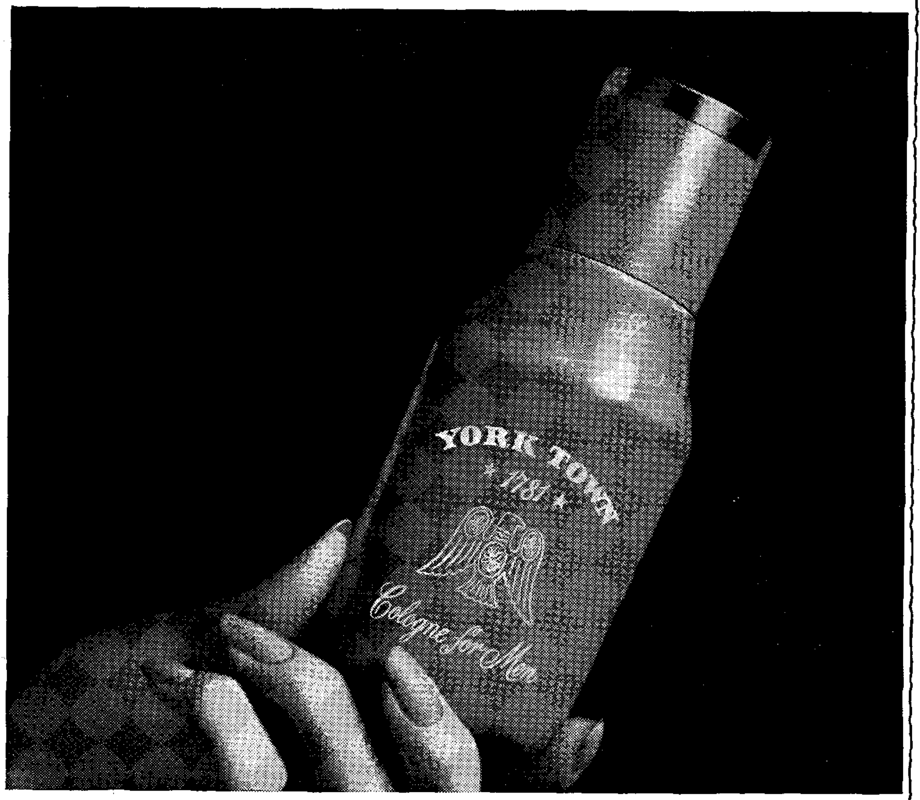
Why do polo players marry Wragge girls?

FOR THE ANSWER SEE
B. H. WRAGGE'S NEW
FALL COLLECTION
NOW ARRIVING AT
BONWIT TELLER, ALL STORES;
GUS MAYER CO., LTD.,
NEW ORLEANS;
VANDEVERS, TULSA;
STIX, BAER & FULLER CO., ST. LOUIS.



He knows how to relax—does so in Van Heusen's sports shirt—district checks of Burlington Fortrel polyester and cotton. For nearest retailer write us at 1407 Broadway, N.Y.

Galey & Lord



Giftsmanship!

Show him you have a talent for giving. Give him York Town, the aromatic formula that makes more than history, makes him feel authoritatively masculine with that crisp, citrusy aroma that lingers long in a new spray cologne. 3.50

YORK TOWN
SHULTON

thought I would be scarred for life."

It was still broad daylight, not even twilight. In the bright, air-conditioned restaurant, the light from the water glazed flatly against the broad picture windows, the chandeliers, and the glasses. It was the hour when mirrors reflect nothing and bars look tired. The restaurant was a boozy, cheap sort of place with a black-lined gambling hall in the back, but everyone went there because the food was good.

"You're just like Mama," she said. "You think I made it up."

Rob said, teasing, "I didn't say that. I just said I didn't believe it." He loved getting her caught in some sort of logic she couldn't get out of. When he opened the door for her, she got a good sidelong view of his longish, firm face and saw the way his somewhat fine brows arched up with one or two bright reddish hairs in among the dark ones; his hair was that way, too, when the sun hit it. Maybe, if nobody had told him, he wouldn't have known it; he seemed not to notice so very much about himself. Having the confidence of people who don't worry much, his grin could snare her instantly—a glance alone could make her feel how lucky she was he'd ever noticed her. But it didn't do at *all* to *think* about *him* now. It would be ages before they made it through the evening and back, *retracing* the way and *then* turning off to the bayou, and even then, there would be those mosquitoes.

Bayou lovemaking suited Rob just fine; he was one of those people mosquitoes didn't bite. They certainly bit Nancy. They were huge and silent, and the minute the car stopped they would even come and sit upon her eyelids, if she closed her eyes, a dozen to each tender arc of flesh. They would gather on her face, around her nose and mouth. Clothlike, like rags and tatters, like large dry ashes of burnt cloth, they came in lazy droves, in fleets, sailing on the air. They were never in any hurry, being everywhere at once and always ready to bite. Nancy had been known to jump all the way out of the car and go stamping across the grass like a calf. She grew sulky and despairing and stood on one leg at a time in the moonlight, slapping at her ankles, while Rob leaned his chin on the doorframe and watched her with his affectionate, total interest.

Nancy, riddled and stinging with beads of actual blood briar-pointed here and there upon her, longed to be almost anywhere else—she especially longed for New Orleans. She always talked about it, although, never having been

Burning Tree Club
BETHESDA 14, MARYLAND
River Oaks
COUNTRY CLUB
HOUSTON, TEXAS
PINEHURST
PLEASE REPAIR BALL MARKS
BALTUSROL UPPER COURSE
Holes
BLUE MARKERS
WHITE MARKERS
Par
Paradise Valley
WINGED FOOT
GOLF CLUB
MAMARONECK NEW YORK
WEST COURSE
U.S.G.A. COURSE RATING—72
Olympia Fie
Countr
MEN'S SC
No. 4—NORT
Oakmont
Country Club
HANDICAP
NET SCORE
PEBBLE BEACH
LODGE

Men who insist on better-than-par performance in business and finance recognize the professional quality of the Irving's services. At home, as well as abroad, it is known as "the bank for bankers and businessmen."

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

Capital Funds over $170,000,000 *One Wall Street, New York 15, N.Y.* *Total Assets over $2,000,000,000*

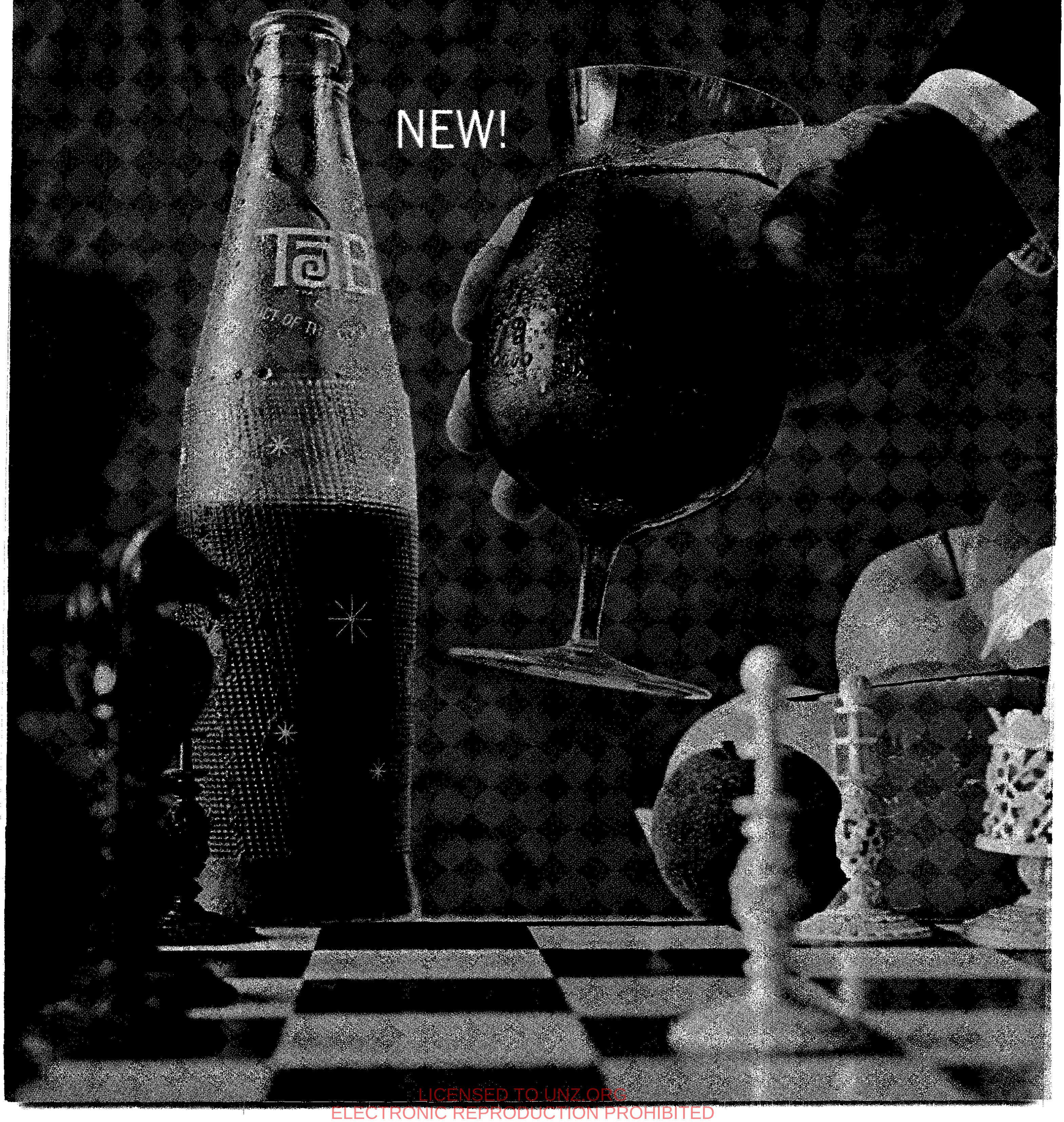
GEORGE A. MURPHY, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM E. PETERSEN, *President*

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

How can just 1 calorie taste so good?

The Coca-Cola Company took the calories out of Tab, but not the flavor. Tab is brimming with full-bodied flavor. But has just one calorie in every six ounces. Tab is lively, satisfying, delightfully refreshing. Keep tab with Tab.

The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in TaB



there, she had to say the things that other people said—food and jazz in the French Quarter, beer and crabs out on Lake Pontchartrain. Rob said vaguely they would go sometime. But she could tell that things were wrong for him at this point. "The food's just as good around here," he said.

"Oh, Rob!" She knew it wasn't so. She could feel that city, hanging just over the horizon from them scarcely fifty miles away, like some swollen bronze moon, at once brilliant and shadowy and drenched in every sort of amplified smell. Rob was stroking her hair, and in time his repeated, gentle touch gained her attention. It seemed to tell what he liked—girls all spanking clean, with scrubbed fingernails, wearing shoes still damp with white shoe polish. Even a fresh gardenia stuck in their hair wouldn't be too much for him. There would be all sorts of differences, to him, between Ship Island and the French Quarter, but she did not have much idea just what they were. Nancy took all this in, out of his hand on her head. She decided she had better not talk anymore about New Orleans. She wriggled around, looking out over his shoulder, through the moonlight, toward where the pitch-black surface of the bayou water showed in patches through the trees. The trees were awful, hung with great spooky gray tatters of Spanish moss. Nancy was reminded of the house she and her family were living in; it had recently occurred to her that the peculiar smell it had must come from some Spanish moss that had got sealed in behind the panelling, between the walls. The moss was alive in there and growing, and that was where she was going to seal Bernard Nattier up someday, for him to see how it felt. She had tried to kill him once, by filling her purse with rocks and oyster shells—the roughest she could find. She had read somewhere that this weapon was effective for ladies in case of attack. But he had ducked when she swung the purse at him, and she had only gone spinning round and round, falling at last into a camellia tree, which had scratched her. . . .

"The Skeltons said for us to stop by there for a drink," Rob told her. They were driving again, and the car was back on the boulevard, in the still surprising daylight. "What did you say?" he asked her.

"Nothing."

"You just don't want to go?"

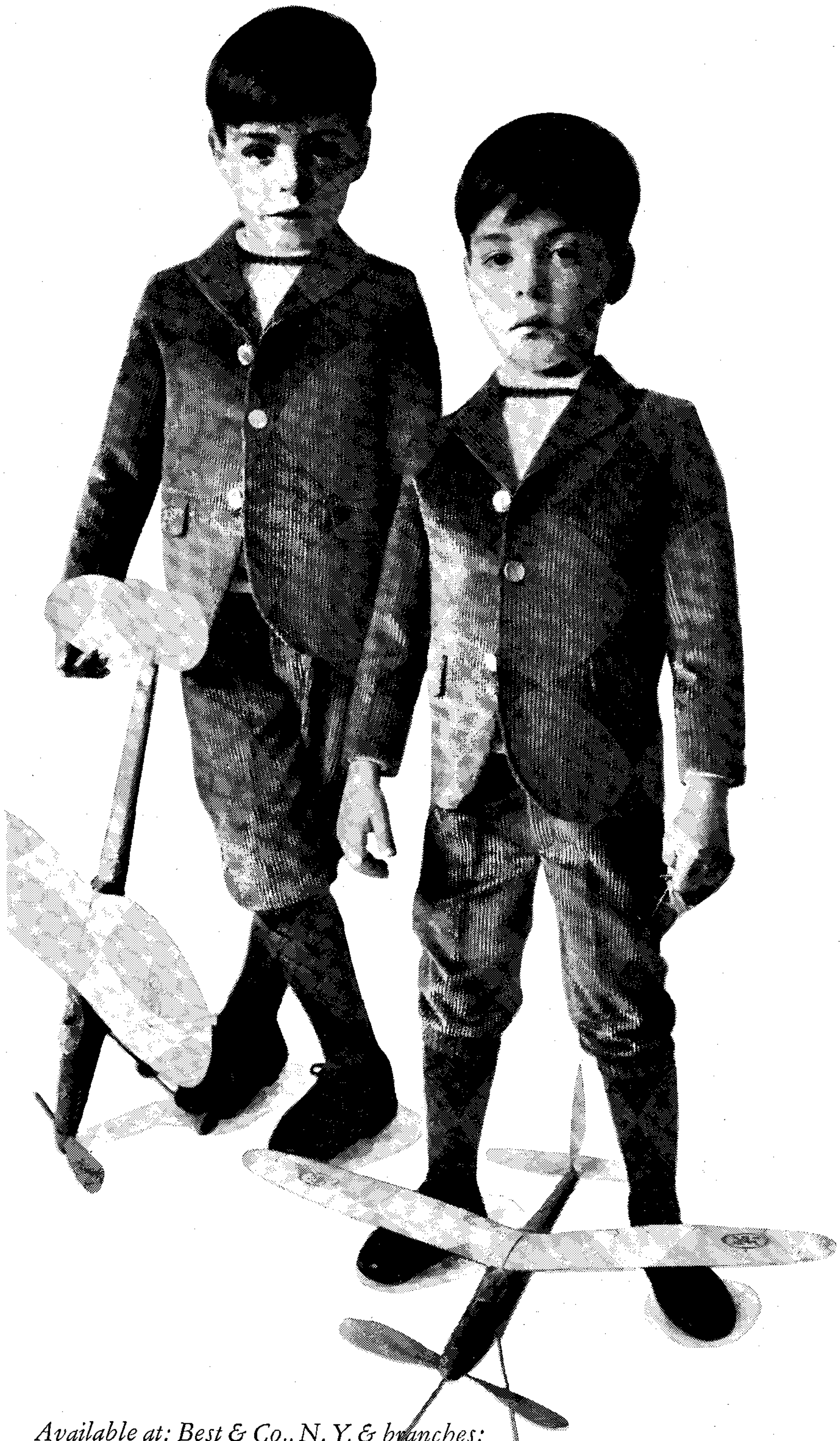
"No, I don't much want to go."

"Well, then, we won't stay long."

The Skelton house was right on the water, with a second-story, glassed-in,

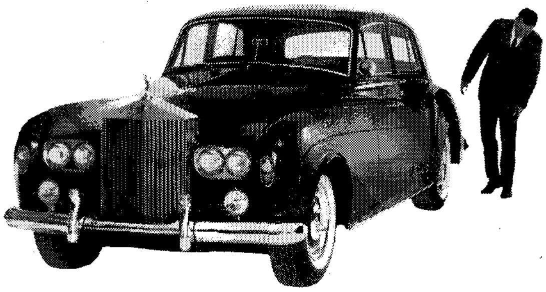
Help stamp out sibling rivalry.

Peaceful coexistence reigns with matching outfits of Cone Corduroy. Oxford cuts the dashing Rugby jacket and knickers in Cone Corduroy of Moby Dick, a great wide wale. Jacket and knickers in astro blue and antelope in sizes 3-6x. Jacket, about $9. Knickers, about $5.



Available at: Best & Co., N. Y. & branches;
Halle Bros., Cleveland; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Kaufmann's,
Pittsburgh; Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore.

cone corduroy
Cone Mills Inc., 1440 Broadway, N. Y. 18, N. Y.



Rolls-Royce Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, New York Room 465A
Mr. Norman Miller, Executive Vice-President

Please send me a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs, for which I enclose a check for $6.00.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________**STATE**________

How to buy a Rolls-Royce

Today's Rolls-Royce is thoroughly modern. Automatic transmission, power assisted steering and braking are standard. The car handles easily, responsively, comfortably. It's fun to drive—one reason 7 out of 10 owners drive it themselves with no chauffeur. Here's how we suggest you go about buying your Rolls-Royce:

1. Send the coupon and a check for $6.00 for a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs.

The more you know about a Rolls-Royce, the more apt you'll be to buy one. The Owner's Manual—116 pages, hard cover—is the most complete single source of information available.

The catalogs will show you the basic standard and custom models—give you facts about size and color selection—things like that.

Cost: $6.00—instantly refunded when you buy a Rolls-Royce.

2. Call your dealer (see listing) and ask him to bring a Rolls-Royce to your home or office. Or, if you prefer, stop by his showroom.

Kick the tires. Take a good look at the outside of the car. Inspect the trunk—carpeting, fitted toolbox, tire pump. Notice the chrome-plated tail pipe.

Familiarize yourself with the dashboard—rear window defroster switch, adjustable shock absorber switch, low-fuel warning light, built-in picnic tables—and all the other standard equipment on a Rolls-Royce.

3. Take a test drive. Adjust the armrest on the door to suit your fancy and head straight for the heaviest traffic you can find—to get rid of any old-fashioned ideas that a Rolls-Royce is hard to handle.

Maneuverability and your view of the road are incredibly good.

Acceleration is unbelievably smooth. Everything *works* beautifully.

Next, head for the open highway and a full-throttle acceleration test—0 to 60 mph in 10.5 seconds or less in most tests.

Automatic transmission, power assisted steering and braking make driving anywhere a pleasure.

4. Let your wife take a test drive. Many women tend to shy away from driving a Rolls-Royce—until they get in it, drive it around a bit, discover that it's a *family* car—and give their husbands an ultimatum to buy one by such and such a date—*or else.*

SUGGESTION: Invite your wife out for lunch or dinner while you're testing your Rolls-Royce. That's one of the best ways to discover what it would actually feel like to own a Rolls-Royce of your own—an important thing to know before you get around to laying any money out.

5. Thoroughly investigate all the details of buying and owning a Rolls-Royce.

Prices start around $17,000 ($300 less for a Bentley—same car, different grille) not including local taxes. You can often get immediate delivery on a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III. Custom models take longer.

Air conditioning and a host of other accessories are available at extra cost.

Check into parts and service. Investigate the possibilities of a *used* Rolls-Royce or Bentley—and don't shy away from the ones five or ten years old.

Don't hesitate to ask about any aspect of the Rolls-Royce that interests you.

Our sole objective is to sell you a Rolls-Royce or Bentley car.

We'll do anything we can to make it easy for you to buy one—and to keep you happy with it after you've bought it.

See where to buy a Rolls-Royce on opposite page ▶

Where to buy a Rolls-Royce

ATLANTA, GA., Foreign Car Service, Inc.
BERKELEY, CALIF., British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars
BIRMINGHAM, ALA., O. Z. Hall Motors, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS., Foreign Motors, Inc.
CHICAGO (Evanston), ILL. Evanston Motor Company, Inc.
CINCINNATI, OHIO, Gatchett Chevrolet Co.
CLEVELAND (Shaker Heights), OHIO Clarence Fox, Inc.
DALLAS, TEXAS Continental Cars of Dallas, Inc.
DENVER, COLO., The Kumpf Motor Car Co.
DETROIT, MICH., Falvey Motor Sales Company
FORT WORTH, TEXAS Overseas Motors Corporation
GLEN COVE, N. Y., Rallye Motors, Inc.
GREENVILLE, S. C., Judson T. Minyard, Inc.
HIGH POINT, N. C., Transco, Inc.
HOUSTON, TEXAS, Wendell Hawkins, Inc.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Brooks Motors, Inc.
KUTZTOWN, PA., Nick Ciliberti Pontiac
LITCHFIELD, CONN., Nelke Motor Company
LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars
LOUISVILLE, KY., Koster-Swope Imports
MIAMI, FLA., C. R. Berry Motors, Inc.
MILLBURN, N. J., Peter Zage and Co., Ltd.
MILWAUKEE (Thiensville), WISC. Milrace Motors Ltd.
MONTEREY, CALIF. British Motors of Monterey
NASHVILLE, TENN., E. Gray Smith
NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nelke Motor Company
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sport Cars, Inc.
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF., Roy Carver, Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y., J. S. Inskip, Inc.
OAKLAND, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
PALM SPRINGS, CALIF., Lee Cowan
PASADENA, CALIF. Peter Satori of Calif., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Keenan Motors, Inc.
PHOENIX, ARIZ., Stewart's of Phoenix
PITTSBURGH (Sewickley), PA. Ascot Imported Cars
PORTLAND, ORE. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Inskip Motors, Inc.
RENO, NEV., Modern Classic Motors
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Co.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Oxford Motors, Ltd.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Gruet Motor Car Company
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co.
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., Scarritt Motors, Inc.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Smith Motor Imports
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Brentwood Motors
SEATTLE, WASH. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
SPOKANE, WASH. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
SYRACUSE (Liverpool), N.Y. Midtown Motor Imports, Ltd.
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Flood Pontiac Company
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA. Taylor Imported Motors, Inc.

air-conditioned living room looking out over the sound. The sofas and chairs were covered with gold-and-white striped satin, and the room was full of Rob's friends. Lorna Skelton, who had been Rob's girl the summer before and who dressed so beautifully, was handing drinks round and saying, "So which is your favorite bayou, Rob?" She had a sort of fake "good sport" tone of voice and wanted to appear ready for anything. (Being so determined to be nice around Nancy, she was going to fall right over backward one day.)

"Do I have to have a favorite?" Rob asked. "They all look good to me. Full of slime and alligators."

"I should have asked Nancy."

"They're all full of mosquitoes," Nancy said, hoping that was O.K. for an answer. She thought that virgins were awful people.

"Trapped, boy!" Turner Carmichael said to Rob, and banged him on the shoulder. Turner wanted to be a writer, so he thought it was all right to tell people about themselves. "Women will be your downfall, Acklen. Nancy, honey, you haven't spoken to the General."

Old General Skelton, Lorna's grandfather, sat in the corner of the living room near the mantel, drinking a Scotch highball. You had to shout at him.

"How's the election going, General?" Turner asked.

"Election? Election? What election? Oh, the election! Well—" He lowered his voice, confidentially. As with most deaf people, his tone went to extremes. "There's no question of it. The one we want is the one we know. Know Houghman's father. Knew his grandfather. His stand is the same, identical one that we are all accustomed to. On every subject—this race thing especially. Very dangerous now. Extremely touchy. But Houghman—absolute! Never experiment, never question, never turn back. These are perilous times."

"Yes, sir," said Turner, nodding in an earnestly false way, which was better than the earnestly impressed way a younger boy at the General's elbow shouted, "General Skelton, that's just what my daddy says!"

"Oh, yes," said the old man, sipping Scotch. "Oh, yes, it's true. And you, Missy?" he thundered suddenly at Nancy, making her jump. "Are you just visiting here?"

"Why, Granddaddy," Lorna explained, joining them, "Nancy lives here now. You know Nancy."

"Then why isn't she tan?" the old

VISCOUNT

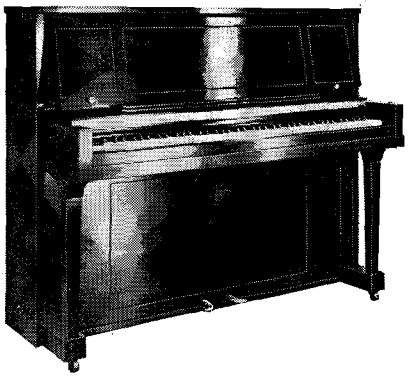
Made in England

by MACINTOSH

Count on Viscount to protect you from Fall's nippy winds and chill drizzles. Featuring distinctive Macintosh classic styling, it's tailored of durable cotton poplin—with a lasting finish that will repel inclement weather season after season. Wash or dry clean. Fly front, Raglan sleeves, nylon sleeve lining. Dover Sand or Light Fawn. $39.50.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
New York, Chicago, San Francisco
Ann Arbor, Mich.......Camelet Bros.
Atlanta, Ga.......John Jarrell
Charlottesville, Va.......Eljo's
Denver, Colo.......Gano Downs
Greensboro, N.C.......Younts De Boe
Grosse Pointe, Mich.......Hickey's
Hartford, Conn.......Henry Miller
Haverford, Pa.......G.V.S. Country Store
Kansas City, Mo.......Jack Henry
Memphis, Tenn.......Alfred's
New Haven, Conn.......Gentree Ltd.
North Conway, N.H.......Carroll Reed
Pittsburgh, Pa.......Larrimor's
Washington, D.C.......Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Maine.......Dunham's
Wauwatosa, Wis.......MacNeil & Moore
Williamstown, Mass.......House of Walsh

For other fine stores write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., 250 Park Ave., New York 10017



Start off right on a Steinway

The Steinway is a wonderful teacher, and a constant incentive to learn. You will enjoy the smooth response to touch made possible by its technical supremacy in hundreds of hidden places. The Professional, above, stands up incredibly under punishment. In tone it is the closest thing to the Steinway Grand, Instrument of the Immortals. Victor Borge said, "Even what YOU are doing sounds better on a Steinway!"

Please send for a copy of 'I see what you mean'

STEINWAY & SONS 111 W. 57TH ST. NEW YORK

THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS. $2.00

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
309 Milling Road, Holland, Michigan

DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

man continued. "Why so pale and wan, fair nymph?"

"Were you a nymph?" Turner asked. "All this time?"

"For me I'm dark," Nancy explained, but this awkward way of putting it proved more than General Skelton could hear, even after three shoutings.

Turner Carmichael said, "We used to have this crazy colored girl who went around saying, 'I'se really white, 'cause all my chillun is,' " and of course *that* was what General Skelton picked to hear. "Party's getting rough," he complained.

"Granddaddy," Lorna cried, giggling, "you don't understand!"

"Don't I?" said the old gentleman. "Well, maybe I don't."

"Here, Nancy, come help me," said Lorna, leading her guest toward the kitchen.

On the way, Nancy heard Rob ask Turner, "Just where did you have this colored girl, did you say?"

"Don't be a dope. I said she worked for us."

"Aren't they a scream?" Lorna said, dragging a quart bottle of soda out of the refrigerator. "I thank God every night Granddaddy's deaf. You know, he was in the First World War and killed I don't know how many Germans, and he still can't stand to hear what he calls loose talk before a lady."

"I thought he was in the Civil War," said Nancy, and then of course she knew that that was the wrong thing and that Lorna, who just for an instant gave her a glance less than polite, was not going to forget it. The fact was, Nancy had never thought till that minute which war General Skelton had been in. She hadn't thought because she didn't care.

It had grown dark by now, and through the kitchen windows Nancy could see that the moon had risen—a moon in the clumsy stage, swelling between three-quarters and full, yet pouring out light on the water. Its rays were bursting against a long breakwater of concrete slabs, the remains of what the hurricane had shattered.

After saying such a fool thing, Nancy felt she could not stay in that kitchen another minute with Lorna, so she asked where she could go and comb her hair. Lorna showed her down a hallway, kindly switching the lights on.

The Skeltons' bathroom was all pale blue and white, with handsome jars of rose bath salts and big fat scented bars of rosy soap. The lights came on impressively and the fixtures were heavy, yet somehow it all looked dead. It came to Nancy that she had really been won-

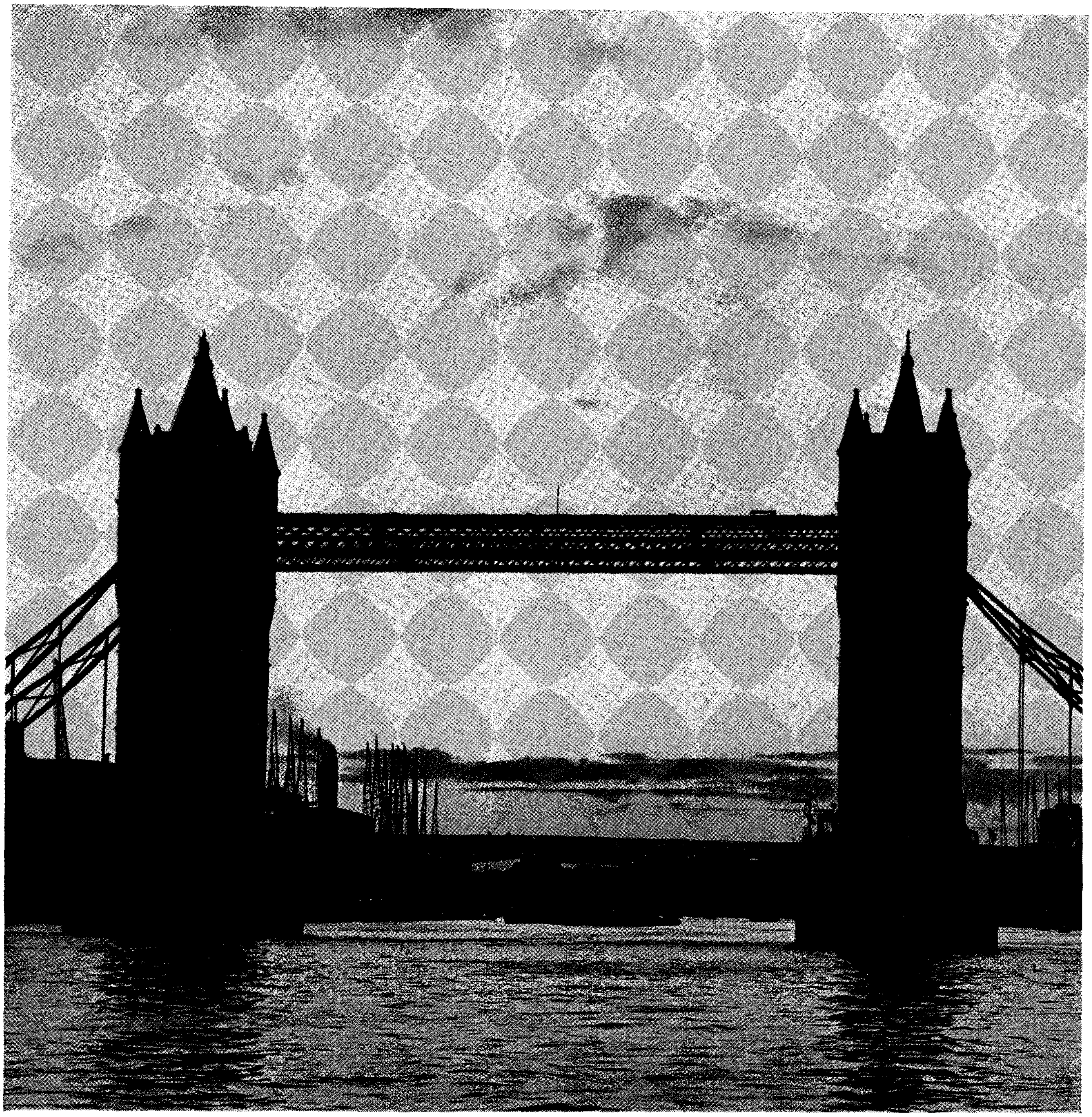
105
125
106
126
37
U S

Shown: style 86700, and samples of other colorings. Montina and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

WRITE TO US FOR A FREE SAMPLE of Montina Corlon, a strikingly textured sheet vinyl floor, made of small, stone-like chips of vinyl set in deep translucent vinyl. Montina comes in many colorings. Write to Armstrong, 6409 Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa.

In Canada, Dept. 94-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.

Montina Corlon is one of the famous **Armstrong VINYL FLOORS**



Fall for Europe this Autumn

(When our fares are low and the weather says "Go")

Don't feel bad if you missed out on Europe this summer.

Europe is even more fetching in the fall. Cooler. Less crowded.

London Bridge serves up flaming sunsets for two 'most every evening.

Scotland gathers its Clans. Munich brews up its *Oktoberfest.* Paris runs its *Grand Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe.* And a good part of Europe turns into wine-festival country overnight.

Sample round-trip 14 to 21 day Jet economy fares, available most days from now through November fifth: New York to Rome, $446. Chicago to Frankfurt, $455. Los Angeles to London, $589.

You'll have a good feeling all the way, because you'll know you're flying the very best there is: the World's Most Experienced Airline.

Better see a Pan Am Travel Agent or call your nearest Pan Am office—before the leaves begin to fall.

PAN AM

You're better off with Pan Am—
World's Most Experienced Airline

FIRST ON THE ATLANTIC
FIRST ON THE PACIFIC
FIRST IN LATIN AMERICA
FIRST 'ROUND THE WORLD

dering about just what would be in this sort of bathroom ever since she had seen those boys, with maybe Rob among them, playing tennis while she jumped on the trampoline. Surely the place had the air of an inner shrine, but what was there to see? The tops of all the bottles fitted firmly tight, and the soap in the tub was dry. Somebody had picked it all out—that was the point—judging soap and bath salts just the way they judged outsiders, business, real estate, politics. Nancy's father made judgments, too. Once, he argued all evening that Hitler was a well-meaning man; another time, he said the world was ready for the Communists. You could tell he was judging wrong, because he didn't have a bathroom like this one. Nancy's face in the mirror resembled a flower in a room that was too warm.

When she went out again, they had started dancing a little—a sort of friendly shifting around before the big glass windows overlooking the sound. General Skelton's chair was empty; he was gone. Down below, Lorna's parents could be heard coming in; her mother called upstairs. Her father appeared and shook hands all around. Mrs. Skelton soon followed him. He was wearing a white jacket, and she had on a silver cocktail dress with silver shoes. They looked like people in magazines. Mrs. Skelton held a crystal platter of things to eat in one hand, with a lace handkerchief pressed between the flesh and the glass in an inevitable sort of way.

In a moment, when the faces, talking and eating, the music, the talk, and the dancing swam to a still point before Nancy's eyes, she said, "You must all come to my house next week. We'll have a party."

A silence fell. Everyone knew where Nancy lived, in that little cluster of old run-down houses the boulevard swept by. They knew that her house, especially, needed paint outside and furniture inside. Her daddy drank too much, and through her dress they could perhaps clearly discern the pin that held her slip together. Maybe, since they knew everything, they could look right through the walls of the house and see her daddy's donkey.

"Sure we will," said Rob Acklen at once. "I think that would be grand."

"Sure we will, Nancy," said Lorna Skelton, who was such a good sport and who was not seeing Rob this summer.

"A party?" said Turner Carmichael, and swallowed a whole anchovy. "Can I come, too?"

Oh, dear Lord, Nancy was wondering, what made me say it? Then she

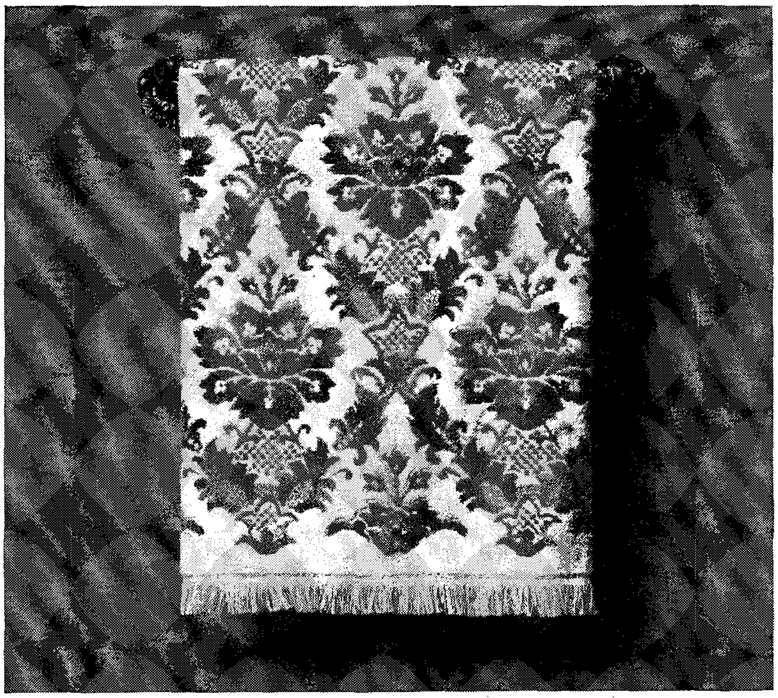
This is the look for Michaels-Stern.

This is the Michaels-Stern look.

How close can a girl get to perfection?
Ph.D. It's a very educated philosophy of dress.
Strictly natural shoulder.
Perfect for business and a pleasure to wear.
In only the right fabrics,
patterns and weaves.
Suits, from $75.

Michaels-Stern
Ph.D.

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST AND CANADA.
FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE DEPT. N,
MICHAELS-STERN, 87 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH, ROCHESTER 2, NEW YORK.
AUSTRALIAN AFFILIATE: HARFORD CLOTHING, LTD., MELBOURNE.
CANADIAN AFFILIATE: REX-NASH TAILORS, LTD., TORONTO.



Back to Baroque
Grand Damask by Callaway

If you're so bored with modern solid colors and angular shapes that you could scream—don't. Go back to Baroque with Grand Damask—a great towel by Callaway. Enjoy the slow movement of a curved line, the relaxed richness of the ornate design. Grand Damask is a luxury to use, too. In 15 magnificent colors, at Stern's, New York, and at other fine stores everywhere. Callaway Mills, Inc., La Grange, Ga.

Designed by Lawrence Peabody

This is Festival . . . a gay and happy grouping of furniture that goes smiling right through childhood! A switch from crib to youth bed is all it takes! White enamel with gold (as shown) or walnut finish with black. Case pieces with matching Child-Pruf laminated plastic tops. Available at the nicest store you know. **Send 10¢ for colorful booket.**

child craft the grown-up furniture for children
SALEM 70, INDIANA

was on the stairs with her knees shaking, leaving the party, leaving with Rob to go down to Biloxi, where the two of them always went, and hearing the right things said to her and Rob, and smiling back at the right things but longing to jump off into the dark as if it were water. The dark, with the moon mixed in with it, seemed to her like good deep water to go off in.

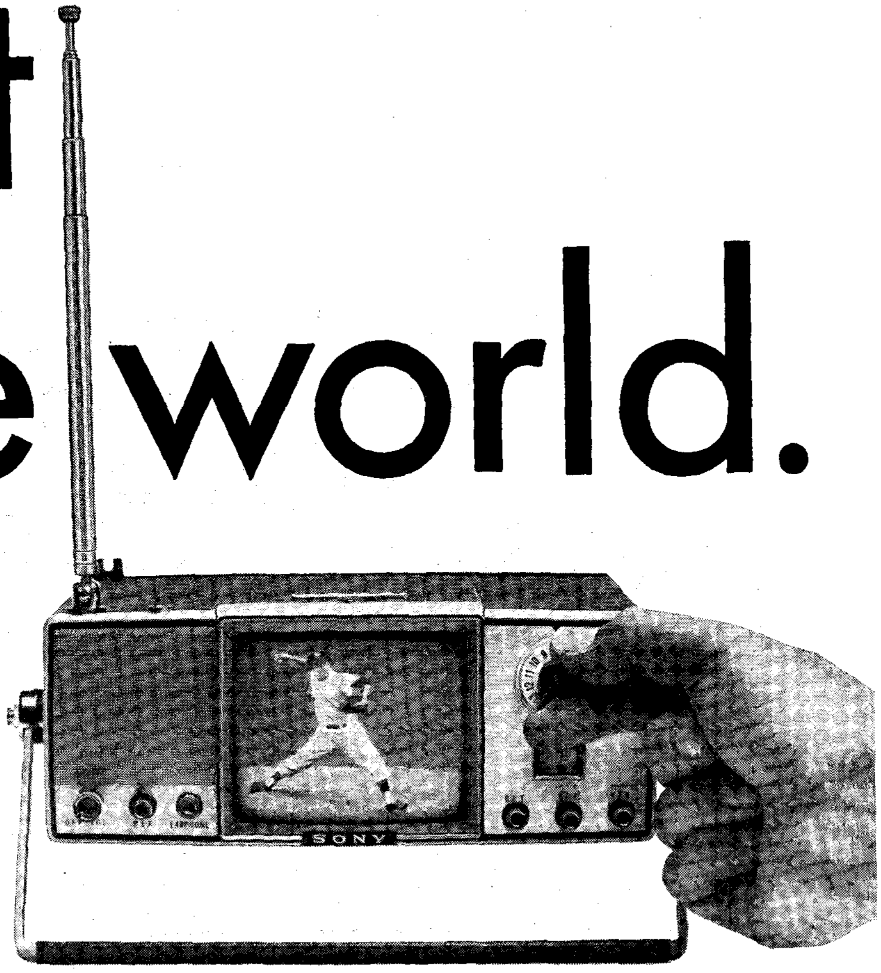
SHE might have known that in the Marine Room of the Buena Vista, down in Biloxi, they would run into more friends of Rob's. They always ran into somebody, and she might have known. These particular ones had already arrived and were even waiting for Rob, being somewhat bored in the process. It wasn't that Rob was so bright and witty, but he listened and liked everybody; he saw them the way they liked to be seen. So then they would go on to new heights, outdoing themselves, coming to believe how marvellous they really were. Two fraternity brothers of his were there tonight. They were sitting at a table with their dates—two tiny girls with tiny voices, like mosquitoes. They at once asked Nancy where she went to college, but before she could reply and give it away that her school so far had been only a cow college up in Arkansas and that she had gone there because her daddy couldn't afford anywhere else, Rob broke in and answered for her. "She's been in a finishing school in Little Rock," he said, "but I'm trying to talk her into going to the university."

Then the girls and their dates all four spoke together. They said, "Great!"

"Now watch," said one of the little girls, whose name was Teenie. "Cootie's getting out that little ole rush book."

Sure enough, the tiniest little notebook came out of the little cream silk bag of the other girl, who was called Cootie, and in it Nancy's name and address were written down with a sliver of a gold pencil. The whole routine was a fake, but a kind fake, as long as Rob was there. The minute those two got her into the ladies' room it would turn into another thing altogether; that she knew. Nancy knew all about mosquitoes. They'll sting me till I crumple up and die, she thought, and what will they ever care? So, when the three of them did leave the table, she stopped to straighten the strap of her shoe at the door to the ladies' room and let them go on through, talking on and on to one another about Rush Week. Then she went down a corridor and around a

This is the smallest TV set in the world.



Maybe you're the kind of person who likes to watch a little television. Well, we have one for you. It's 3⅛ inches high, 8½ inches wide and 6½ inches deep. And it weighs less than 6 pounds. So wherever you can go, it can go.

If you go outdoors, you don't have to carry a separate battery pack. Because we packed our battery right into the set. And it's still 3⅛ inches high, 8½ inches wide and 6½ inches deep. And it still weighs less than 6 pounds. (But when you attach the cord for AC playing, it gains a few ounces.)

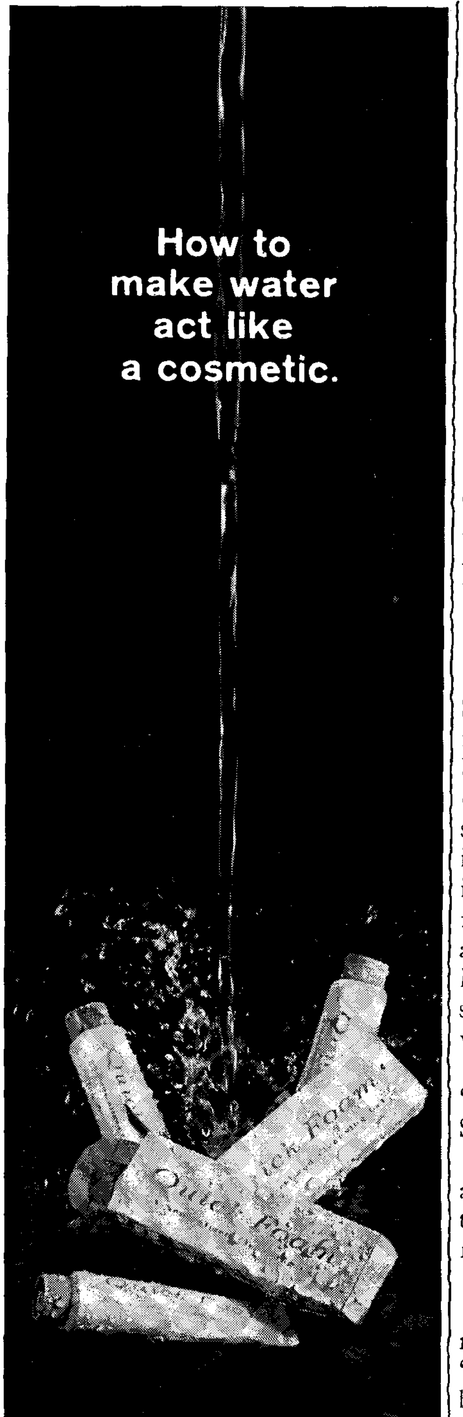
Indoors or out, no other set can approach the Sony for picture sharpness. And the picture comes on almost before your fingers leave the switch.

The reception from our telescopic antenna is as strong as a console model with a roof-top antenna. And our 32 transistors and 17 diodes give heat-free operation so you get longer set life with less servicing.

When you look at it, our set is little.

But when you watch it, it's tremendous.

The 4 inch Sony



Put it to work with Quick Foam. Together they turn a cleansing into a delightfully easy facial that leaves your complexion looking—and feeling—cleaner than clean. No drying, no detergent sting.

QUICK FOAM
. . . tube alone, 2.50;
with complexion brush, 5.00
PLUS TAX

Frances Denney

corner and down a short flight of steps. She ran down a long basement hallway where the service quarters were, past linen closets and cases of soft drinks, and, turning another corner and trying a door above a stairway, she came out, as she thought she would, in a night-club place called the Fishnet, far away in the wing. It was a good place to hide; she and Rob had been there often. I can make up some sort of story later, she thought, and crept up on the last barstool. Up above the bar, New Orleans-style (or so they said), a man was pumping tunes out of an electric organ. He wore rings on his chubby fingers and kept a handkerchief near him to mop his brow and to swab his triple chins with between songs. He waved his hand at Nancy. "Where's Rob, honey?" he asked.

She smiled but didn't answer. She kept her head back in the shadows. She wished only to be like another glass in the sparkling row of glasses lined up before the big gleam of mirrors and under the play of lights. What made me say that about a party, she kept wondering. To some people it would be nothing, nothing. But not to her. She fumbled in her bag for a cigarette. Inadvertently, she drank from a glass near her hand. The man sitting next to her smiled at her. "I didn't want it anyway," he said.

"Oh, I didn't mean—" she began. "I'll order one." Did you pay now? She rummaged in her bag.

But the man said "What'll it be?" and ordered for her. "Come on now, take it easy," he said. "What's your name?"

"Nothing," she said, by accident.

She had meant to say Nancy, but the man seemed to think it was funny. "Nothing what?" he asked. "Or is it by any chance Miss Nothing? I used to know a large family of Nothings, over in Mobile."

"Oh, I meant to say Nancy."

"Nancy Nothing. Is that it?"

Another teaser, she thought. She looked away from his eyes, which glittered like metal, and what she saw across the room made her uncertainties vanish. She felt her whole self settle and calm itself. The man she had seen that morning on the beach wearing a red bandanna shirt and shorts was standing near the back of the Fishnet, looking on. Now he was wearing a white dinner jacket and a black tie, with a red cummerbund over his large stomach, but he was unmistakably the same man. At that moment, he positively seemed to Nancy to be her own identity. She jumped up and left the teasing

THE
Bardley
SUIT ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE
IS AVAILABLE AT
THESE FINE STORES

BEST & CO.
NEW YORK & BRANCHES
I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA

Akron, Ohio	Birnbaum's Inc.
Albany, N.Y.	The Patterson's
Asheville, N. C.	Ivey's
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Binghamton, N.Y.	Drazen's
Birmingham, Ala.	Jane Meade
Bridgeport, Conn.	Besse Richey
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Chapel Hill, N. C.	Little Shop
Charleston, S. C.	Margaret Riley
Charleston, W. Va.	Peck's
Charlotte, N. C.	Montaldo's
Clinton, N. C.	Powell's Dress Shop
Columbia, S. C.	Mary Lowe
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch's
Durham, N. C.	Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J.	Doop's
Elgin, Ill.	The Boutique
Fredericksburg, Va.	Carley's
Grand Haven, Mich.	The Abigail-J. P. Doody
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Alice Jane Dows
Goldsboro, N. C.	The Hub
Greensboro, N. C.	Montaldo's
Greenwich, Conn.	Chancy D'Elia
Hamden, Conn.	Besse Richey
Harrisburg, Pa.	Mary Sachs
Holidaysburg, Pa.	Little Shop
Holland, Mich.	Jeane's
Huntington, N.Y.	Millicent Kalt
Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Bros.
Lancaster, Pa.	Mary Sachs
Lexington, Ky.	Loom & Needle
Little Rock, Ark.	The Clothes Horse
Lockport, N.Y.	Flora E. Hatch
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods
Lynchburg, Va.	Vogue
Mt. Clemens, Mich.	Park Lane Furs
New Hartford, N.Y.	E. Cramer
New Haven Conn.	Besse Richey
Norfolk, Va.	Barber's
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Handel's
Old Saybrook, Conn.	Besse Richey
Osterville, Mass.	The Wool Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Roanoke, Va.	B. Forman
Rochester, Mich.	Doris Hayes
St. Louis, Mo.	Montaldo's
Salem, Mass.	Newmark's
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Post & Rail
Savannah, Ga.	Fine's
Seattle, Wash.	Littler's Inc.
South Burlington, Vt.	Raes Suburban
Snyder, N.Y.	Flora E. Harch
Stamford, Conn.	Linda Brooks
Syracuse, N.Y.	Flah & Co.
Toledo, Ohio	Ruth Reynolds
Trenton, N. J.	Elsie Gallavan's
Washington, D.C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Waterbury, Conn.	Jones Morgan
Watertown, N.Y.	Herr Fashion Shop
Wausau, Wisc.	Schmidt's
Wellesley, Mass.	Coleman's
Westerly, R. I.	Heather House
Westfield, N.Y.	Westfield Dept. Store
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Lane's
Wilmington, Del.	Fisher's
Winston Salem, N. C.	Montaldo's
Woodbury, Conn.	Jean Hutchinson
Wyomissing, Pa.	The Clothes Tree

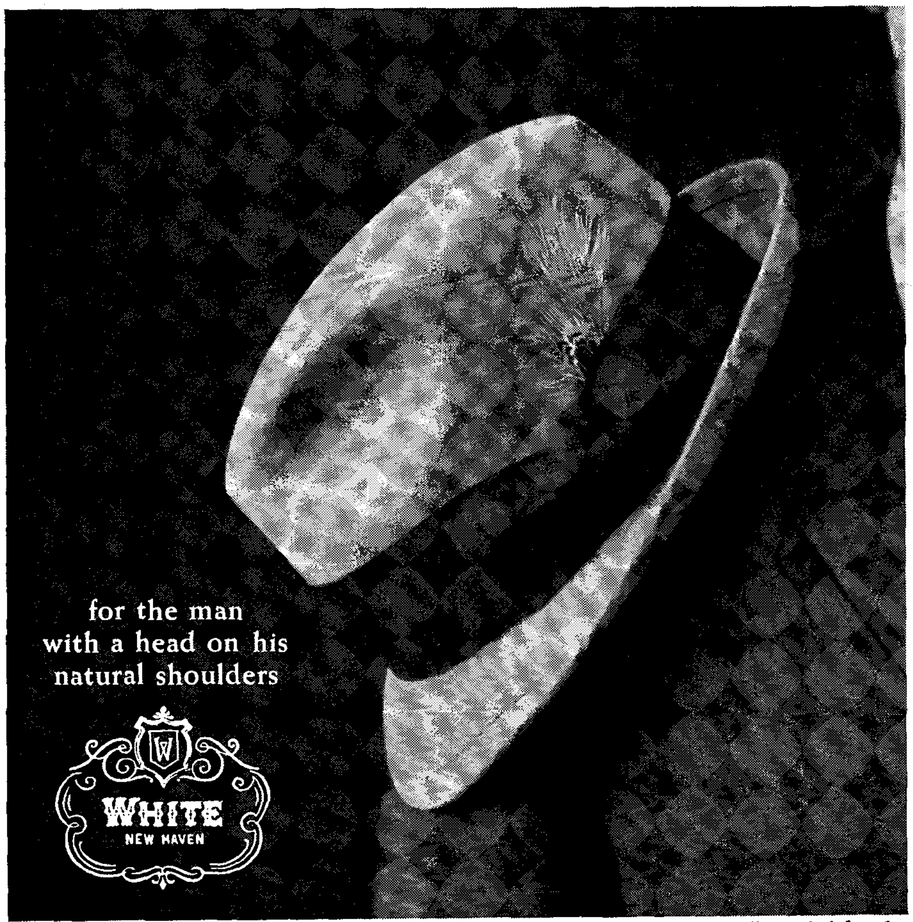
"I'm a woman of simple tastes. Just give me a comfortable car, an unpretentious little wine and I'm happy. But, I'm an absolute tyrant when it comes to clothes. My suits must be of magnificent fabrics. Superbly styled. Beautifully tailored. I'm just a natural for **Bardley**."

IN BLUE OR GREEN MULTI-TWEED. SIZES 8 TO 16. $125* AT STORES ON OPPOSITE PAGE. BARDLEY, INC., 512 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y. 18.
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

THE CHUKKER COAT IS A BIT DECEPTIVE

Our new Chukker Coat has the lofty look and fleecy "hand" of fine tweed. And it rests very lightly on the shoulders. But it packs plenty of stamina. Brawny in its patterns, too. Featuring our new-for-Fall Game Feather colorings. Tailored in trim, slim, natural shoulder lines. Flap pockets. Hooked vent. Welt edges. About $59.95.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Racquet Club
NATURAL SHOULDER
CLOTHING FOR MEN



Traditional men start at the top! Hats by White of New Haven are authentically styled for the most discriminating purist. Now available at selected fine shops throughout the country. Write for the name of the shop located nearest you. White of New Haven Hats, 358 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10001

man at the bar and crossed the room.

"Remember me?" she said. "I saw you on the beach this morning."

"Sure I do. You ran off when it started to rain. I had to run, too."

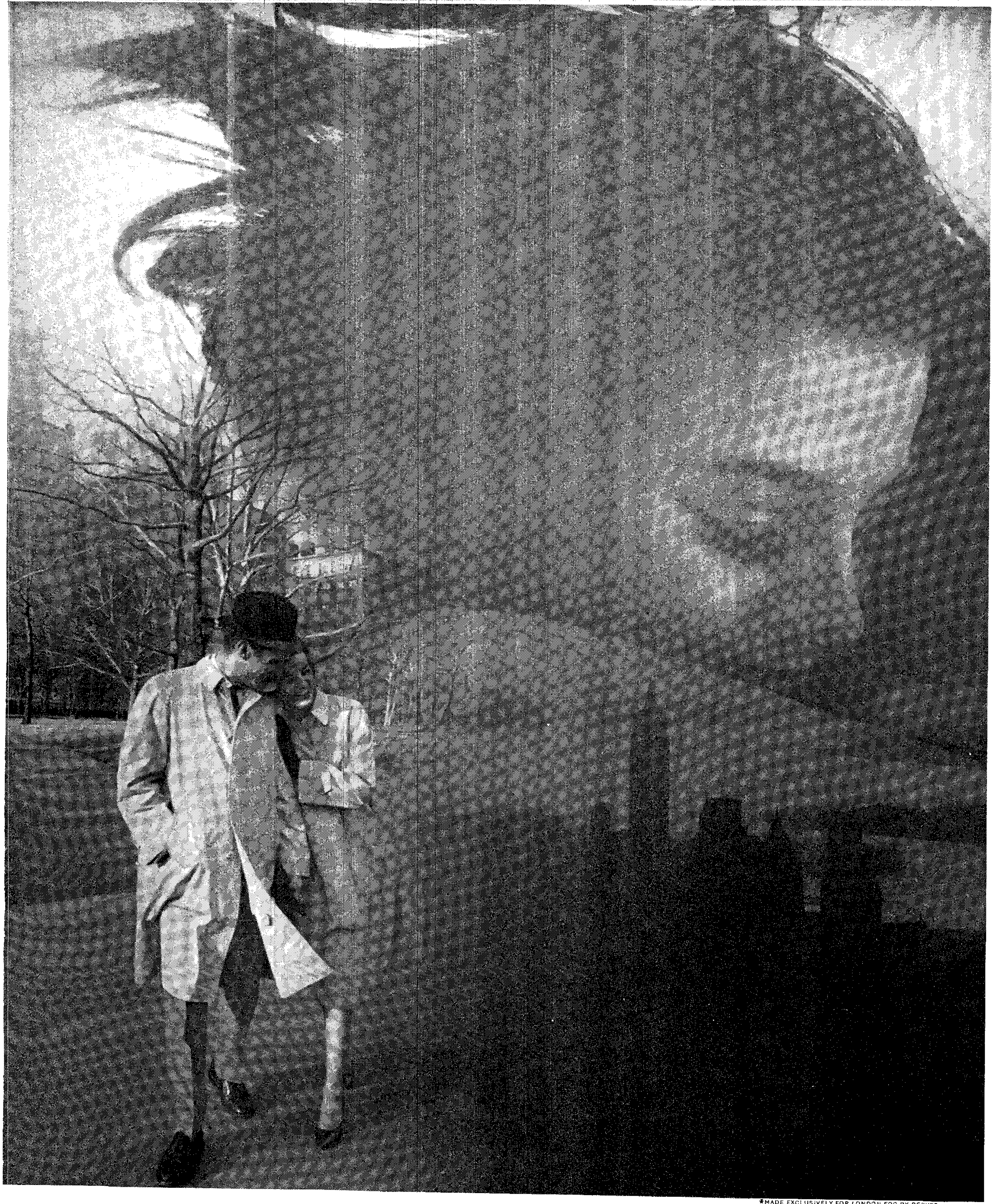
"Why did you?" Nancy asked, growing happier every minute.

"Because the rain was so hot it burnt me. If I could roll up my sleeve, I'd show you the blisters on my arm."

"I believe you. I had some, too, but they went away." She smiled, and the man smiled back. The feeling was that they would be friends forever.

"Listen," the man said after a while. "There's a fellow here you've got to meet now. He's out on the veranda, because it's too hot in here. Anyway, he gets tired just with me. Now, you come on."

NANCY LEWIS was always conscious of what she had left behind her. She knew that right now her parents and old Mrs. Poultney, with her rent collector's jaw, and Miss Henriette Dupré, with her religious calf eyes, and the Nattiers, mother and son, were all sitting on the back porch in the half-light, passing the bottle of 6-12 around, and probably right now discussing the fact that Nancy was out with Rob again. She knew that when her mother thought of Rob her heart turned beautiful and radiant as a seashell on a spring night. Her father, both at home and at his office, took his daughter's going out with Rob as a means of saying something disagreeable about Rob's father, who was a big insurance man. There was always some talk about how Mr. Acklen had trickily got out of the bulk of his hurricane-damage payments, the same as all the other insurance men had done. Nancy's mother was probably responding to such a charge at this moment. "Now, you don't know that's true," she would say. But old Mrs. Poultney would say she knew it was true with *her* insurance company (implying that she knew but wouldn't say about the Acklen company, too). Half the house she was renting to the Lewises had blown right off it—all one wing—and the upstairs bathroom was ripped in two, and you could see the wallpapered walls of all the rooms, and the bathtub, with its pipes still attached, had got blown into the telephone wires. If Mrs. Poultney had got what insurance money had been coming to her, she would have torn down this house and built a new one. And Mrs. Nattier would say that there was something terrible to her about seeing wallpapered rooms exposed that way. And Miss Henriette Dupré would say that the Dupré house



*MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR LONDON FOG BY REEVES.

A TOWNY DAY IN LONDON FOG.

Follow your impulses. London Fog lets you. Lunch somewhere posh or have pizza in the park. Ride a sleek Rolls or scooter tandem down the Avenue. Sing in the rain or watch sunsets somewhere over the Rainbow Room. Play it by ear. That's the romance and common-sense of wearing a London Fog Maincoat. A hundred tailor's secrets keep it urbane all day, right-looking anywhere. And that's why, heaven knows, anything goes.

His: The London.® Hers: The Duchess.® Each in water-repellent Dacron and cotton Calibre Cloth*, 35.00.

LONDON FOG®
Baltimore 11

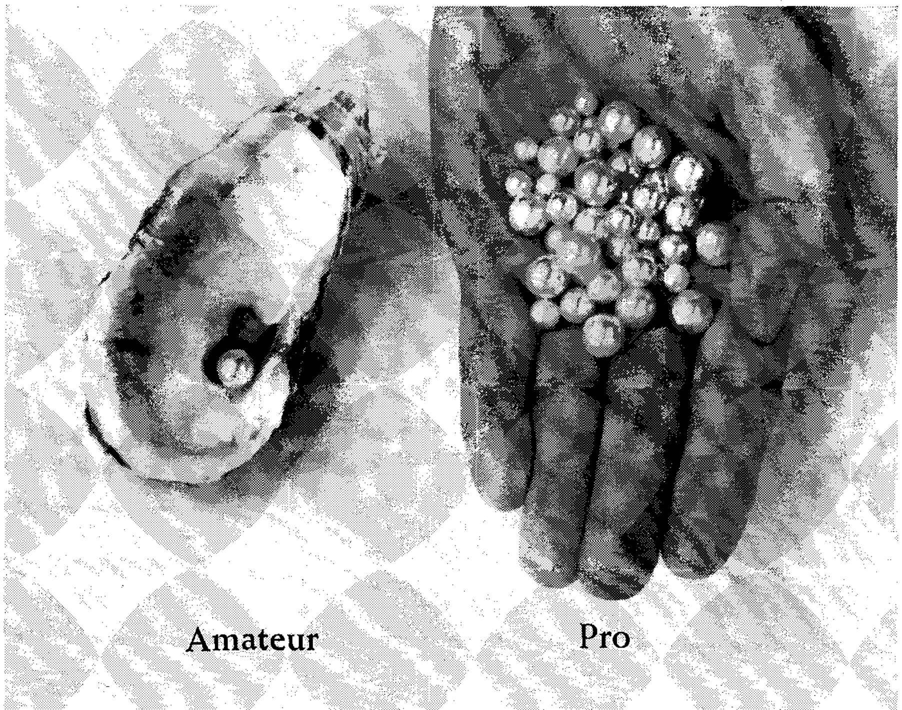
What goes into 6½ inches?

Everything—when it's the Saratoga Trio. Never has so much gone into so little. So smartly. Compact, lipstick, comb, eyeglasses, Kleenex, charge plates, credit cards, photographs . . . oh yes, and small change and bills. Three-part frame has coin pocket on one side, easy-out bill compartment on the other, plus double bill compartment (one zippered!) and attached patented flip-over card case and charge plate holder. In choice leathers and colors, from $7.50. At fine stores or write St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, New York.

Macy's New York,
all nine stores

ST. THOMAS

MADE IN U.S.A.



Amateur

Pro

Despite the fact that oysters invented the lovely spheres we call pearls, they're hit or miss about producing them. And they're slow. The hand you see is highly skilled in the secret technique used in producing Majoricas, the world's most precious man-made pearls. Their quality is consistent. Women who mix Majoricas with oyster-made beauties get mixed up about which is which. Necklaces, 25. to 150. plus tax.

MAJORICA®
INTERNACIONAL
the world's most precious man-made pearls

had come through it all ab-so-lootly intact, meaning that the Duprés had been foresighted enough to get some sort of special heavenly insurance, and she would be just longing to embark on explaining how they came by it, and she would, too, given a tenth of a chance. And all the time this went on, Nancy could see into the Acklens' house just as clearly—see the Acklens sitting inside their sheltered game room after dinner, bathed in those soft bug-repellent lights. And what were the Acklens saying (along with their kind of talk about their kind of money) but that they certainly hoped Rob wasn't serious about that girl? Nothing had to matter if he wasn't serious. . . . Nancy could circle around all of them in her mind. She could peer into windows, overhearing; it was the only way she could look at people. No human in the whole human world seemed to her exactly made for her to stand in front of and look squarely in the eye, the way she could look Bernard Nattier in the eye (he not being a human, either) before taking careful aim to be sure not to miss him with a purseful of rocks and oyster shells, or the way she could look this big man in the red cummerbund in the eye, being convinced already that he was what her daddy called a "natural." Her daddy liked to come across people he could call that, because it made him feel superior.

As the big man steered her through the crowded room, threading among the tables, going out toward the veranda, he was telling her his life story all along the way. It seemed that his father was a terribly rich Yankee who paid him not to stay at home. He had been in love with a policeman's daughter from Pittsburgh, but his father broke it up. He was still in love with her and always would be. It was the way he was; he couldn't help being faithful, could he? His name was Alfred, but everybody called him Bub. The fellow his father paid to drive him around was right down there, he said, as they stepped through the door and out on the veranda.

Nancy looked down the length of the veranda, which ran along the side of the hotel, and there was a man sitting on a bench. He had on a white jacket and was staring straight ahead, smoking. The highway curled around the hotel grounds, following the curve of the shore, and the cars came glimmering past, one by one, sometimes with lights on inside, sometimes spilling radio music that trailed up in long waves and met the electric-organ music coming out of the bar. Nancy and Bub

all
this
and
COTTON
TOO

Bill Blass of Maurice Rentner gives you the soft glow of cotton velvet; the scintillating elegance of jeweled buttons; the shock of white white against ruby red; the bohemian blouson over the straight A-line skirt. All this and cotton, too. Rich cotton, reliable cotton, fashionable cotton!

100%
COTTON
THE FIBER
YOU CAN TRUST

National Cotton Council,
Memphis, New York, Los Angeles.

Men
say
it's for
men!
Women
say
it's for
women!
EAU DE COLOGNE
KÖLNISCH WASSER
№ 4711
Eau de Cologne- & Parfümerie-Fabrik
"GLOCKENGASSE № 4711"
COLOGNE ON RHINE

Sole Distributors: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

You'll say it's wonderfully refreshing after a bath, after a shower, after a hard day's work or play. It's genuine cologne from Cologne...from ***4711*** walked toward the man. Bub counselled her gently, "His name is Dennis." Some people in full evening dress were coming up the divided walk before the hotel, past the canna lilies blooming deeply red under the high, powerful lights, where the bugs coned in long footless whirlpools. The people were drunk and laughing.

"Hi, Dennis," Bub said. The way he said it, trying to sound confident, told her that he was scared of Dennis.

Dennis's head snapped up and around. He was an erect, strong, square-cut man, not very tall. He had put water on his light-brown hair when he combed it, so that it streaked light and dark and light again and looked like wood. He had cold eyes, which did not express anything—just the opposite of Rob Acklen's.

"What you got there?" he asked Bub.

"I met her this morning on the beach," Bub said.

"Been holding out on me?"

"Nothing like that," said Bub. "I just now saw her again."

The man called Dennis got up and thumbed his cigarette into the shrubbery. Then he carefully set his heels together and bowed. It was all a sort of joke on how he thought people here behaved. "Would you care to dance?" he inquired.

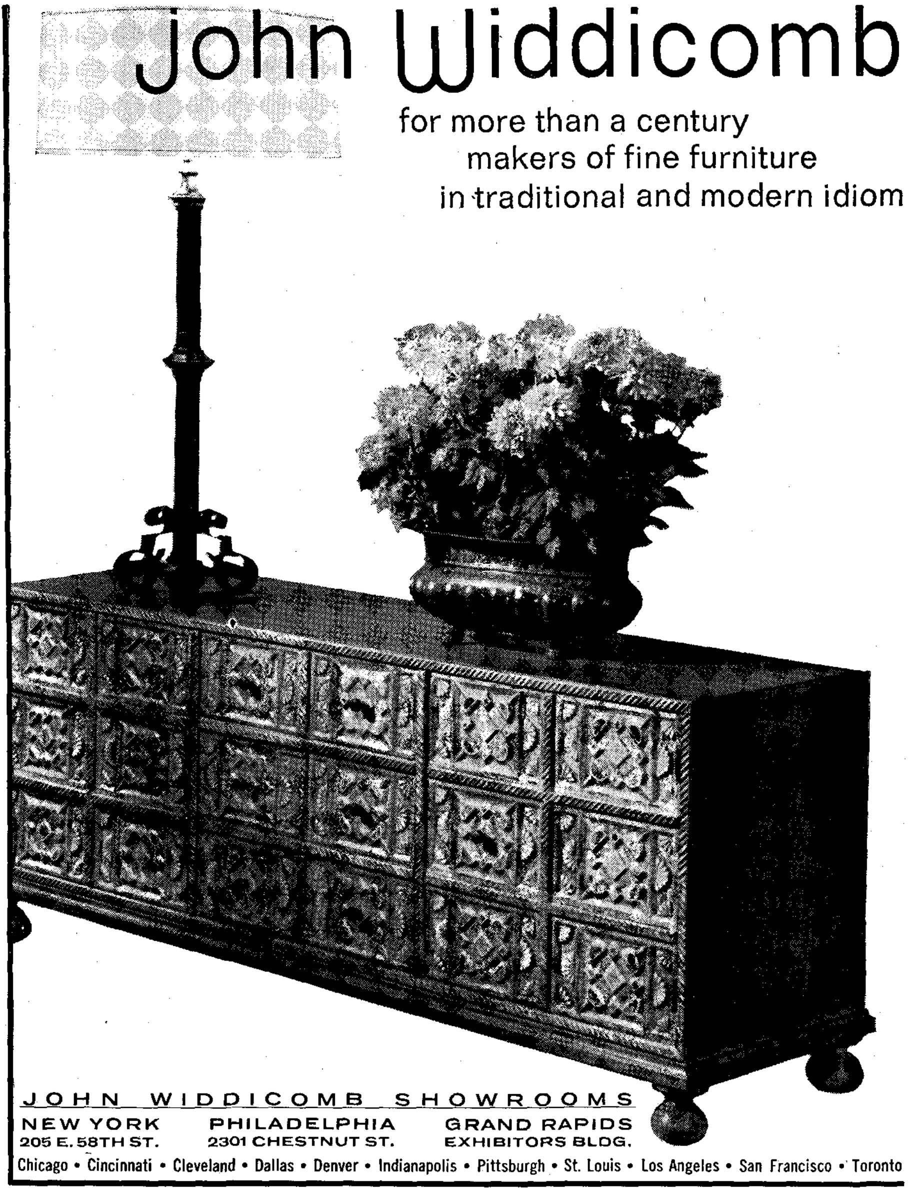
Dancing there on the veranda, Nancy noticed at once that he had a tense, strong wrist that bent back and forth like something manufactured out of steel. She also noticed that he was making her do whatever it was he called dancing; he was good at that. The music coming out of the Fishnet poured through the windows and around them. Dennis was possibly even thirty years old. He kept talking the whole time. "I guess he's told you everything, even about the policeman's daughter. He tells everybody everything, right in the first two minutes. I don't know if it's true, but how can you tell? If it wasn't true when it happened, it is now." He spun her fast as a top, then slung her out about ten feet—she thought she would certainly sail right on out over the railing and maybe never stop till she landed in the gulf, or perhaps go splat on the highway—but he got her back on the beat and finished up the thought, saying, "Know what I mean?"

"I guess so," Nancy said, and the music stopped.

The three of them sat down together on the bench.

"What do we do now?" Dennis asked.

"Let's ask her," said Bub. He was

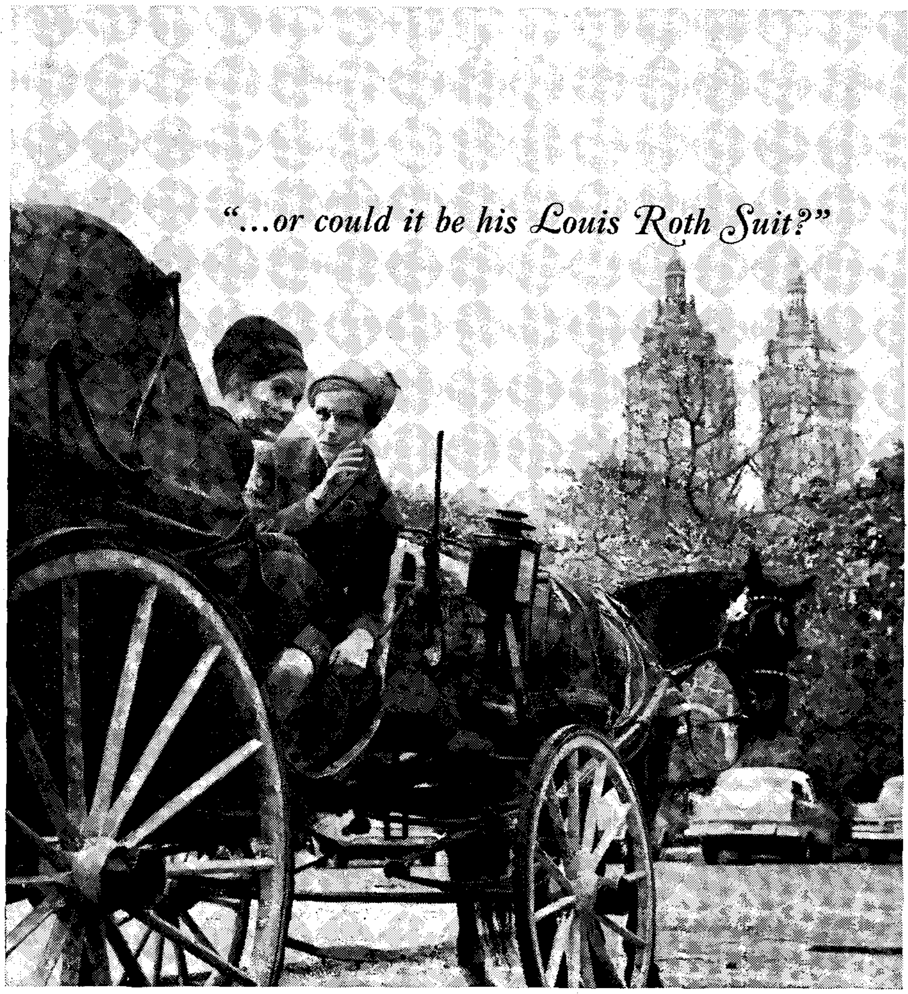


john Widdicomb
for more than a century
makers of fine furniture
in traditional and modern idiom

JOHN WIDDICOMB SHOWROOMS
NEW YORK 205 E. 58TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA 2301 CHESTNUT ST.
GRAND RAPIDS EXHIBITORS BLDG.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Indianapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Toronto

PICTURE yourself WITH
JOHN STUART FURNITURE

JOHN STUART INC.
In New York 205 East 58th St.
In Philadelphia 2301 Chestnut St.


"...or could it be his Louis Roth Suit?"

Light? Fantastic!

These unlined Florsheim shoes almost put man in space—just barely tip the scales and that's a fact! You'll keep these soft "lights" on 'til lights out, and spend the rest of the night remembering just how great they felt! They're so light they're utterly fantastic!

Illustrated: The PACER *in black or brown calf.*

Most Florsheim styles $19^95 *to* $24^95 Florsheim

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

more and more delighted with Nancy. He had been tremendously encouraged when Dennis took to her.

"You ask her," Dennis said.

"Listen, Nancy," Bub said. "Now, listen. Let me just tell you. There's so much money—that's the first thing to know. You've got no idea how much money there is. Really crazy. It's something, actually, that nobody knows—"

"If anybody knew," said Dennis, "they might have to tell the government."

"Anyway, my stepmother on this yacht in Florida, her own telephone—by radio, you know—she'd be crazy to meet you. My dad is likely off somewhere, but maybe not. And there's this plane down at Palm Beach, pilot and all, with nothing to do but go to the beach every day, just to pass away the time, and if he's not there for any reason, me and Dennis can fly just as good as we can drive. There's Alaska, Beirut—would you like to go to Beirut? I've always wanted to. There's anything you say."

"See that Cad out there?" said Dennis. "The yellow one with the black leather upholstery? That's his. I drive."

"So all you got to do," Bub told her, "is wish. Now, wait—now, think. It's important!" He all but held his hand over her mouth, as if playing a child's game, until finally he said, "Now! What would you like to do most in the world?"

"Go to New Orleans," said Nancy at once, "and eat some wonderful food."

"It's a good idea," said Dennis. "This dump is getting on my nerves. I get bored most of the time anyway, but today I'm bored silly."

"So wait here!" Nancy said. "So wait right here!"

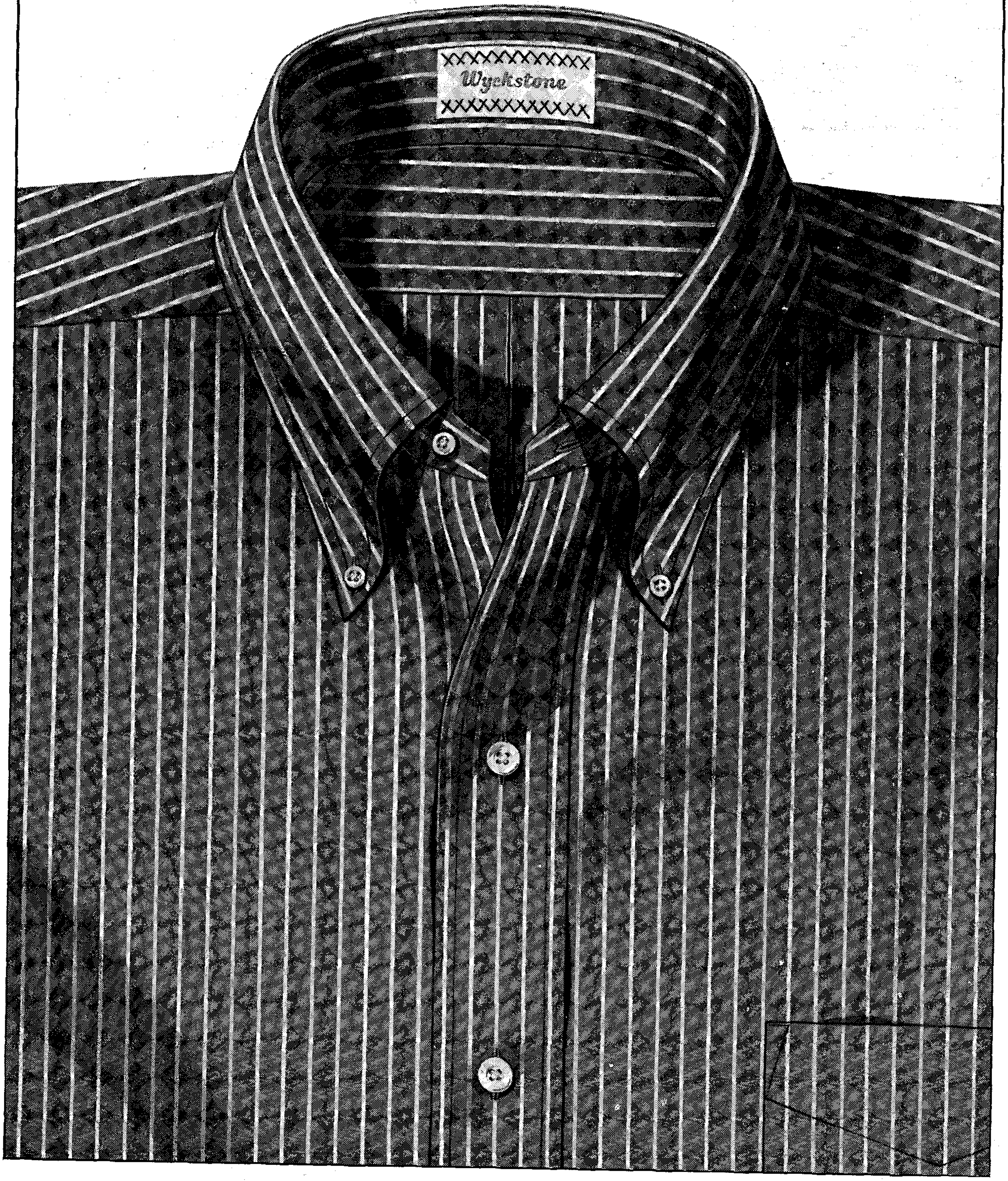
She ran off to get Rob. She had all sorts of plans in her head.

But Rob was all taken up. There were now more of his friends. The Marine Room was full of people just like him, lounging around two big tables shoved together, with about a million 7-Up bottles and soda bottles and glasses before them, and girls spangled among them, all silver, gold, and white. It was as if while Nancy was gone they had moved into mirrors to multiply themselves. They were talking to themselves about things she couldn't join in, any more than you can dance without feet. Somebody was going into politics, somebody was getting married to a girl who trained horses, somebody was just back from Europe. The two little mosquito girls weren't saying anything much anymore; they had their

Veddy British Wyckstone Stripes

Since the sport shirt is, after all, an American invention, we decided that the best way to give it instant tradition is to give it the olde English flavour. Case in point: this veddy British striped Wyckstone of exceptionally fine cotton woven in England. Teddibly distinctive in wine, gold, black or blue, all with white stripes. Not too pricey either. About $9 with long sleeves, $8 with short sleeves, at the proper traditional shops throughout the States. Wyckstone, a quality product of Merrill Sharpe, Ltd. 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York

Prices slightly higher in the west

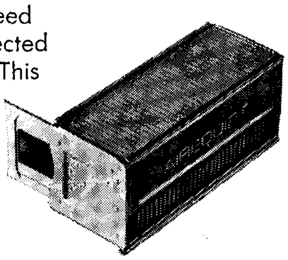


MADE IN U.S.A.
22

How beautiful the Acropolis in scratched, dirty, fingerprinted moonlight.

Keep your color slides as perfect as that night in Athens. Slip them into the individual metal frames of an Airequipt Metal Magazine. You never need touch them. The glory that was Greece is protected against wear, scratches, dirt and fingerprints. This unique protection makes it the world's largest selling slide magazine. It fits the Airequipt Avventura, Superba, Festival and Sprite projectors. And keeps the Acropolis clean.

AIREQUIPT



SECRET OF VENUS

...the divine perfume oil...grows more intense, more alluring, the longer you wear it.

SECRET of VENUS

never a drop will evaporate!

made and sealed in France by Parfums Weil

little chins glued to their little palms. When anybody mentioned the university, it sounded like a small country the people right there were running *in absentia* to suit themselves. Last year's Maid of Cotton was there, and so, it turned out, was the girl horse-trainer—tall, with a sheaf of upswept brown hair fastened with a glittering pin; she sat like the mast of a ship, smiling and talking about horses. Did she know personally every horse in the Southern states?

Rob scarcely looked up when he pulled Nancy in. "Where you been? What you want to drink?" He was having another good evening. He seemed to be sitting up above all the rest, as though presiding, but this was not actually so; only his fondness for every face he saw before him made him appear to be raised up a little, as if on a special chair.

And, later on, it seemed to Nancy that she herself had been, among them, like a person who wasn't a person—another order of creature passing among or even through them. Was it just that nothing, nobody, could really distract them when they got wrapped up in themselves?

"I met some people who want to meet you," she whispered to Rob. "Come on out with me."

"O.K.," he said. "In a minute. Are they from around here?"

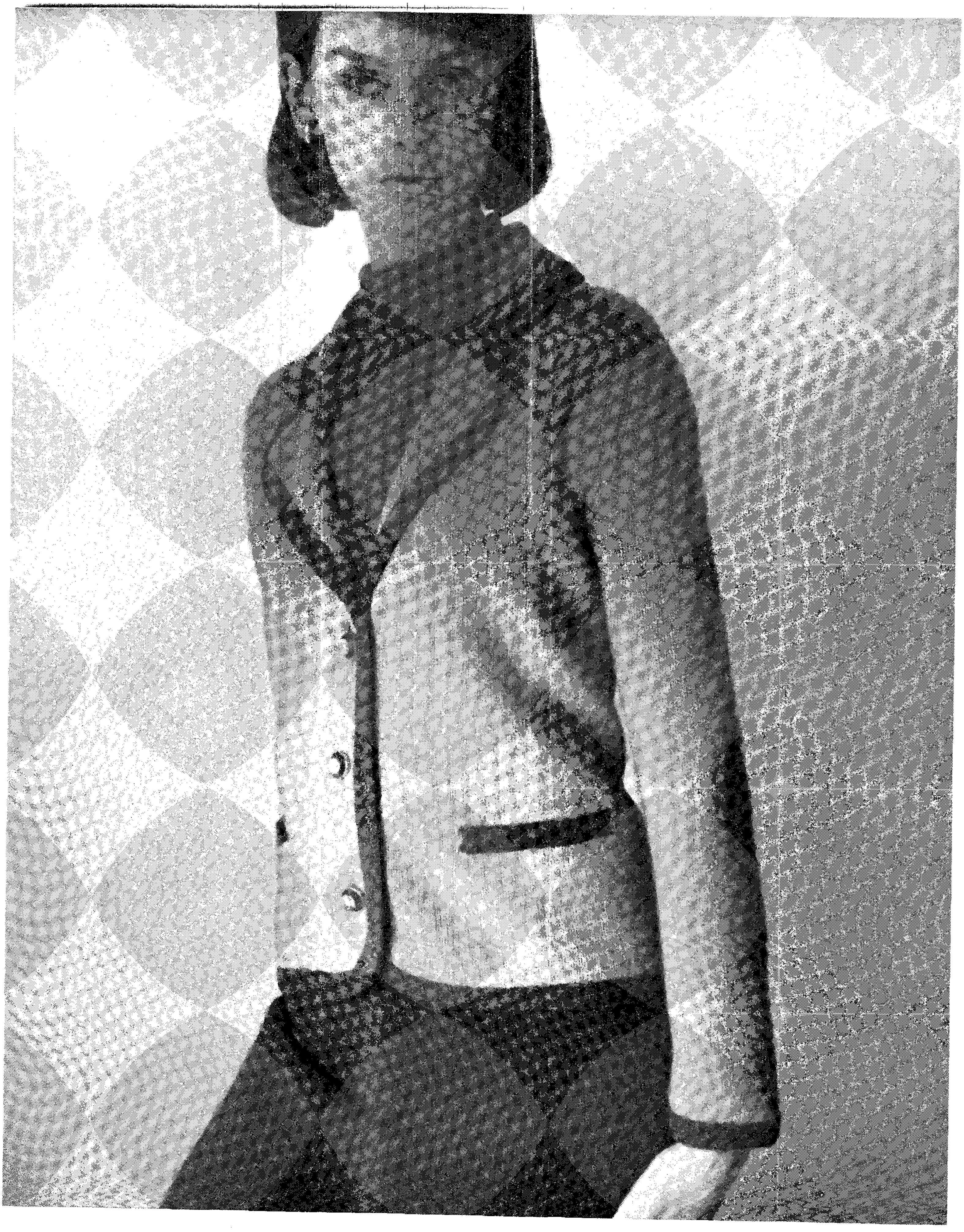
"Come on, come on," she urged. "Come on out."

"In a minute," he said. "I will in a minute," he promised.

Then someone noticed her pulling at his sleeve, and she thought she heard Lorna Skelton laugh.

She went racing back to Bub and Dennis, who were waiting for her so docilely they seemed to be the soul of goodness, and she said, "I'll just ride around for a while, because I've never been in a Cadillac before." So they rode around and came back and sat for a while under the huge brilliant overhead lights before the hotel, where the bugs spiralled down. They did everything she said. She could make them do anything. They went to three different places, for instance, to find her some Dentyne, and when they found it they bought her a whole carton of it.

The bugs did a jagged frantic dance, trying to climb high enough to kill themselves, and occasionally a big one crashed with a harsh dry sound against the pavement. Nancy remembered dancing in the open air, and the rough salt feel of the air whipping against her skin as she spun fast against the air's drift. From behind she heard the reso-



Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

Jacket, turtleneck shell and skirt in 100% imported cashmere. Fully fashioned. Jacket in vicuna brown or rouge red. Trim, shell and skirt in flint grey only. Bergdorf Goodman, New York; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Sakowitz, Houston. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

J. PRESS INC.

READY TO WEAR SUITS

Imported Worsted Birdseyes $125

English Striped Worsteds $120

English 6-Ply Worsteds $115

Imported Worsted Glens $115

Imported Worsted Herringbones $110

Worsted Tweed Herringbones $90

A J. PRESS labeled suit has remained for years one of the best recognized Status Symbols of the elite — the result of a regular return of loyal J. PRESS customers and an ever widening circle of newcomers to a unique standard of cloth, tailoring and style, constantly researched for betterment since 1902.

ENTIRELY INDIVIDUAL they are sold only at J. PRESS Stores, Travel Exhibits or by Mail Order, and nowhere else.

Sample Swatches and Brochure Sent Upon Request

CURRENT EXHIBITS

Charlottesville
Paul's-Below-the-Steps
Sept. 23rd, 24th & 25th

Chicago
LaSalle Hotel
Sept. 21st, 22nd & 23rd

Cincinnati
Netherland-Hilton Hotel
Sept. 16th & 17th

Dayton
Van Cleve Hotel
Sept. 14th & 15th

Indianapolis
Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel
Sept. 18th & 19th

Kansas City
Hotel Muehlebach
Sept. 16th & 17th

Philadelphia
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Sept. 17th, 18th & 19th

St. Louis
Bel Air Motor Hotel
Sept. 14th & 15th

Tulsa
Mayo Hotel
Sept. 18th & 19th

Washington, D. C.
Willard Hotel
Sept. 14th, 15th & 16th

Exhibit Dates For 24 Other Cities On Request.

SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *
J. PRESS INC.

262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

SOFT-SIDED MATCHED MATES FOR HIM AND HER

From the VENTURA Collection

27 SIZES FOR EVERY TRAVEL NEED IN 9 FASHION COLORS
FROM $19⁹⁵ TO $90 MATCHING TRUNKS TO $325

Ventura®
So High in Fashion... So Light in Weight

Travel plans start with Ventura, choice of discriminating travelers who, like Ventura, do not follow fashion . . . but create it. Extra security personal **Keyless Combination Locks.**

Shown above, selections from the women's collection.

Brochure on request . . . Dept. Y, Ventura Travelware, New York 3, N.Y.

Flight Approved BOAC World Leader in Jet Travel

nant, constant whisper of the gulf. She looked toward the hotel doors and thought that if Rob came through she would hop out of the car right away, but he didn't come. A man she knew passed by, and she just all of a sudden said, "Tell Rob I'll be back in a minute," and he, without even looking up, said, "O.K., Nancy," just like it really was O.K., so she said what the motor was saying, quiet but right there, and definitely running just under the splendid skin of the car, "Let's go on for a little while."

"Nancy, I think you're the sweetest girl I ever saw," said Bub, and they drove off.

She rode between them, on the front seat of the Cadillac. The top was down and the moon spilled over them as they rode, skimming gently but powerfully along the shore and the sound, like a strong rapid cloud travelling west. Nancy watched the point where the moon actually met the water. It was moving and still at once. She thought that it was glorious, in a messy sort of way. She would have liked to poke her head up out of the water right there. She could feel the water pouring back through her white-blond hair, her face slathering over with moonlight.

"If it hadn't been for that crazy rain," Bub kept saying, "I wouldn't have met her."

"Oh, shut up about that goofy rain," said Dennis.

"It was like being spit on from above," said Nancy.

The needle crept up to eighty or more, and when they had left the sound and were driving through the swamp Nancy shivered. They wrapped her in a lap robe from the back seat and turned the radio up loud.

IT was since she got back, since she got back home from New Orleans, that her mother did not put on the thin voile afternoon dress anymore and serve iced tea to the neighbors on the back porch. Just yesterday, having nothing to do in the hot silence but hear the traffic stream by on the boulevard, and not wanting a suntan and being certain the telephone would not ring, Nancy had taken some lemonade over to Bernard Nattier, who was sick in bed with the mumps. He and his mother had one room between them, over at Mrs. Poultney's house, and they had stacks of magazines—the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, *Life*, and *Time*—piled along the walls. Bernard lay on a bunk bed pushed up under the window, in all the close heat, with no breeze able to come in at all. His face

*TMK ©1964, THE MARK II CO., NEW YORK/PHILADELPHIA

Mark II...for the Male Animal!

Undoubtedly you've heard about the luxurious Mark II fragrance and elegant grooming essentials. But unless you've tried them, you've missed the wonder of their unusual ability to give you an exciting glow. Mark II was specifically created to cater and care for your personal needs. All Mark II products have the same costly fragrance, admittedly more expensive. That's the price of living like a gentleman.

MARK II
SHAVE CREME

Mark II Shave Creme. It, like all the Mark II toiletries, derives its virile fragrance from a blend of over 100 of the world's rarest essences, oils and spices. It's the thickest, richest premoisturized foam...especially formulated to coax maximum efficiency from the new stainless steel super-sharp blades. Composed of a medicated creme base to help soothe and smooth your face. $2.00.

MARK II
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Mark II Shave Lotion. Contains oils imported from Cyprus, Spain and Italy. These are lubricating elements that soften your face while they cleanse, close and tighten your pores. This is the shave lotion that completes a shave luxuriously. $3.00.

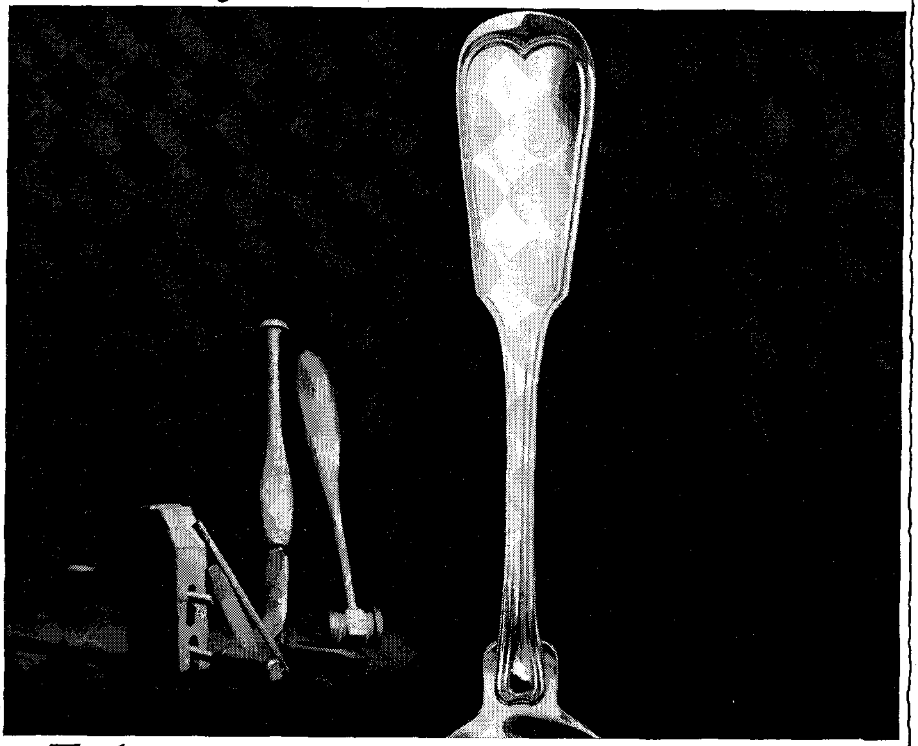
MARK II
HAIR CREME

Mark II Hair Creme. Adds body to your hair. Compounded of specially selected imported natural oils that bring you lustre and easy manageability. No slicked-down, greased-up look. And it even helps to keep your scalp clean and free from dryness. Consistent with the others, it has the distinctive Mark II fragrance. $2.00.

Mark II Cologne D'Or. Sandalwood from Ceylon, Lavender from England and the Mediterranean combine to make this the fragrant refresher. Your skin tingles with the brisk coolness of this elegant after-shower splash-on. This is a high concentrate of the exciting Mark II fragrance. $7.50. Prices plus tax.

MARK II*
the mark of a man

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Fiddle Thread in Frank Smith Sterling

48-pc. service for 12, $426. At Maier & Berkele, Atlanta; Bromberg, Birmingham; Hudson, Minneapolis; Plummer-McCutcheon, New York; Hardy & Hayes, Pittsburgh; Schwarzschild, Richmond; Scheer, Rochester; Galt, Washington; other fine stores. *Frank Smith Silver Co., Division of Webster Co., North Attleboro, Massachusetts. Silversmiths since 1896.*

There's a quality about a home with Henredon

His—35″ wide, 38″ deep, 36″ high.
Hers—33″ wide, 36″ deep, 33″ high.

His and Hers chairs (His shown) with that sit-back-and-relax kind of comfort that's a specialty with Henredon.

Henredon fine furniture

For booklets showing living room, dining room, and bedroom collections, send $2.00 to Henredon, Dept. NY9-12, Morganton, North Carolina.

was puffed out and his eyes feverish. "I brought you some lemonade," said Nancy, but he said he couldn't drink it because it hurt his gums. Then he smiled at her, or tried to—it must have hurt even to do that, and it certainly made him look silly, like a cartoon of himself, but it was sweet.

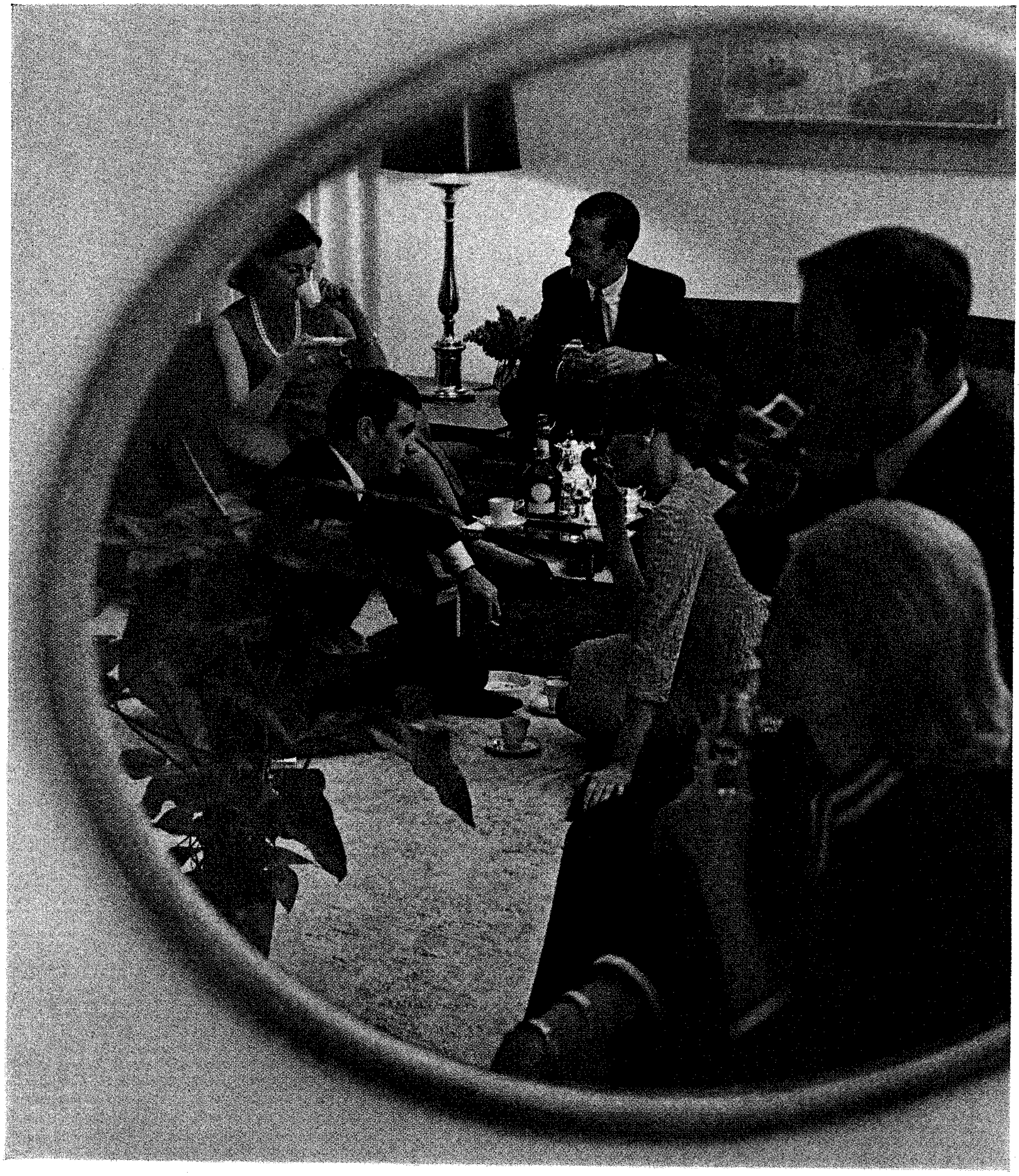
"I love you, Nancy," he said, most irresponsibly.

She thought she would cry. She had honestly tried to kill him with those rocks and oyster shells. He knew that very well, and he, from the moment he had seen her, had set out to make her life one long torment, so where could it come from, a smile like that, and what he said? She didn't know. From the fever, maybe. She said she loved him, too.

Then, it was last night, just the night before, that her father had got drunk and made speeches beginning "To think that a daughter of mine . . ." Nancy had sat through it all crouched in the shadows on the stair landing, in the very spot where the moss or old seaweed back of the panelling smelled the strongest and dankest, and thought of her mother upstairs, lying, clothed, straight out on the bed in the dark, with a headache and no cover on and maybe the roof above her melted away. Nancy looked down to where her father was marching up to the donkey that said, "If you really want to look like me—Just keep right on talking," and was picking it up and throwing it down, right on the floor. She cried out, before she knew it—"Oh!"—seeing him do the very thing she had so often meant to do herself. Why had he? Why? Because the whiskey had run out on him? Or because he had got too much of it again? Or from trying to get in one good lick at everything there was? Or because the advice he loved so much seemed now being offered to him?

But the donkey did not break. It lay there, far down in the tricky shadows; Nancy could see it lying there, looking back over its shoulder with its big red grinning mouth, and teeth like piano keys, still saying the same thing, naturally. Her father was tilting uncertainly down toward it, unable, without falling flat on his face, to reach it. This made a problem for him, and he stood thinking it all over, taking every aspect of it well into account, even though the donkey gave the impression that not even with a sledgehammer would it be broken, and lay as if on some deep distant sea floor, toward which all the sediment of life was drifting, drifting, forever slowly down. . . .

Beirut! It was the first time she had



D.O.M.
BENEDICTINE

After coffee...enjoy Bénédictine

La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Nothing so flatters your guests as serving them Benedictine. For there is only one Benedictine—the noble after-dinner liqueur made for over 400 years at Fecamp, France—the world's most distinguished liqueur.

86 PROOF

Let this seal be your guide to quality. Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

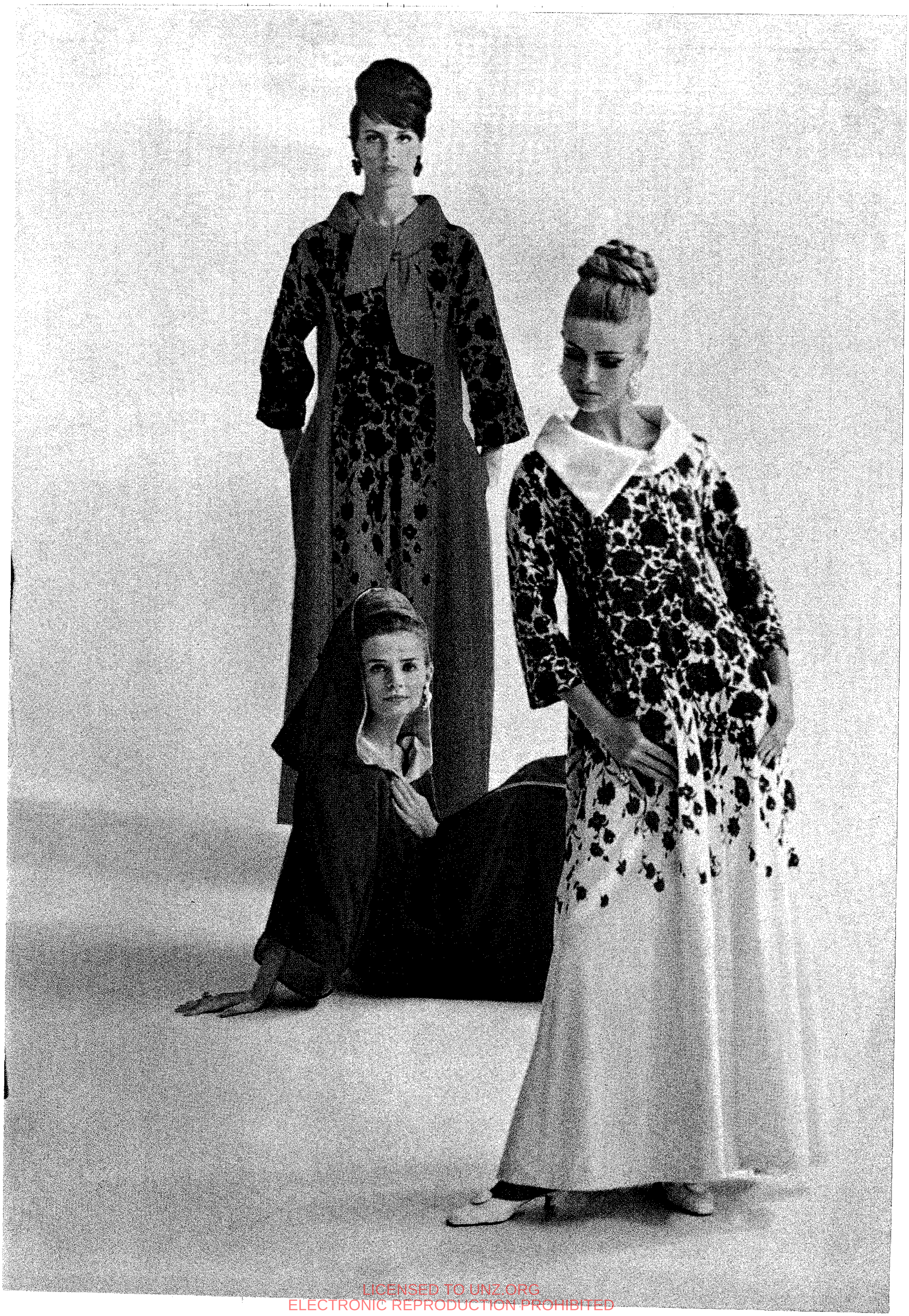
FOR THE FIRST TIME CASTILLO AT-HOME IN AMERICA IN ARNEL FLEECES

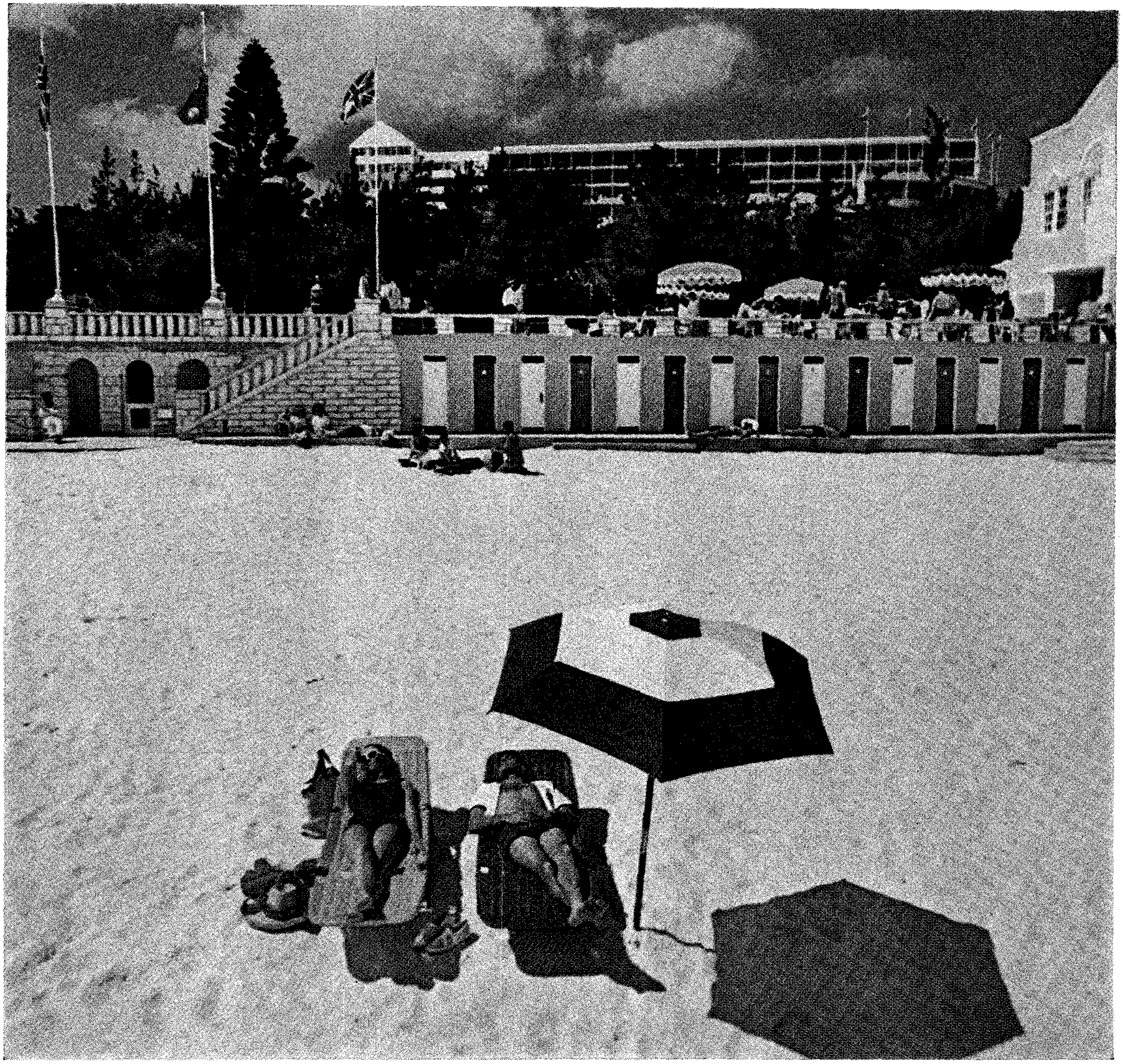
Fabulous loungewear! Created by the wizard of the French couture, masterfully translated in the most heavenly washable fleeces made with Arnel triacetate and nylon by William Winkler. From left to right:
The sophisticated approach by Stella Fagin.
Red or blue, P,S,M. About $50.
The romantic look by Edward Macksoud.
Gold, coral, turquoise. P,S,M. About $35.
The side swept look by Edward Macksoud.
Royal, red, turquoise. P,S,M,L. About $65.
The print look by Edward Macksoud.
In red, white, turquoise. P,S,M,L. About $60.
The dynastic look by Stella Fagin.
Purple, rose, royal. P,S,M. About $50.
The Empire look adapted by Stella Fagin.
White, red or blue. P,S,M. About $60.

At Bonwit Teller, N.Y., Boston, Cleveland, Phila.; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Bycks, Louisville; T. A. Chapman Co., Milwaukee; Flah's, Albany; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Harold, Minneapolis; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Hudson's, Detroit; Joseph Magnin, Calif. & Nevada; Makoff, Salt Lake City; Jordan Marsh, Florida.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Celanese® Arnel®





Elbow Beach is lovelylivelylighthearted

What more perfect vacation setting could you hope for than Elbow Beach . . . right on Bermuda's widest, powder-soft beach where the ocean is part of the decor. Swim at our pool or private beach; play tennis; bicycle up and down picturesque lanes; shop, shop, shop; dance the night away OR sit back and watch the uninhibited calypso entertainment. Our food is great, the service pleasing and our famous rum swizzle parties are excellent "mixers." Do have a chat with your accommodating Travel Agent or our International Representatives: Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, JUdson 6-4500. Also Boston/Chicago/Washington/Miami/Toronto.

Elbow Beach Surf Club

BERMUDA'S FAMOUS OCEANSIDE HOTEL

CY ELKINS, GENERAL MANAGER

remembered it. They had said they would take her there, Dennis and Bub, and then she had forgotten to ask, so why think of it right now, on the street uptown, just when she saw Rob Acklen coming along? She would have to see him sometimes, she guessed, but what did Beirut have to do with it?

"Nancy Lewis," he said pleasantly, "you ran out on me. Why did you act like that? I was always nice to you."

"I told them to tell you," she said. "I just went to ride around for a while."

"Oh, I got the word, all right. About fifty different people saw you drive off in that Cadillac. Now about a hundred claim to have. Seems like everybody saw those two characters but me. What did you do it for?"

"I didn't like those Skeltons, all those people you knew. I didn't like those sorority girls, that Teenie and Cootie. You knew I didn't, but you always took me where they were just the same."

"But the point is," said Rob Acklen, "I thought you liked me."

"Well, I did," said Nancy Lewis, as though it all had happened a hundred years ago. "Well, I did like you just fine."

They were talking on the street still. There had been the tail of a storm that morning, and the palms were blowing. There was a sense of them streaming like green flags above the low town.

Rob took Nancy to the drugstore and sat at a booth with her. He ordered her a fountain Coke and himself a cup of coffee. "What's happened to you?" he asked her.

She realized then, from what he was looking at, that something she had only half noticed was certainly there to be seen—her skin, all around the edges of her white blouse, was badly bruised and marked, and there was the purplish mark on her cheekbone she had more or less powdered over, along with the angry streak on her neck.

"You look like you fell through a cotton gin," Rob Acklen continued, in his friendly way. "You're not going to say the rain over in New Orleans is just scalding hot, are you?"

"I didn't say anything," she returned.

"Maybe the mosquitoes come pretty big over there," he suggested. "They wear boxing gloves, for one thing, and, for another—"

"Oh, stop it, Rob," she said and wished she was anywhere else.

It had all stemmed from the moment down in the French Quarter, over late drinks somewhere, when Dennis had got nasty enough with Bub to get rid

Why is this small, modest-looking and rather expensive car so much in demand?

One might expect a more formidable-looking vehicle for $4200-plus. Yet many who are knowledgeable about cars believe there is nothing more desirable available at any price.

The Porsche you see sliding briskly through piled-up city traffic or whipping along country roads with the grace of a mountain skier is a giant-killer. It takes a giant-killer to win thousands of races all over the world — winning them with speed, astounding agility and the ability to keep running hour after hour while bigger and more powerful cars break up under the strain.

But does its racing record recommend this car to you for daily travel? Indeed, the qualities that make Porsche a great competition car make your driving fun again, transform a routine journey into an exciting adventure.

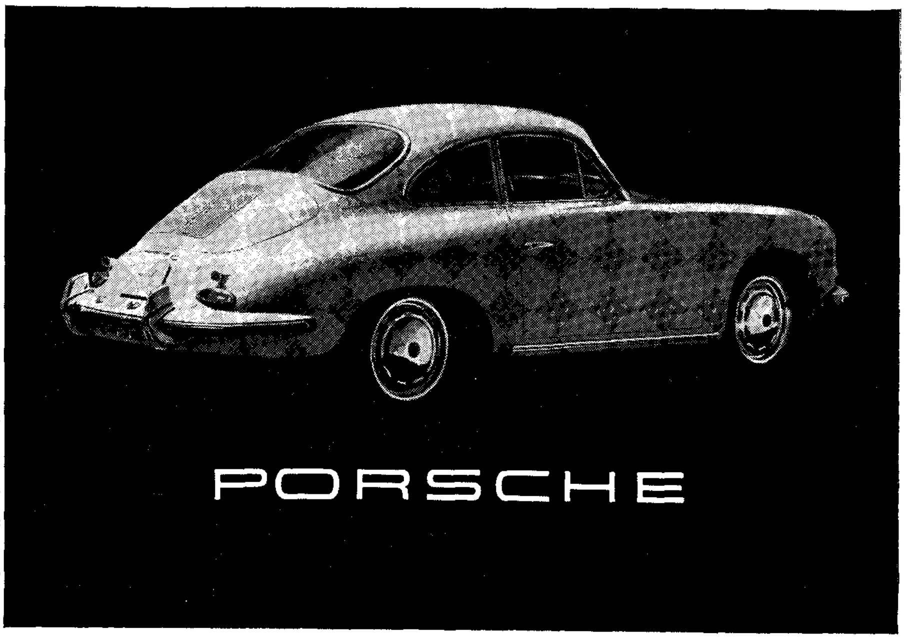
Steering, for instance, is positive, precise, yet remarkably stable. The Porsche corners as if the center of gravity were a couple of feet below the pavement.

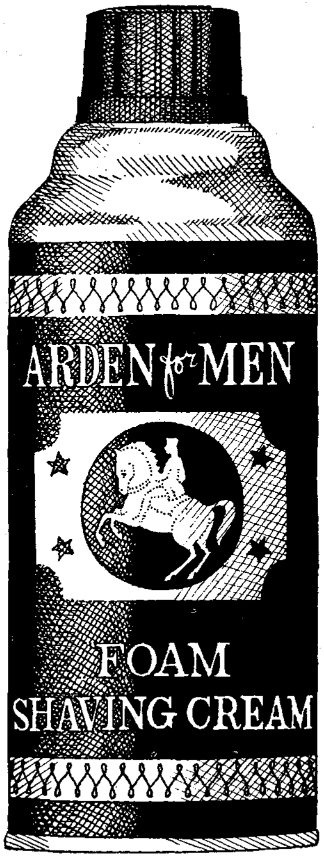
Brakes? Disc on all four, not just two, wheels. They shrug off road water and actually improve when rigorous braking generates heat. Heavy-footed racing drivers can't make them fade, and neither can you.

And, of course, there is Porsche's hand-assembled aluminum alloy engine. Small, easy on gas (almost 30 miles per gallon) but about as efficient, rugged and long lasting a power plant as man has devised.

You enjoy all these driving qualities while you sit safely in roomy comfort, inside a rigid, welded steel shell. Since Porsche makes fewer cars in a year than many competitors make in a week, each can be and is finished with care and detail that is simply impossible in mass production.

Once you've driven a Porsche you'll never be completely satisfied in another car. Call your dealer today. For name of dealer, write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Wren Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey.





Choice

of the well-groomed gentleman, Arden for Men Foam Shaving Cream. Gives you smoother, closer shaves. The kind your barber couldn't better. Absorbs and retains moisture. Doesn't dry out. Doesn't deflate halfway through your shave. A man-sized order for 1.75, plus tax, at

Arden for Men
1 East 54 Street

of him, so that all of Dennis's attention from that point onward had gone exclusively to Nancy. This particular attention was relentless and direct, for Dennis was about as removed from any sort of affection and kindness as a human could be. Maybe it had all got boiled out of him; maybe he had never had much to get rid of. What he had to say to her was nothing she hadn't heard before, nothing she hadn't already been given more or less to understand from mosquitoes, people, life-in-general, and the rain out of the sky. It was just that he said it in a final sort of way—that was all.

"I was in a wreck," said Nancy.

"Nobody killed, I hope," said Rob.

She looked vaguely across at Rob Acklen with pretty, dark-blue eyes that seemed to be squinting to see through shifting lights down in the deep sea; for in looking at him, in spite of all he could do, she caught a glimmering impression of herself, of what he thought of her, of how soft her voice always was, her face like a warm flower.

"I was doing my best to be nice to you. Why wasn't that enough?"

"I don't know," she said.

"None of those people you didn't like were out to get you. They were all my friends."

When he spoke in this handsome, sincere, and democratic way, she had to agree; she had to say she guessed that was right.

Then he said, "I was having such a good summer. I imagined you were, too," and she thought, He's coming down deeper and deeper, but one thing is certain—if he gets down as far as I am, he'll drown.

"You better go," she told him, because he had said he was on his way up to Shreveport on business for his father. And because Bub and Dennis were back; she'd seen them drift by in the car twice, once on the boulevard and once in town, silenter than cloud, Bub in the back, with his knees propped up, reading a magazine.

"I'll be going in a minute," he said.

"You just didn't realize I'd ever go running off like that," Nancy said, winding a damp Coca-Cola straw around her finger.

"Was it the party, the one you said you wanted to give? You didn't have to feel—"

"I don't remember any party," she said quickly.

Her mother lay with the roof gone, hands folded. Nancy felt that people's mothers, like wallpapered walls after a hurricane, should not be exposed. Her father at last successfully reached the

Southwick

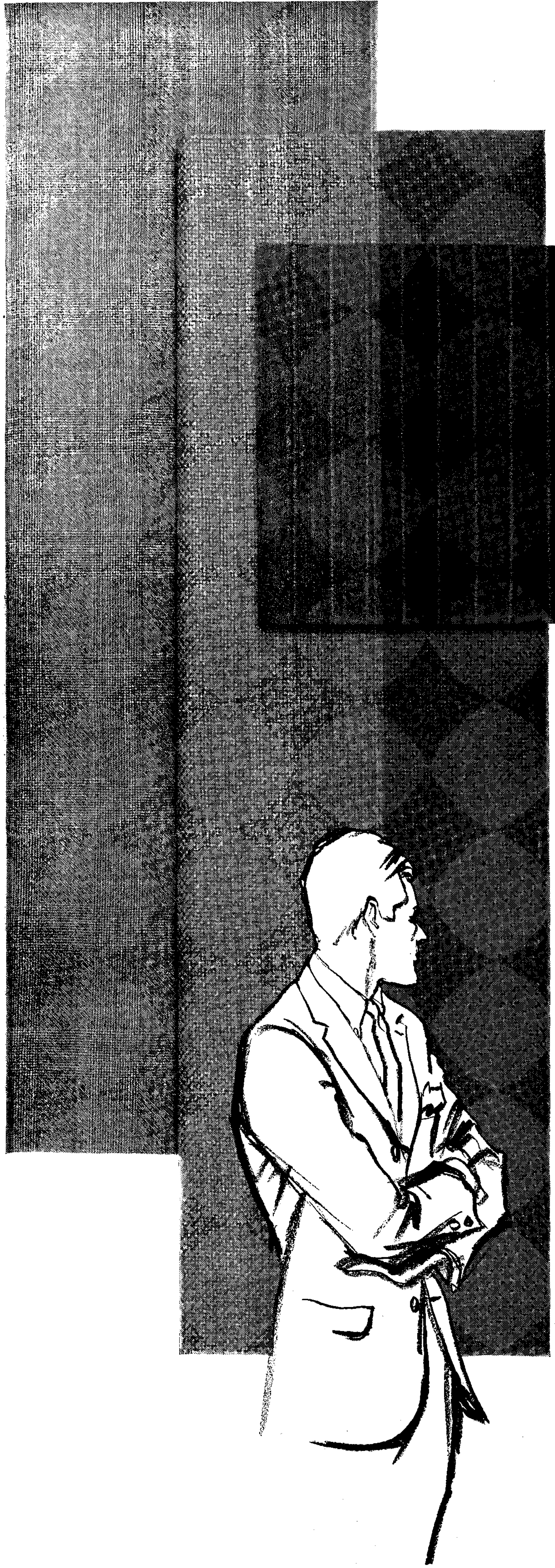
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Texas	The Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
Newton Centre, Mass.	Jack Lane
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Gene Ronald
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



THE INSIDE STORY OF A Southwick

It starts with a principle . . . that the first function of a Southwick suit is to mold itself, comfortably and naturally to the body and personality of the wearer.

Every step taken thereafter, in fabric selection, design and tailoring . . . is dedicated to this principle.

The Fabric Selection . . . Superb woolens and worsteds from the finest mills in the British Isles, in this country and the world over are the beginning of the Southwick story. Without fine cloth, chosen for its quality, pattern and color, the softness, suppleness and appeal of a Southwick suit could not be achieved.

Design . . . Southwick's original natural shoulder design . . . a style that is timeless . . . which by its soft natural lines enhances your appearance and gives you the comfort, ease and assurance you want.

Tailoring . . . Meticulous tailoring is another important chapter in the Southwick story. It is attention to detail that goes beyond the outward appearance. The same care is given to all the "findings" which make up the inside of the suit and without which the soft construction and natural appearance of a Southwick suit would not be possible.

Summary . . . Fabric, design and tailoring . . . each play a role and build one upon another to attain the quality and character for which Southwick is known.

Southwick Clothes
BY GRIECO BROTHERS

The Soft Look created by Majestic with Arnel

Slip into something luxurious . . . the elegant crepe made with Arnel. And this is elegance Arnel lets you trust to the washing machine with little or no ironing needed. The ascot shirt in Joyce's crepe of Arnel triacetate and Fortrel polyester. Beige, blue, pink, white. 8 to 18. $8. Lord & Taylor, all stores; Marshall Field & Company, all stores; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Celanese® Arnel®
Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

19 SCHEDULED AIRLINES FLY THE ATLANTIC

18 HAVE THE SAME FARES

ONLY 1 HAS LOWER FARES...
. . . and that's ICELANDIC!

Lowest air fares to Europe at anytime of the year, too . . . one way or all-year round trips! So enjoy Europe in the Fall and take advantage of Icelandic's incredibly low Thrift Season fares now in effect. Pay far less than jet Economy fares . . . to nine key countries and beyond. Fly in roomy comfort on swift, new Rolls-Royce 400 Jet Props or dependable, long-range DC-6Bs. Attentive service and complimentary meals, drinks, snacks. There's no doubt about it . . . Icelandic is your best sky-buy to Europe!

From New York to: **ICELAND • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND • HOLLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN DENMARK • FINLAND • LUXEMBOURG**

Use these Icelandic Gateways—and save—to all of Europe and beyond.

The PIONEER of Low Fares to Europe

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

Consult Your Travel Agent or
610 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York 20 • PL 7-8585
37 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3 • FL 6-2341
210 Post St., San Francisco 8 • YU 2-7651

Write For Folder (A)

donkey, but he fell in the middle of the rug, while Nancy, on the stair landing, smelling seaweed, asked herself how a murderous child with swollen jaws happened to mention love, if love is not a fever, and the storm-driven sea struck the open reef and went roaring skyward, splashing a tattered gull that clutched at the blast—but if we will all go there immediately it is safe in the Dupré house, because they have this holy candle. There are hidden bone-cold lairs no one knows of, in rock beneath the sea. She shook her bone-white hair.

Rob's whole sensitive face tightened harshly for saying what had to come next, and she thought for a while he wasn't going to make it, but he did. "To hell with it. To absolute hell with it then." He looked stricken, as though he had managed nothing but damaging himself.

"I guess it's just the way I am," Nancy murmured. "I just run off sometimes."

Her voice faded in a deepening glimmer where the human breath is snatched clean away and there are only bubbles, iridescent and pure. When she dove again, they rose in a curving track behind her. —ELIZABETH SPENCER

•

THE WINDOW

It is a summer Sunday. Warmth
swims carelessly about my head.
Hiding in the infinite awning,
an expansion of air cushions my loll.

How profane the din of muted parades
trumpeting blight on this one-day lull!
I window it out,
I dream it away,

this day of sun on which no sound
perforates glass insulation;
only a murmuring, far away,
a hushing off-stage, allows my scene.

—ELIZABETH HAWES

•

On August 16th the regular mixed-doubles round robin was won by Jean French and Len O'Donnell. Runner-up for the men was Hans Osterrieth; while five ladies were tied for the Consolation prize, which was luckily drawn by Wiliam O'Donnell. . . . Club Tournament Chairman, Joseph Wickman, announced the start of the Annual Club Championship to begin on Saturday, September 19th. . . . Men's Mixed Doubles schedule is as follows . . . —*News of the West Side Tennis Club.*

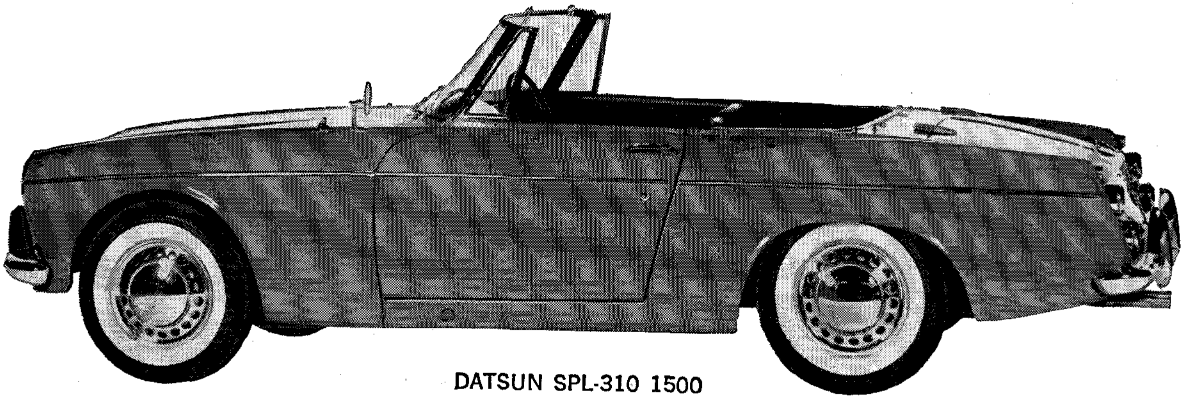
The game's changed a lot since we played it.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
SPORTS CAR
RACES
SEPT. 14-15
BRIDGEHAMPTON
LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

$2,465 PACKAGE DEAL

(ONLY THE GIRL IS OPTIONAL)

Who else gives you roll up windows; jump seat for adult passenger; tonneau cover; transistor radio; heater; back up light; plush pile carpet; tachometer; twin carbs; competition proved **DATSUN** 1500 c.c. OHV engine? Who else offers this and more for less than hundreds of extra dollars? See your nearest dealer or write: DATSUN, 221 FRELINGHUYSEN AVENUE, NEWARK 14, N. J.



DATSUN SPL-310 1500

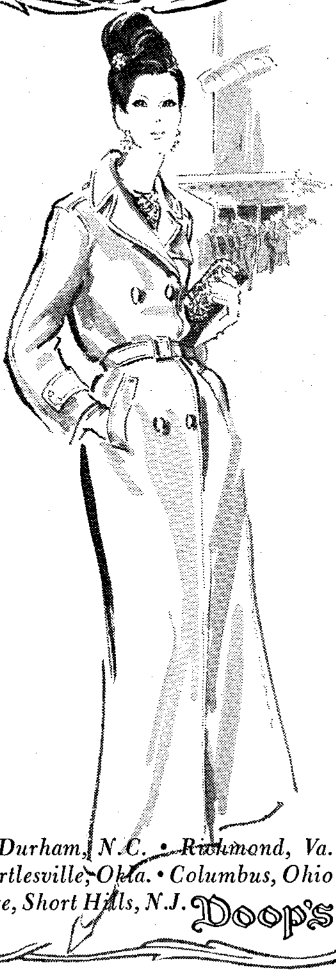
Nissan Motor Corporation in U.S.A. 221 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark 14, N. J. •1501 Clay Ave, Houston 3, Texas•137 East Alondra Boulevard, Gardena, Calif.

49 PROOF • ©1963 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y

CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
it's the difference between eating and dining

SUPERB SERVED CHILLED WITH YOUR AFTER-DINNER COFFEE
TRY IT CHILLED
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR

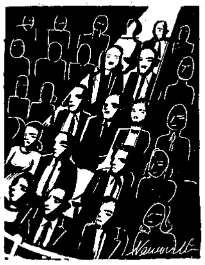
Now For Evening . . .
the Trench Coat in
luxe silk broadcloth, by
Lawrence of London,
Sizes 6 to 16
in black or white. $125.00.
Day Length $89.95



MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. Doop's

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Money Talks, But the Sad Thing Is That It Has So Little to Say, While the Voice It Says It in Has a Distinct Tendency to Squeak



LITTLE did I guess when I came to this city to seek my fortune many years ago that a sunny afternoon in September of 1964 would find me crouched in the darkness of a Broadway movie house watching a girl named Sandra Dee make tiny dark-brown eyes at the big baby-blue ones of Robert Goulet. Fortunately, my parents, who sacrificed so much for me in the early years, have long since passed away and are thus spared any knowledge of the unsavory episode, which, looking back on it with the wisdom of hindsight, I now see had little to do with any genuine hope on my part of encountering a good movie. No, I'm afraid that what lured me to the awful Dee-do was an intense unconscious suggestibility in respect to its title, which is "I'd Rather Be Rich." Though grammatically incomplete—one assumes that the unuttered alternative is "poor," but it could perfectly well be "President," or "dead," or even "Tasmanian"—the words echo certain disreputable longings of my own, and I must have gone to the Palace (the *Palace*, mind you!) with some notion of discovering how to implement a lifelong readiness to become the Jay Gatsby of my set. Having taken the first wrong step, the second was all too easy, for parked outside the Palace on the opening day of the movie was a fleet of cars symbolic of the fiscal wonders promised within; a Ferrari, an Aston Martin, a Mercedes-Benz, a Bentley, a Rolls—they all stood glittering at the curbside, while in the lobby glittered no less vividly a display of jewels from Cartier's, and a number of models slunk to and fro in sullen Incan rhythm under furs of unimaginable costliness. Drugged by so much splendor, I fumbled my way to a seat, and I've no doubt that the mounting impatience with which I watched Miss Dee and her cohorts was in exact proportion to the great expectations aroused in me before the movie began. Manifestly un-

LEFT TO RIGHT: RONDELAY, COLONIAL THEME, ELOQUENCE, MIGNONETTE,

Love and Lunt are meant to last

After him you couldn't make a wiser choice for a lifetime. For Lunt is solid Sterling. Heavy. Silver through and through. It glows even more beautiful as you use it, grows even more precious with time. For Lunt designs not just for now, but for a lifetime from now—carefully creating design to last, perfecting patterns for generations of use. Few things you could own offer such lasting rewards. Few purchases represent such an enduring investment. So select your Lunt pattern with complete confidence. Use the same sure instinct you used to choose him. Simply use your heart. Lunt is forever.

LUNT
STERLING

For information write: Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-1, Greenfield, Mass.

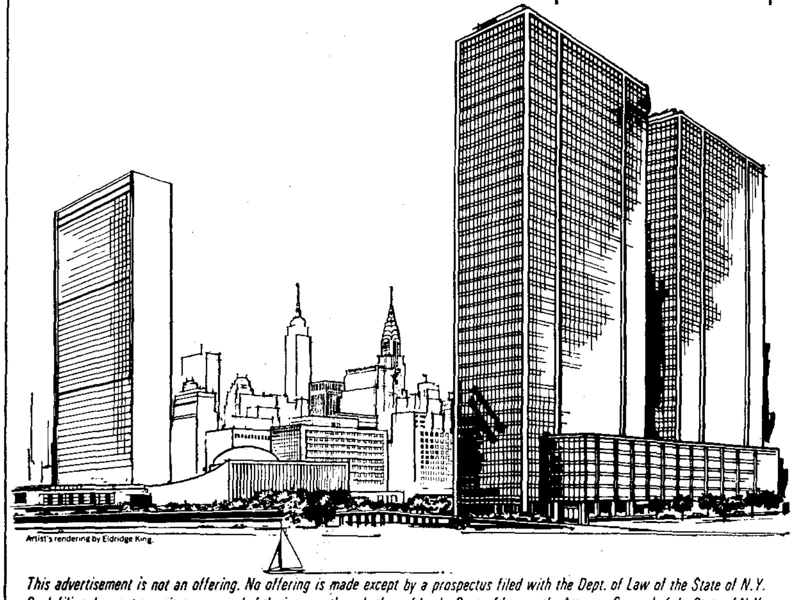
A COOPERATIVE APARTMENT HOUSE
BUILT TO FACE THE WORLD

The twin apartment towers overlook the formal gardens of the UN, the East River and Beekman Place. A wide variety of floor plans, from one bedroom apartments to five-bedroom duplexes, is now being shown in the office of the agent. Call PLaza 3-5050.

Occupancy:
early summer 1965.
Sponsor
ALCOA PLAZA
ASSOCIATES

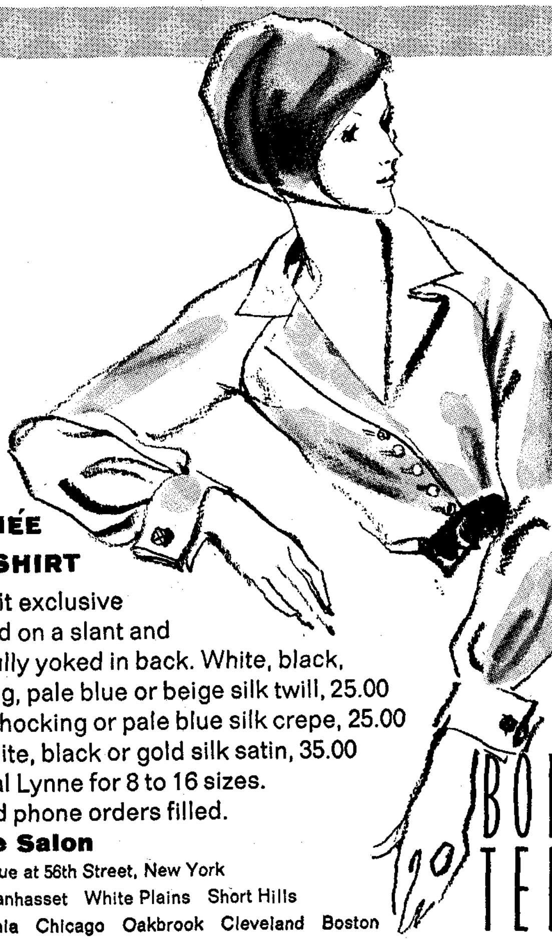
Selling and Managing Agent
DGHI
DOUGLAS GIBBONS-HOLLYDAY & IVES, INC.
745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. PLaza 3-5050

860·870
UNITED
NATIONS
PLAZA



Artist's rendering by Eldridge King

This advertisement is not an offering. No offering is made except by a prospectus filed with the Dept. of Law of the State of N.Y. Such filing does not constitute approval of the issue or the sale thereof by the Dept. of Law or the Attorney General of the State of N.Y.



**THE
SOIGNÉE
SILK SHIRT**

A Bonwit exclusive
buttoned on a slant and
beautifully yoked in back. White, black,
shocking, pale blue or beige silk twill, 25.00
white, shocking or pale blue silk crepe, 25.00
Also white, black or gold silk satin, 35.00
By Royal Lynne for 8 to 16 sizes.
Mail and phone orders filled.

Blouse Salon
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

BONWIT TELLER

fair, and, I trust, a lesson to publicity men as well as to me.

Nevertheless, I should make it clear than no power under heaven could have turned "I'd Rather Be Rich" into a pleasurable experience. The writers of the leaden script—Oscar Brodney, Norman Krasna, and Leo Townsend—have seen to that by their reworking of a thirty-times-told tale of lovers' quarrels and false identities, and they have been backed to the hilt in their fatuity by the director, Jack Smight, who is rumored to have been chosen to direct the forthcoming Biblical epic "Hip and Thigh." Besides Miss Dee and Mr. Goulet, the large, frightened cast includes a young singer named Andy Williams, a venerable singer named Maurice Chevalier, and those old stagers Hermione Gingold, Gene Raymond, and Charlie Ruggles. Actors like to keep busy, and who can blame them? —BRENDAN GILL

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Communiqué from a Japanese maker of electric toothbrushes*]

Everybody speak about a wonder of Dental Shinning in Europe and U.S.A.

Here we present "PEARL DENTAL SHINNER" which protects a delicate children's gum and make the good and shiny teeth automatically.

What is Dental Shinning?

It is a special method to clean the teeth shiny by giving the teeth smooth vibration and massage with Battery Operated Tooth Brush.

Of course, it requires the new improved Dental Cream at the same time.

As a result of a long painstaking study of making the good teeth, a modern scintists find a way to give an effect from the surface of teeth or gum to inner tissue, then the dental creem with Fluorine or Vitamine B see the light.

However this new Dental Cream with Fluorine can not do her job alone without "DENTAL SHINNER." The physical motion of PEARL DENTAL SHINNER eliminate the scum and dirty of foods, namely 600 cycle second of vibration and massage settle the problem reasonably.

Now you understand what the "DENTAL SHINNING" is!

•

MADISON, Wis. (UPI)—A great, great, great granddaddy walleye who never left home finally got hooked.

The Wisconsin Conservation Department said fisherman Henry Bos of Ladysmith Wis., caught the 22-year-old walleye in Sawyer County at the same spot where the fish was tagged in 1947.

Suddenly a friend noticed it had a fuse.

It was an explosive cannonball of the type used by Union naval forces in the Civil War.—*Panama City* (*Fla.*) *News-Herald.*

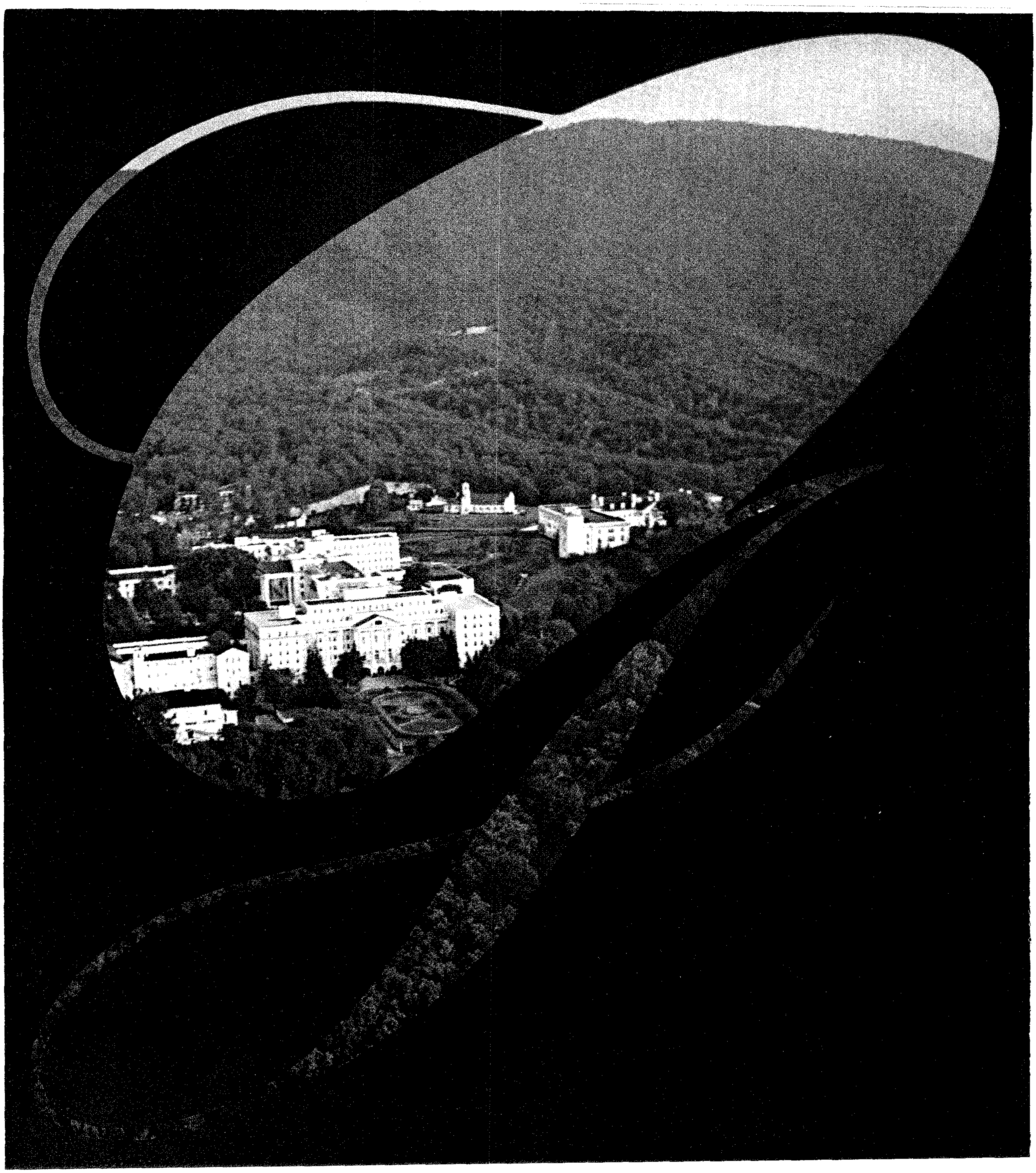
It's best to fish alone. No friends.

LÖWENBRÄU
MUNICH

If they run out of Löwenbräu.....order champagne.

IMPORTED BY HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. OF NEW YORK IN BOTTLES AND BARRELS FROM MUNICH, WHERE LÖWENBRÄU HAS BEEN BREWED SINCE 1383.

THE HAND-BLOWN LOWENBRAU GOBLET PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE IN SETS OF 2 IMPORTED DIRECTLY FROM GERMANY. FOR EACH SET MAIL $[illegible].00 IN MONEY ORDER OR CHECK MADE PAYABLE TO CLASSIC IMPORTS, P.O. BOX 57, WESTBURY, L. I., NEW YORK. PLEASE ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.



G is for . . . gaiety, glamour, gracious hospitality . . . for glorious golden days in our magnificent mountain-ringed setting . . . for golf—on three superb championship courses . . . for gamesmanship that runs the gamut from swimming to trapshooting, from bowling to horseback riding. It's for gala social activities . . . good fellowship and gourmet fare. Come enjoy them all at The Greenbrier—now in technicolor autumn or plan for the sparkling winter months ahead. Write Dept. C for brochure, information, reservations.

THE
Greenbrier
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA

Truman Wright, Vice Pres., & Gen. Mgr.; Wesler Keenan, Mgr.

Telephone: 536-1110 (area code 304) Represented by Robert F. Warner in: New York, JU 6-4500; Washington, RE 7-2642; Chicago, RA 6-0624

A REPORTER AT LARGE

DELEGATE

EVER since national political conventions were first televised, in 1948, it has seemed to me that the only person more bewildered than the ordinary citizen by what takes place at them is the ordinary delegate. Quite obviously, he is sunk in a kind of bemused torpor as he is battered by the relentless noise, the streaming crowds, and the torrents of oratory. According to a report published in 1960 by the Brookings Institution, a fairly conservative research outfit in Washington, "The facts suggest that the great majority of the delegates [to both the 1956 conventions] were well qualified to deal with the problems of their political parties, and that they were about as reputable a group of individuals as could reasonably be expected in any large political assembly in this imperfect world." As a general rule, this may be true in the aggregate, but what of the individual delegate? Is he a functioning part of the Convention, or is he, as has been so often charged, mere window dressing, shifted this way and that by invisible hands to produce the best effect? The only way to find out, I decided, was to follow a 1964 delegate during the early summer, as he made his way to the Convention, and then observe everything that happened to him there.

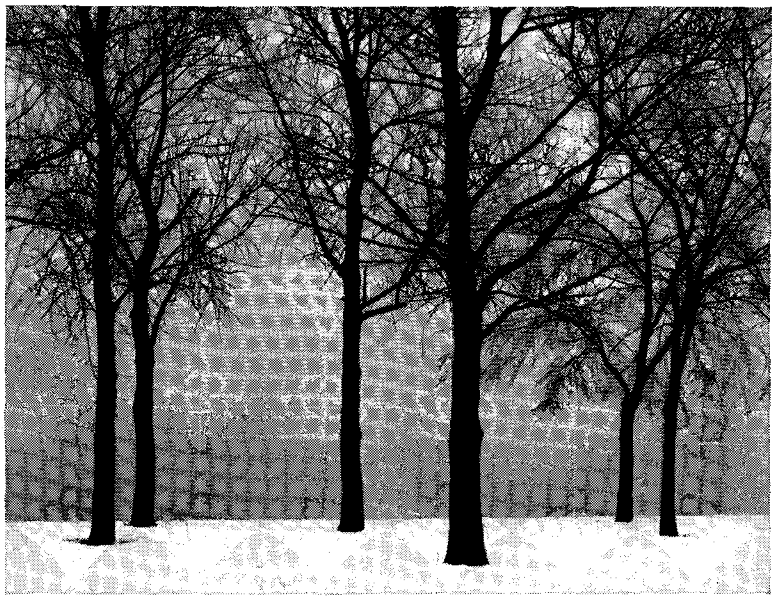
What I needed, of course, was an amenable delegate, and a man who could put me in touch with one, I learned from some inquiries I made last spring, was Michael N. Scelsi, the executive director of the New York Republican State Committee. Scelsi's office, on the fourth floor of the Rockefeller-for-President headquarters, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, was a cubicle just big enough for a desk, a filing cabinet, and two chairs, and had been partitioned off from a larger room festooned with Rockefeller posters, Rockefeller photographs, and innumerable printed slogans. Scelsi himself was a stocky, vigorous-looking man in his mid-forties with steel-gray hair. He waved me to the other chair in the cubicle and got down to business at once.

"As you undoubtedly know, there will be thirteen hundred and eight delegates to our Convention this year," he began, leaning back in his chair and clasping his hands behind his head. "The national committee decides on the number, and it also decides how many delegates each state gets. There are two kinds of delegates—district delegates, who are from the congressional districts, and at-large delegates, who are bigwigs in the Party in each state. The national committee has some kind of complicated formula for assigning the number of district delegates, but what it boils down to in the case of New York State is that there are two delegates from each of our forty-one congressional districts. Then, in addition to those eighty-two, we have ten at-large delegates. In other words, New York State will have ninety-two delegates in San Francisco."

He paused to light a cigarette, and then went on, "To become a delegate in this state, you have to get a petition signed by registered voters in your party—in New York City, seven hundred and fifty signatures, and five hundred elsewhere in the state. The petition is submitted to the Board of Elections, and if it's not challenged by the petition of someone else in the same district, the submitter automatically becomes the delegate; in fact, his name isn't even on the ballot in the primary. But if there *is* a rival petition, the contest is decided in the primary. That'll be held on June 2nd. In New York State this year, we have a dozen contests. Some of the insurgents have announced who they're for—namely, Goldwater—while others, who are also for him but feel that it's imprudent to let it be known, say that they're running uncommitted. In the city, as things stand now, we'll have three primary contests—one in the Bronx, one in Queens, and one on Staten Island. The one on Staten Island ought to be of the most interest to you, since the contest out there is probably the most crucial one in the city. There's a lot of conservative sentiment in the district, and it could be a horse race."

I asked who the contestants were, and Scelsi said, "Our man—the man backed by the Republican State Committee—is a lawyer by the name of John A. Garbarino. He's the chairman of the Richmond County Republican Committee. A good many of our delegates are county chairmen. The job doesn't pay anything, and it's usually filled by lawyers or businessmen who have the time to work for the Party. John's a hell of a decent guy. You know, there are some people in positions like his who manage to make a good bit of money from their influence. Not John, though. From what I hear, he loses money by being county chairman. As for his opponent, he's a marine engineer from Annadale named Albert Midboe. You'll hear all about him from John."

LATER that day, I telephoned Garbarino at his law firm in St. George, Staten Island, and when I explained my interest in his race for delegate, he told me he'd be glad to talk it over with me. He went on to say that he would be staying overnight at the Waldorf a couple of days later, after attending the state committee's annual hundred-dollar-a-plate dinner on May 6th, and he suggested that we meet in his room sometime in midafternoon. When I got there, the room was full of cigar smoke—the by-product, no doubt, of some earlier political discussion. Gar-

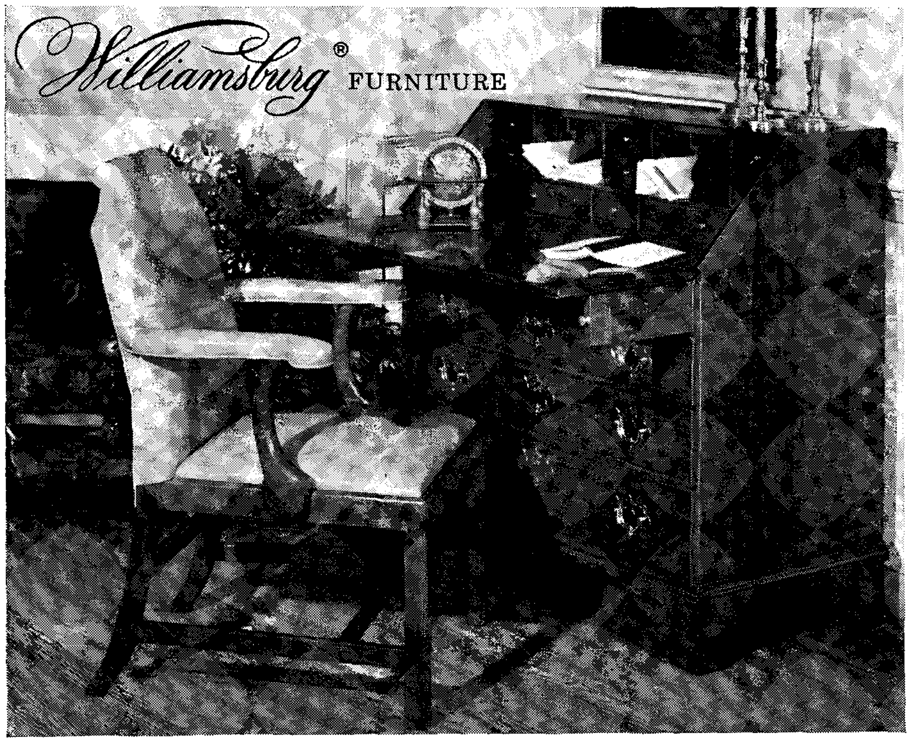


You call this a photograph.
We call it poetry.

When Harry Callahan focuses his camera upon simple, everyday things, something lyrical happens. He extracts and distills a poetic statement on film from nature, the city, the family and the man in the street.

A representative collection of Callahan's photographs is now on exhibit in the exciting new Hallmark Gallery. You are invited to come see them as soon as you can.

Hallmark Gallery
5th Avenue
at 56th Street



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS... *for your very own.* Kittinger has been appointed *exclusively* to bring to modern homes the charm and hospitality of 18th Century furniture reproductions . . . selected from the priceless antique collection of Colonial Williamsburg. Send for folder, Kittinger Company, 1899 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. 14207

WILLIAMSBURG is the registered trademark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc.

Visit NEW YORK SHOWROOM...305 EAST 63rd STREET

KITTINGER

Other Showrooms: BUFFALO • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

barino, a rather portly man of forty-five with eyebrow glasses, a bushy fringe of gray hair, and a relaxed, amiable manner, met me at the door, shook hands, installed me in an armchair, poured two drinks from a bottle of Scotch on the bureau, and sat down himself on the foot of the bed, facing me.

"Mike Scelsi called up yesterday and told me about your plan," he said. "You know—following a delegate right through the Convention. Mike thought it was a good idea, and so do I. But it could be a tricky business, and maybe a little delicate—all the pulling and pushing and backing and filling that go on. What I mean is, I suppose you want something more than just a campaign speech."

I said that I did indeed hope for something more, but nothing more than would fit into a chronological and objective record of events.

"Well, O.K.," he said. "Actually, of course, I'm not even a delegate. I just expect to be. There isn't much I can tell you about the primary race. We have a fight on our hands, but I don't think we're in any danger. In fact, I'm hoping that we'll beat them two to one."

I mentioned that Scelsi had told me that Staten Island was a pretty conservative place, and Garbarino nodded. "It is," he said. "In a way, it's like a cluster of small towns upstate, or even in the Midwest. Most of the people out there are middle-class. They own their own homes and are an independent bunch, by and large. Take our last local election—for city councilman, in 1963. The Conservative Party, which had been in existence only a year, polled fifteen per cent of the total vote. Although there are only three hundred and fifty registered Conservatives on the Island, compared to twenty-seven thousand Republicans and fifty-seven thousand Democrats—three hundred and fifty compared to a total of eighty-four thousand—they still got fifteen per cent of the vote. I'm sure that's why the Goldwater people decided to put up a candidate against me."

I asked him about Midboe, and Garbarino took a swallow of his drink. "One of my own people," he said, with a smile. "One of the three hundred and eighty-odd members of our Richmond County committee. The Conservatives can't run against us in a Republican primary, of course, so they got him to do it. The way they operate is by infiltration. For instance, the chairman of the Conservative Party in Richmond

County also used to be one of our committeemen. He joined us and learned everything we know about precinct politics. Then in 1962 he and about fifteen other committeemen, who had joined us at about the same time, up and left, and formed the Conservative Party. What they want is to be able to dictate to us—the way the Liberal Party dictates to the Democrats. When they set up their own party, their main concern, they claimed, was ideology, but now they admit that they want to enlarge their party. If they can beat us in this primary, or even make a strong showing, they will have accomplished their purpose. I don't think they have much of a chance, but they're smart and they work like the devil. Most of them are young, energetic, bright people. I wish to heaven we could get them back in the Republican ranks. They should be working for us."

Going into the background of the forthcoming primary contest, Garbarino explained that Staten Island, with its population of a quarter of a million people, composed the larger part of the Sixteenth Congressional District, the rest of it being a part of Brooklyn known as the Flatlands section, which is right across the Narrows and has a population of around a hundred and fifty thousand. "As you know, the Sixteenth District, like every other congressional district, sends two delegates to the Convention," he said. "We decided that if we were going to get the Brooklyn organization to work for us, we'd have to let them name one of the delegates. They chose Frank Pals, who is the leader of the First Assembly District in Kings County and has been a delegate to every Republican Convention since 1936. I was the other delegate, chosen by our county committee at its convention in March. A while before that, this fellow Midboe approached former Congressman John H. Ray, who is an associate in my law suite—I was Ray's aide on Staten Island for the ten years he was in Congress—and urged him to run as a Goldwater delegate against me. Ray is strong for Goldwater, and he was inclined to go along with the idea. He came to me about it, and when he told me what he was thinking of doing, I was knocked flat. I kept telling him that the Republican organization on the Island was stronger now than it had ever been, and that these insurgents were trying to destroy all that we had built up. I told him that the Party had been good to him, and that he at least owed it loyalty. Well, Midboe worked

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II
FROM "ADVENTURES IN WILLIAMSBURG"

Autumn Dance

The swirling leaves of autumn typify the eighteenth century, for this was the age of graceful minuets. It was also the time of powdered wigs, farthingales and knee breeches. Today the spirit of colonial times lives on in Williamsburg. Incidentally, you can stay next to the historic area in the famous Williamsburg Inn or Lodge where the past is just outside your door. As an added treat there's a new Robert Trent Jones 18-hole golf course. You'll love the life in Williamsburg this autumn. *Come soon and see.*

Where to Stay

WILLIAMSBURG INN
from $16 double
COLONIAL HOUSES
from $12 double
WILLIAMSBURG LODGE
from $12 double
THE MOTOR HOUSE
$14 double

For reservations, free color folder, other information, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185 or call Res. Offices—New York, CIrcle 6-6800. Washington, FEderal 8-8828. Baltimore, ENterprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

Report on hurricanes:

IBM computers help bring you storm warnings earlier

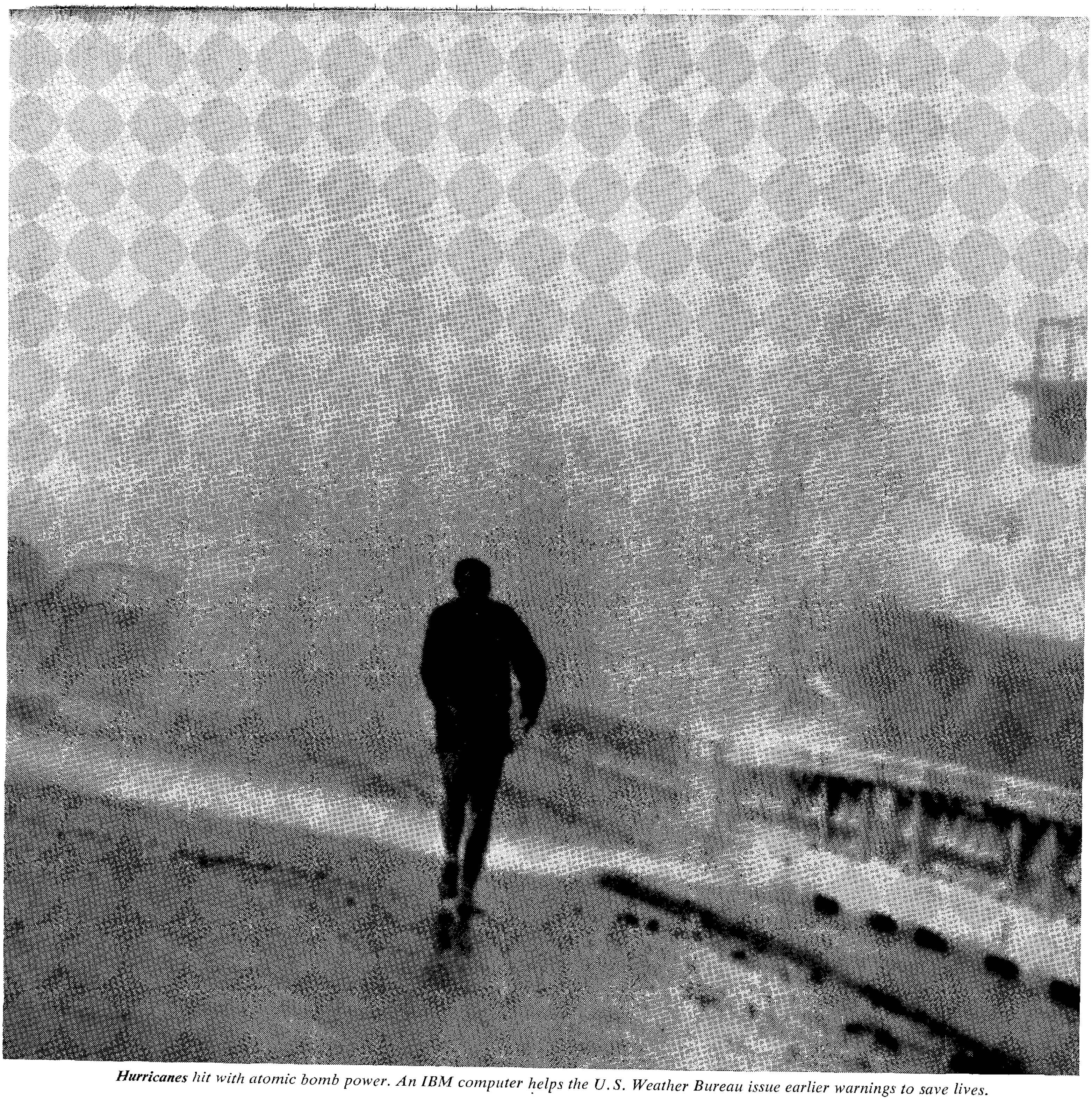
THOUSANDS of trained eyes are now turning toward the South. The dreaded hurricane season is upon us.

A hurricane breeds in isolated ocean areas. It is a mindless beast, moving at will. It can explode overnight into catastrophic fury, change course, and rip into a continent with the power of a dozen atomic bombs.

Predicting a hurricane's path

Man cannot yet *stop* a hurricane, but "Anna," "Bertha," "Carla," and their awesome sisters are now detected at birth, and—thanks to an IBM computer—warnings are given sooner.

Signs of trouble are sometimes seen



***Hurricanes** hit with atomic bomb power. An IBM computer helps the U.S. Weather Bureau issue earlier warnings to save lives.*

on pictures taken by weather satellites. *An ominous mass of cloud is swirling into a vortex.* Instantly a vast radio and radar network is alerted. "Hurricane Hunter" planes enter the storm's growing eye to report back temperature, air pressure, and velocity.

Thousands of pieces of information begin pouring into the U. S. Weather Bureau at Suitland, Maryland.

IBM computer goes to work

Each fact is of little value until it is fitted into the overall picture. That is where the Weather Bureau's forecast system begins its job of storm analysis—working with an IBM computer.

A computer doesn't think—but, in the hands of thinking men, it can scan and relate a million facts instantly.

Within minutes, the IBM computer correlates incoming storm data to complex weather laws. The hurricane path is predicted with reasonable accuracy for the next 24 hours.

After telephone conference calls, every community within thousands of square miles is alerted to its danger.

When the hurricane hits, shipping has been warned, towns battened down, and many threatened families moved.

During the past three years, a U. S. Weather Bureau research laboratory has been testing and evaluating every known weather law on a worldwide scale.

This advanced research has been done with a scientific IBM computer.

Will man control the weather?

Perhaps, someday, meteorologists may ultimately be able to make weather predictions years in advance—and on a worldwide basis.

It is also possible this research could eventually lead to actual control of the weather by man—even to curbing the menace of hurricanes.

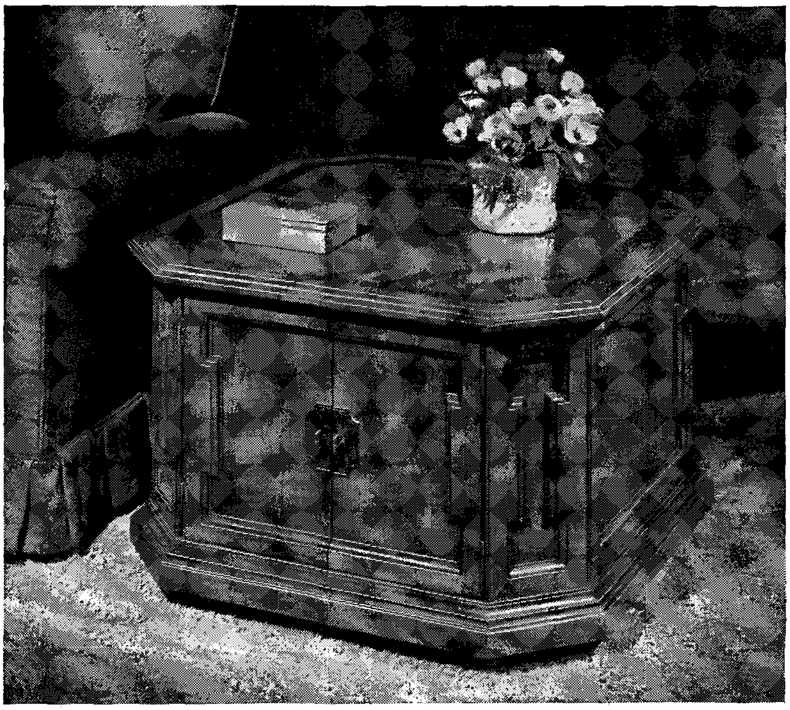
IBM®

(*Advertisement*)

OUT
IN
TRAFFIC COMMISSION
ONE WAY
ONE WAY

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Is the traffic to your desk becoming bumper-to-bumper, now that you're a signal success? Give the green light to a Bigelow and turn rush hours into plush hours. You'll have your associates racing to catch up. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Department A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.



FROM OUR MIX-AND-MATCH GROUP...a commode chest with an air of strength and beauty all its own. The top of cherry veneer is banded with solid cherry and Carpathian elm burl inlay. Dimensions—almost 30 by 30 inches, and 18½ inches high. It's from Brandt's intriguingly handsome Pennfield Group. The Pennfield mix-and-match collection "accents" beautifully . . . or blends with virtually any decor. Chest is about $150 in fine furniture or department stores. Send 10¢ for folder showing complete Brandt line.

Brandt

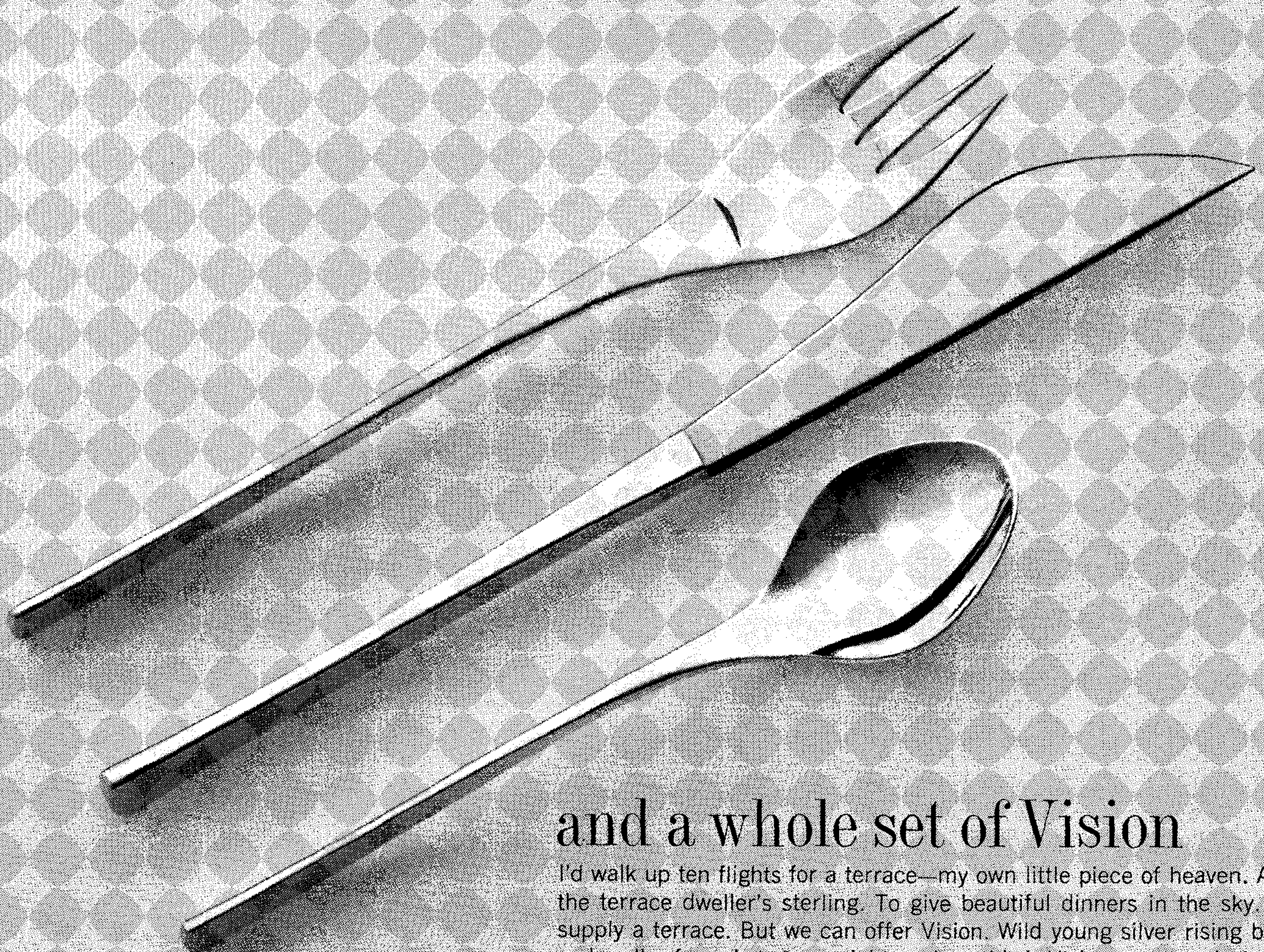
The Brandt Cabinet Works, Inc., Dept. 36, Hagerstown, Md.

on him by night and I worked on him by day. Finally, after two weeks, I said to him that for ten years I had worked twelve and fourteen hours a day, often sacrificing my law practice, to keep his fences mended on the Island, and that he owed me something, too. I guess that did it. He agreed to go along with me, so I offered him the spot as my alternate. I hoped that making a Goldwater man the alternate delegate would heal the split with the opposition, but it didn't satisfy them a bit. They made it clear that they meant to fight me. And the next thing you know, Midboe was in the race himself. We haven't started our campaign yet, but the Midboe backers are already out in force, ringing doorbells and calling people on the telephone. Although the members of the Conservative Party can't vote in our Republican primary, they can work in it. They're determined to beat us."

A little later, we got on the subject of the various candidates, declared and undeclared, for the Republican Presidential nomination, and when I asked Garbarino whom he was for, he said, "Officially, I'm running as an uncommitted delegate. That seems to me to be the only way to keep things from blowing up on the Island, considering the conservative sentiment there and the fight we're having with the Goldwater insurgents. Governor Rockefeller's people never asked me to come out for him—there was never any arm-twisting—but personally I think that the Governor is far and away the best-qualified man in the Party for the job. But I also think it's too early to make a choice. A lot can happen between now and the Convention."

I asked how he felt about Senator Goldwater, and he answered, "He's my last choice. The only way he can possibly get the nomination is to modify his ideas—move to the center and start making sense. But I'm a Republican through and through, and if he's the nominee I'll fight for him just as hard as I would for anybody else. The paramount thing that I've got to think of is my local situation. My job as county chairman is to do the best I can for the Republican organization in Richmond, and that means reëlecting our two members of the state assembly and our one state senator, and trying to unseat the Democratic congressman from our district. On Staten Island, I'm county chairman. In San Francisco, I'll be only one of thirteen hundred and eight delegates." He paused and, with a

I want a terrace in the sky



and a whole set of Vision

I'd walk up ten flights for a terrace—my own little piece of heaven. And Vision, the terrace dweller's sterling. To give beautiful dinners in the sky. (We can't supply a terrace. But we can offer Vision. Wild young silver rising bolt upright on handles forged at strong right angles—this is Vision, sterling design ten light-years ahead of its time.) 3-piece setting, $30.75. 40-piece service for 8, $400.00.

International Sterling

Made by The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. Prices incl. Fed. Tax smile, added, "Or at least I hope I'll be one."

ON the evening of June 2nd, I went out to the headquarters of the Richmond County Republican Committee, in an aged, run-down building in Port Richmond, a couple of miles down the Kill van Kull from St. George. It was shortly before the polls closed, and all the Party workers were still out making telephone calls and chauffeuring voters to the polling booths. The place was deserted, except for a man who was taking telephone calls and Garbarino, who was pacing nervously up and down. "I've never seen it so dead," he said when I joined him. "Nobody's voting. In our last primary, we had eight thousand people out. I bet we don't get more than half that number this time."

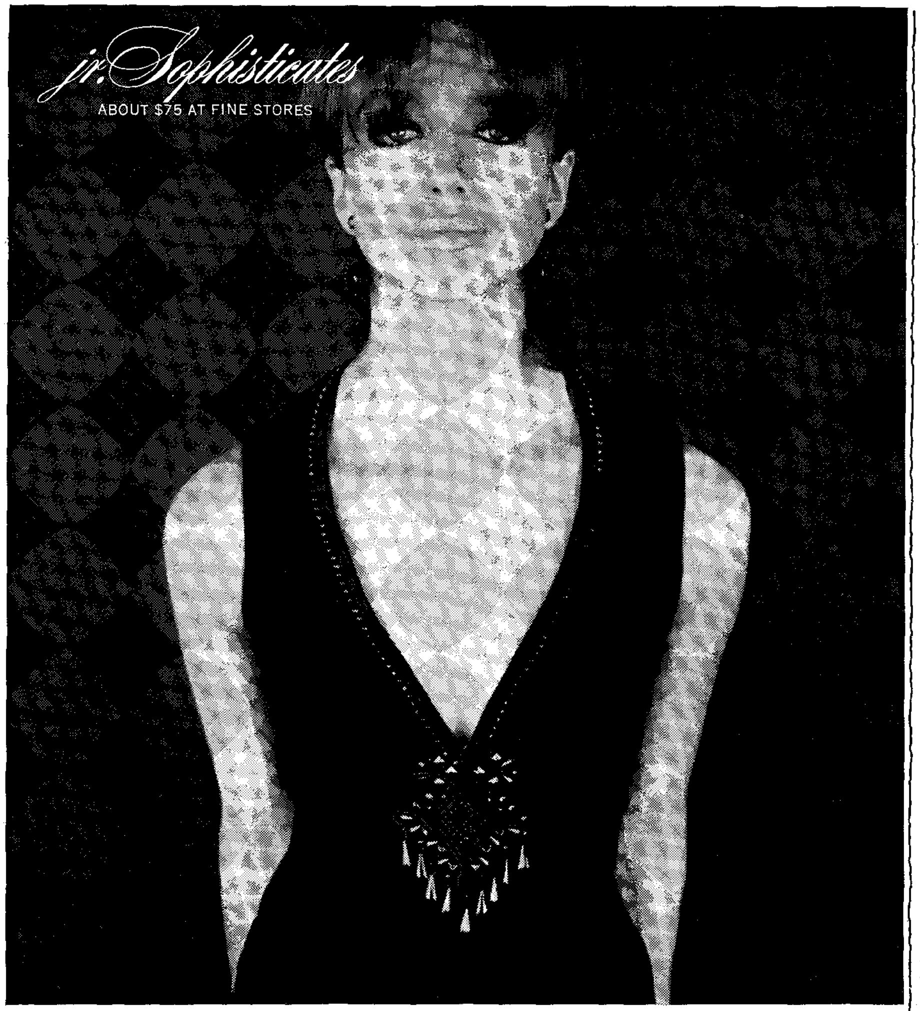
I asked if that was a good or a bad sign, and he replied that it looked rather ominous. "It's hard to run a campaign like ours when we don't really stand for anything—that is, when we're uncommitted—and the other side has taken an outright stand," he said. "I'm afraid that a lot of the people who *did* go to the polls were the zealots. If we do poorly, it's going to look bad, because this was a pretty clear-cut issue—a showdown between the Goldwater people and us. Nobody else was running. I think we made a big mistake in not taking this primary more seriously. The Goldwater bunch has been working for six weeks—working hard—and we've only been at it intensively for the past three days. Of course, we mailed some literature earlier, but it didn't amount to much."

I said I was rather surprised that he had been willing to risk laying his prestige on the line without making a more strenuous effort, and he replied, "Well, you can get only so much work out of people. My job is to get my candidates elected in November, and I can't expect our people to get out there and slave twice in so short a time."

Shortly after ten o'clock, when the polls closed, the Party workers began pouring into the building, and almost at once the telephones began ringing with reports from the election districts. Garbarino paced restlessly from one group of talliers to the next. After twenty minutes or so, I asked him how it looked.

"Bad, very bad," he said. "The vote's heavier than I thought it would be, and it's also a lot closer."

Shortly after eleven, the last elec-



DOES THE UPPER REGISTER REALLY REGISTER?

YES! IF THE PIANO IS A MASON & HAMLIN WITH A DUPLEX SCALE. Grand pianos can be expected to sound rich and resonant. Yet in the upper register, where strings are shorter, some of the warmth can fade away.

But in a Mason & Hamlin grand, the treble notes sound clean and clear, thanks to the Duplex scale, a design improvement that reinforces the important harmonics of the treble.

In ordinary grands, just the main or "speaking" part of the treble string is tuned. But Mason & Hamlin also tunes the string length *beyond* the bridge by careful hand-placement of 37 small metal bars called aliquots. This adds to the sonority of the treble and fortifies the balance of the scale.

It shouldn't surprise you that only Mason & Hamlin uses a Duplex scale with hand-placed aliquots for greater clarity in the upper register.

What comes out of a piano is determined by what goes into it. And Mason & Hamlin puts more into a piano than anyone else. More time. More experience. More love.

Mason & Hamlin

East Rochester, N.Y., The Signature of Quality Pianos

FOR CATALOG OF STYLES AVAILABLE WRITE DEPT. A

Maker's
S IV
Mark.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash
Distilled, aged and bottled by the
STAR HILL DISTILLING CO.,
on Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

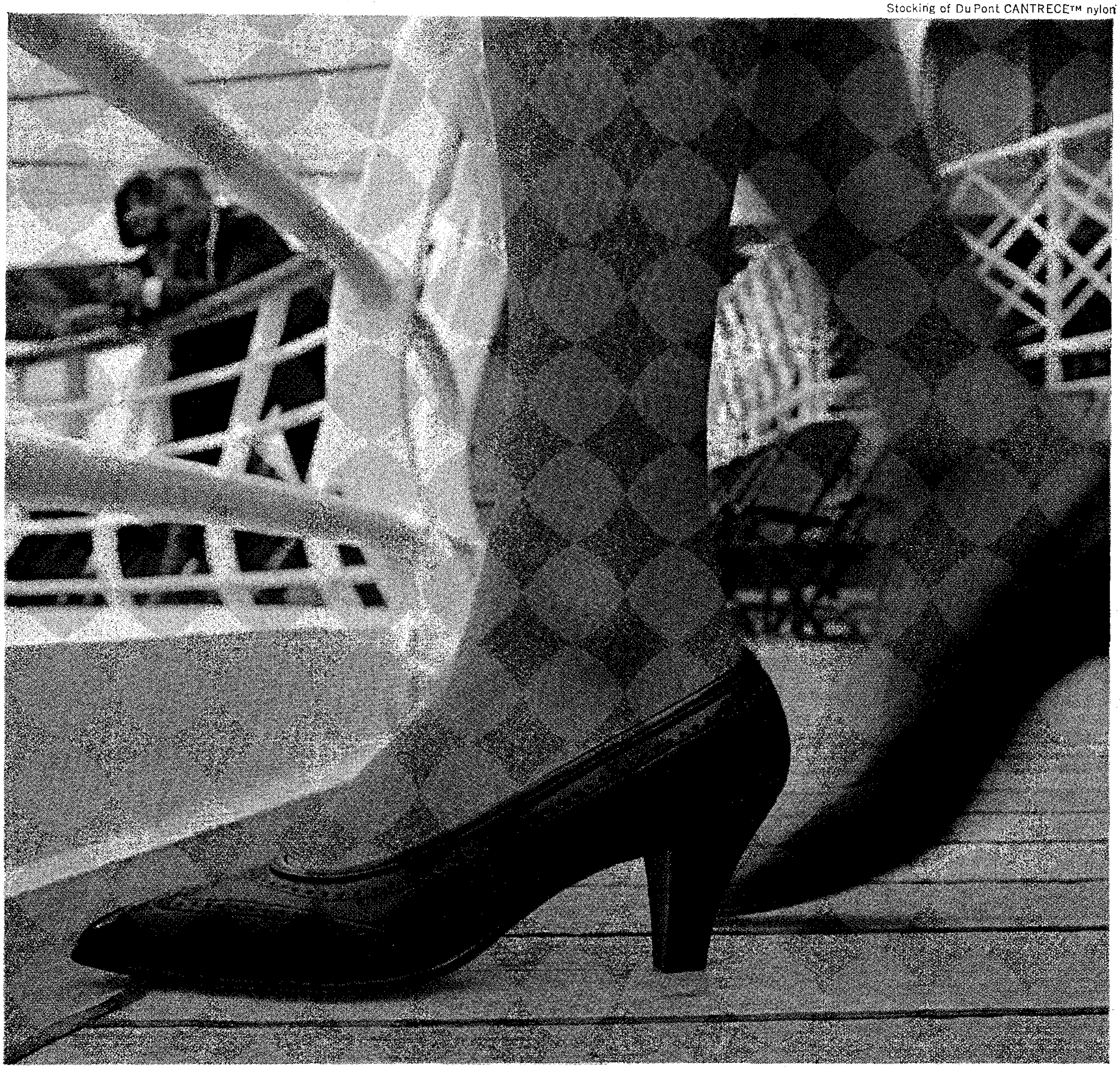
Not for everyman.

Some people couldn't care less how whisky tastes. They shouldn't pay the price for a bourbon as uncommonly good as Maker's Mark. It's made expensively; by hand; in small amounts and flavored with home-grown wheat to make it softer. Maker's Mark is a soft spoken bourbon; you can stay with its easy taste. Bill Samuels, a fourth generation distiller, makes it on his farm near Loretto, Ky.—but not for everyman. Send for Free Booklet: "Why Maker's Mark is the Softest Spoken of the Bourbons."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY OLD STYLE SOUR MASH 90 PROOF DISTILLED, AGED AND BOTTLED BY STAR HILL DISTILLING CO., STAR HILL FARM, LORETTO, KY.

The nonchalant non-stop shoe...

Stocking of Du Pont CANTRECE™ nylon



*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric

...in CORFAM®

CUSTOMCRAFT'S smashing new high-speed pump. A wonderful, carefree why-don't-we-go shoe. Made of CORFAM,* the remarkable new shoe upper material from Du Pont. The color is blackwine, deep and dark with a low glow. Light and flexy CORFAM b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s for comfort, holds its shape, withstands weather, keeps its new look longer. Normal soiling wipes off, and off you go. *There's a new way of life afoot in CORFAM!*

Better Things for Better Living... *through Chemistry*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CUSTOMCRAFT'S non-stop pump "The Journey", about $24.00 at: Lord and Taylor, Fifth Avenue, and all suburban stores.

tion district had reported, and the results were announced. Garbarino had won, but only by some eight hundred votes out of sixty-five hundred cast. I asked him how he felt, and he shook his head.

"Frankly, I'm stunned," he said. "We just didn't work hard enough. Also, I've just heard that some of my own people secretly campaigned for the Goldwater stand-ins in their districts." He paused and then added with a smile, "But I imagine they're stunned, too. I hear they were so confident of winning that they held a secret meeting last night out in Great Kills to discuss taking over the Party and ousting me."

Word had just come in that Rockefeller was taking what appeared to be a rather severe beating in *his* primary that day—in California. Garbarino hadn't heard the news, and when I told him, he gave me a preoccupied look, and said, "Really? Well, I guess we'll just have to fight that much harder."

THE New York State delegation to the Republican Convention had scheduled its first caucus at the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany on June 11th. Garbarino planned to drive up the day before, and he invited me to join him. It was the last day of the Republican Governors' Conference in Cleveland, and when we discussed what had happened there—or, rather, what had *not* happened there—it became clear that Garbarino had not yet begun to fight, and didn't intend to. "Ever since the California primary, I've been trying to talk myself into Goldwater," he said as we sped up the Thruway in his Lincoln Continental. "I wonder if we can't do something to make him acceptable to the Party. We'll have to tone him down and get him to stop shooting from the hip. I have an idea it can be done. As I see it, we're faced with an accomplished fact, and have to make the best of it. If I get a chance to talk to Governor Rockefeller, I'm going to tell him that Goldwater clearly can't be stopped, and that if we go on opposing him, we'll be accused of being poor sports, bent on wrecking the Party. Even if we could stop Goldwater, I'm convinced that nobody can beat Johnson. So why drag out somebody like Scranton? After all, who's Scranton? It's too late to build somebody up. All we'll do is split the Party down the middle. So why fight? Give the Goldwater people their day, but with one string attached—that they don't try to

GORDON-FORD

Like syrup from a
maple tree. That's
the Gordon-Ford flavor.
It's natural.

Examples: matched separates perfectly suited in country wale corduroy in country colors. Jacket, about $28. Easy skirt, about $14. At Abercrombie and Fitch, all stores; The Country Store, Concord, Mass.; Stewart and Co., Baltimore; Surrey, Pittsburgh; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Bermuda Sports Shop, Milwaukee.
Or for store nearest you write: GORDON-FORD, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

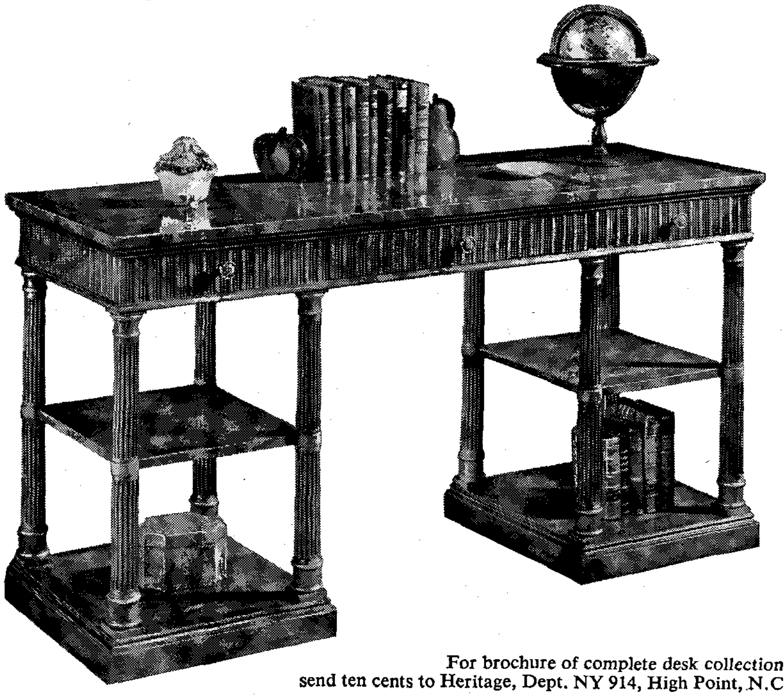
take over the state and local organizations. That's my main concern."

We rode on in silence for several miles. I was contemplating what some of the newspapers of the past few weeks had been projecting as the consequences of Senator Goldwater's nomination—the imminent death of the Republican Party and the damage that the resulting one-party system would do to the country, the inevitable loss of allies and the collapse of NATO, and, worst of all, the likelihood that the racial crisis would turn into a racial war. After a time, I mentioned these prospects to Garbarino, and he nodded.

"I'm worried about them, too," he said. "I believe deeply in the two-party system. I'm not at all for any kind of realignment, because it seems to me that you have to have all possible striations of thinking in each party. And when it comes to the foreign situation, I agree that it could be bad. With this show of Goldwater power following the assassination, this country is beginning to look like some South American republic. On the race thing—I hate to say it, but I know we're going to get the bigot vote. I abominate that vote, but it's going to work in our favor. The white backlash is certainly a reality on Staten Island. Only five per cent of the population out there is colored, but there's a lot of anti-Negro feeling. People are afraid that once the Verrazzano Bridge is completed, the city will start bussing Negro kids back and forth between the Island and Brooklyn. They also feel that the Negroes in New York are being too aggressive. I think we could win on that alone."

Shortly before we left the Thruway and headed into Albany, I asked Garbarino how he had got into politics in the first place, and he replied that until a dozen years ago nothing could have been farther from his mind. He had lived on Staten Island since he was ten years old, he told me, and, after attending parochial schools there and in Manhattan, he had taken his B.A. at St. Peter's College, in Jersey City, and an M.S. at the Fordham School of Social Service. Then, after five years in the Signal Corps during the Second World War, he had had various jobs as a social worker—chiefly as director of vocational and educational counselling at Halloran General Hospital, on Staten Island, and then as a psychologist with the Veterans Administration. "I was also going to Brooklyn Law School at night," he said, "and when I got my LL.B., in 1952, I quit the

Best of Both Worlds. Classic elegance of the old now functions for the new...a rare combination of console and desk. In mahogany veneered construction. From the desk collection by **HERITAGE®.**



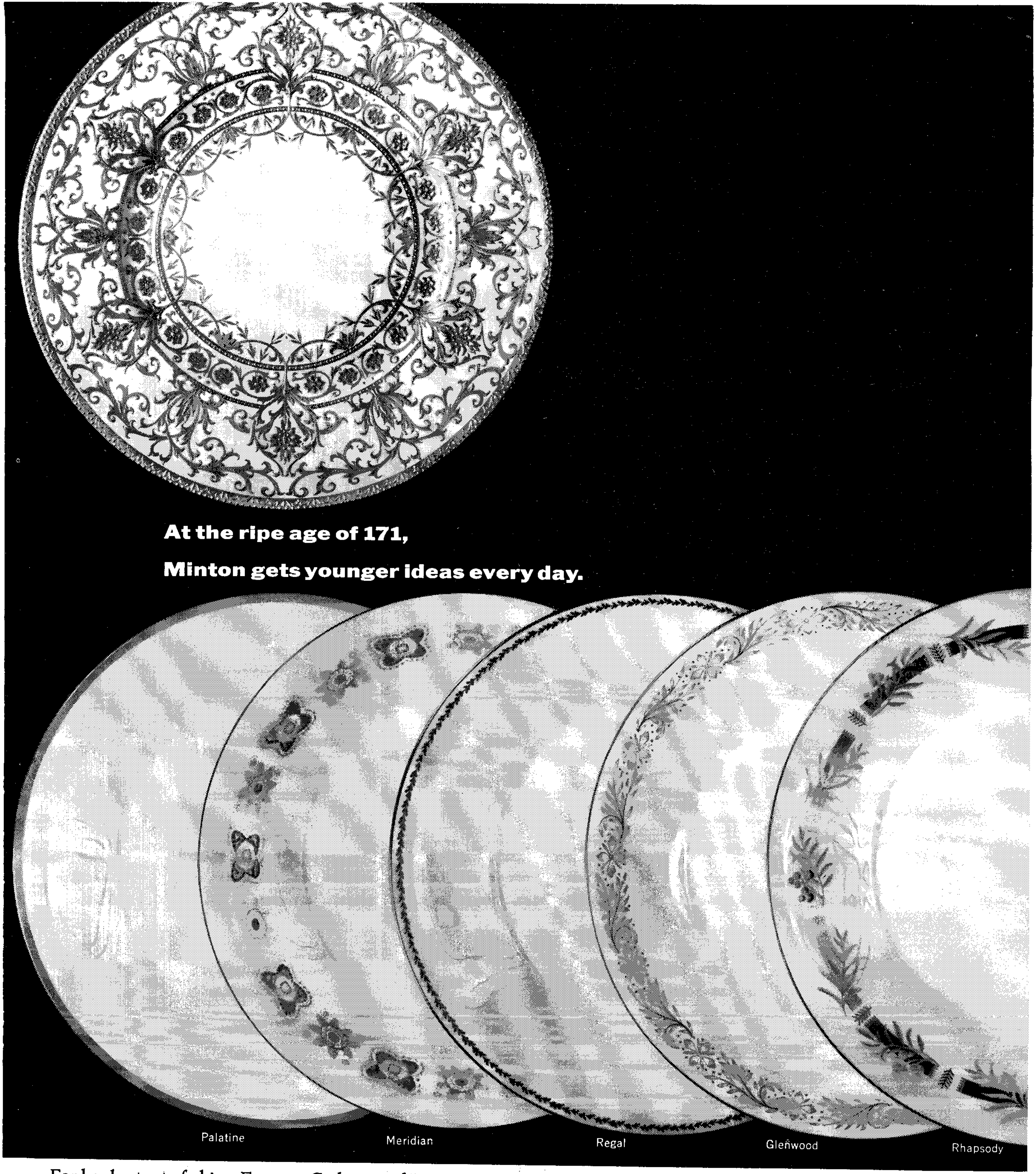
For brochure of complete desk collection,
send ten cents to Heritage, Dept. NY 914, High Point, N.C.

Grand Marnier Liqueur
Produit de France
Bottled in France
Paris — France

Grand Marnier HAS A WAY WITH LOVERS
... of the world's finest liqueur.

Try the Grand Marnier Sour—without sugar. You will love it. For the pleasure of your company serve Grand Marnier. For delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free recipe booklet.

MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. 39, 730 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 19



For her best set of china, Empress Catherine of Russia went to a brilliant young English potter named Minton.

Subsequent empresses have continued to do a lively business with subsequent Mintons. And now it's *your* turn.

Minton's newest regal shape is Monarch, a melodious marriage of tradition with contemporary simplicity. ("We must always express the best taste of our own day!" decreed an early Minton. His descendants have complied, as you see above.)

Monarch is offered in nine patterns, ranging from a simple platinum halo to the lushness of an English garden in June. All Minton is hand-made and hand-decorated. All Minton contains nearly twice as much bone as the law requires. All Minton shines like pearl, rings like a bell, is whiter than snow, and thrives in your automatic dishwasher.

For the ancient Minton at the top of the page, haunt London's antique shops. For the modern Minton below, go to the dominant stores. Place settings from $18.75.

May we send you a color brochure of 39 Minton patterns?
Minton, Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

The world's most beautiful china MINTON **MINTON English Bone China**

V.A. and started looking for a job in a law firm. I wasn't having much luck, and one day I stopped in at a diner in St. George for a cup of coffee and a rest from pounding the pavements. I ran into a fellow I knew slightly—a lawyer named Jim Flood, who was active in Republican politics. We got to talking, and he asked me if I was coming to the meeting that night. I thought he meant a Bar Association meeting, but he said no, he meant the meeting of the Republican County Committee. I laughed, and told him I was a registered Democrat. I'd never given much thought to politics, actually. My family were Democrats, so I was, too. Well, Flood said I should join the Republicans and work for them. I forgot about the whole conversation, but a couple of weeks later Flood called and said that Congressman Ray was looking for an attorney to handle political matters for him on the Island while he was in Washington, and wanted to talk to me. I still hadn't found a job, but I'd rented an office and hung out my shingle, so I needed all the help I could get. The job with Ray—spare-time, for the most part—paid two thousand dollars a year, and I figured I might also make a lot of contacts that would help my practice, so I agreed to discuss it. Well, Ray and I had a two-and-a-half-hour conversation, and at the end of it he hired me. I like people and I got to like the work, so I spent ten years with Ray, until he retired in 1962. In January of that year, I was chosen county chairman, and I've been working like a dog ever since."

THAT evening, Garbarino and I attended a buffet dinner that the state committee was holding at the Ten Eyck. There were a couple of hundred people on hand, and the general mood was as depressing as the food—limp cold cuts, stringy chicken, warm potato salad, and a variety of soggy garnishes. The first people we talked to—three assemblymen from upstate whom Garbarino knew—were discussing what would happen in their districts with Goldwater at the head of the ticket. One of them, a thin-faced, blond man, waved a hand despairingly when Garbarino asked him about his local situation.

"Don't even mention it," he said. "The thought makes me sick."

"It's that bad?" Garbarino asked.

"Worse," the man answered. "I'll get swept out of office. Did you hear that Carlino announced today that if

Cartier

CARTIER CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR YOUR EARLY SELECTION

Available now: a festive collection of imported and domestic designs, including our famous hand painted ones from Paris. Card shown: fifty for $20.00. One hundred, $35.00. Others from $25.00 the hundred. Brochure will be mailed upon request.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111

Evan-Piconery!

Is to here in. There in. To country coat everywhere in. And always with the glorious fit that alone is Evan-Picone. This, full-length, in bone or breen corduroy, pile-lined deep and warm. Sizes 8 to 16. $40. **Available at Peck & Peck, Fifth Avenue and all branches.**

Evan-Picone 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

R.M.S. Queen Mary: *81,237 tons—and not much shorter than the Empire State Building.*

Attention: scholars, socialites, secretaries, scientists, Shakespeare buffs (and businessmen)

Escape to Europe this fall—on a giant Cunard Queen

A crossing on the Queens is the perfect way to start any European vacation. Five days of sun and fun, superb *international* meals, exciting new friends and gracious *British* service. All this, and more, is included in your fare. Read on.

On the *Queen Elizabeth* or the *Queen Mary* your vacation starts the moment you step aboard. You arrive relaxed—ready to get the most out of your holiday.

Top men set the trend

Business leaders—that demanding, discerning, decision-making breed—have long favored the Queens. But you don't have to be chairman of the board to appreciate the luxury, conviviality, and gracious *British* service that are so distinctively Cunard.

Whatever class you select, you'll find more to do on board than in most resorts. Every day brings a festive round of deck tournaments, movies, cocktail parties, dancing and professional entertainment. In fact, with so much going on, you might like to slip off for a quiet moment in one of the peaceful libraries on board.

Each Queen offers *acres* of decks for strolling and recreation. There are 35 exquisite public rooms, ranging from intimate cocktail lounges to the largest salons afloat.

With so much space, there is no "excess baggage" problem. The average family can take over *half a ton* of baggage free on any Cunard liner.

Menus on the Queens feature specialties from around the world, including traditional American favorites. The wine list is so impressive it includes 21 kinds of vintage champagne.

To balance the pleasures of the table, you can swim, take a Turkish bath and a massage or work out in a fully equipped gymnasium.

Note to budget watchers

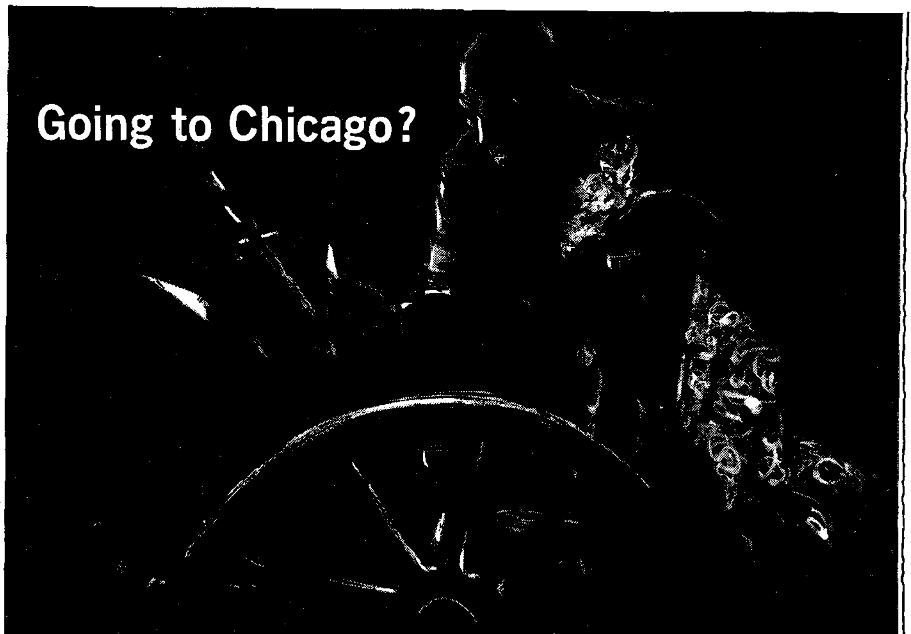
A voyage on the Queens need not be expensive. There is a wide variety of fares to choose from. And these superliners are so vast, you're never cramped, whether you travel First, Cabin, or Tourist Class.

When you consider that your fare includes 5 days of superb food, lodging and impeccable *British* service, plus 3,000 miles of sun and fun, you can see the price is really a bargain.

Special Cunard Savings

Cunard's *low* Thrift Season fares are now in effect. Additional substantial savings are possible after October 1 with Cunard's 30-day round-trip Excursion Fares.

For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office: Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, N.Y. 4, N.Y.


Going to Chicago?

Rendezvous at the new Red Coach, just minutes from O'Hare Airport on your way in or out of town on Kennedy Expressway. (It's in the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge at the North Park Ridge Exit.) Prime steer steaks and lively Maine lobsters are features on the Big Red Menu.

Particular people come back to the . . . Red Coach Grill

Massachusetts: Boston, Saugus, Hingham, Framingham, Middleboro, Wayland, Hyannis • **New York:** New York City, Yonkers, Westbury, L. I. • **Connecticut:** Darien, Wethersfield • **Florida:** Miami, Fort Lauderdale

Italy's favorite drink.

America's favorite imported wine.

Bolla

EXCLUSIVE U.S. IMPORTER: FONTANA HOLLYWOOD CORPORATION, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

Goldwater is nominated we will probably lose control of the legislature for the first time since 1938?"

"I wish Carlino hadn't said that," Garbarino said, frowning. "If it *is* Goldwater, we're going to have to work for him."

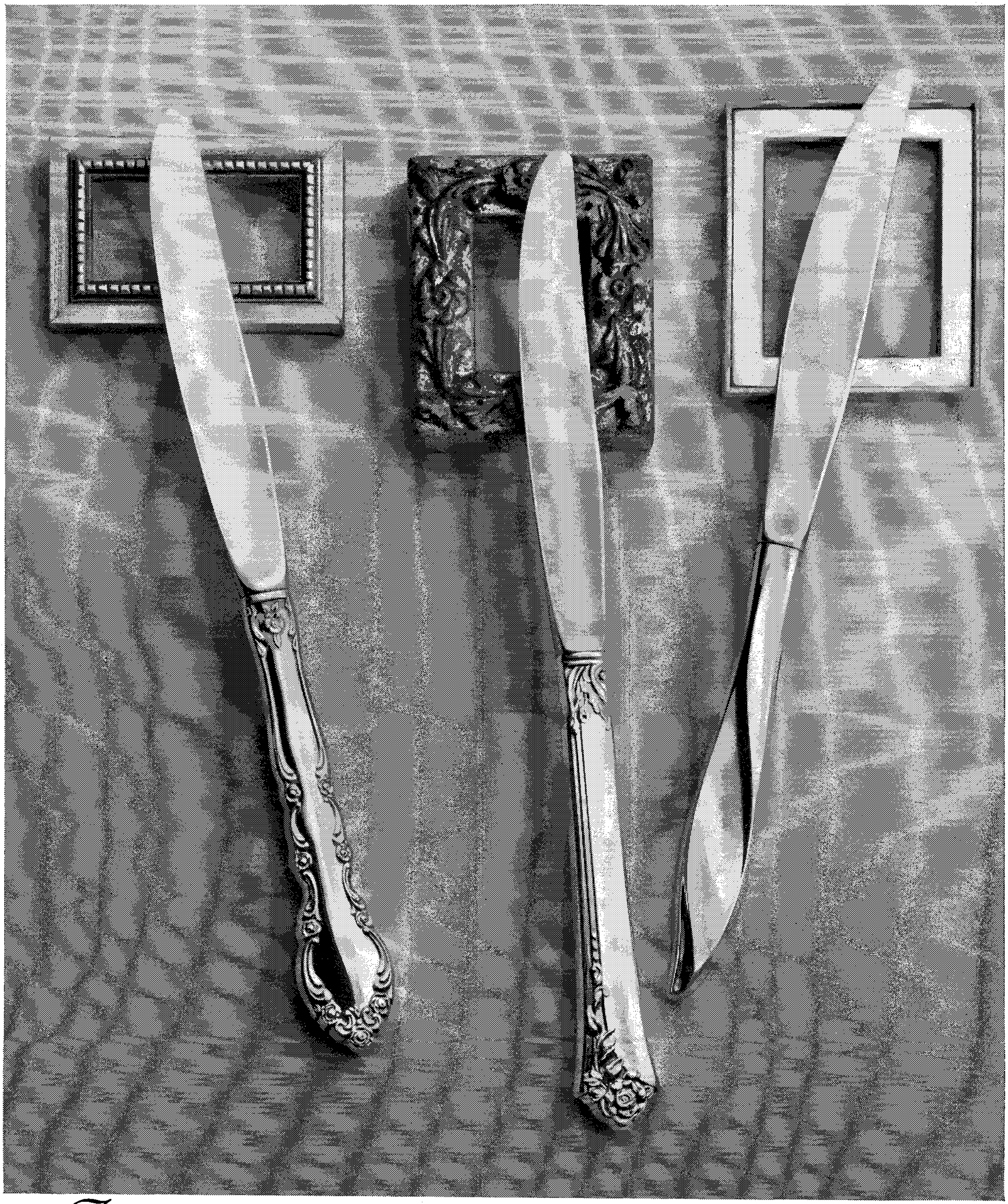
Shortly afterward, Garbarino and I sat down at a table with Michael Scelsi, who was on hand in his official capacity, and with a slender, dark-haired man who appeared hopelessly dejected. Garbarino and Scelsi got into a private conversation, so I turned to my other tablemate, who told me that he was an assemblyman from Long Island. When I asked him how he felt about running with Goldwater, he stared moodily into a half-empty highball glass before him and said, "Terrible. I think I'll probably lose. I won't support Goldwater. I won't even vote for him. How can I? I oppose three-fourths of what he stands for. And I'm scared to death of these fanatics. If Goldwater is nominated, this is going to be the filthiest campaign in American history. Oh, I think he's a decent man. He won't condone that sort of stuff. But nobody will be able to control the kooks." Falling into a gloomy silence, he finally sighed, and added, "It looks to me like the death of the Republican Party. I think Rockefeller should bolt at the Convention and set up another party—something for us to rally to." A couple of minutes later, he got up, gave me a despondent wave, and left.

I turned to Scelsi and Garbarino, who were having a heated discussion about what Rockefeller should do next.

"You've *got* to urge him to be moderate in this thing, Mike," Garbarino was saying. "If he attacks Goldwater, and Goldwater gets the nomination, some of us are going to have an impossible time of it in our local campaigns. Let's have some semblance of Party harmony, even if it isn't real. If Goldwater gets it, I want his support. I want his people working for the Republican ticket on Staten Island. All I want to do is keep my people in office."

The next morning after breakfast, I ran into Garbarino in the lobby, and he suggested that we take a walk. We strolled down State Street toward the Hudson, and on the way he told me that he and Scelsi had had a lengthy discussion of the plans for the caucus that afternoon.

"The Governor is going to be chairman of the delegation," Garbarino said, "and a resolution is going to be submitted to the caucus stating that the



Traditional, floral or proudly plain...choose the one you love

Whatever your temperament, whatever your taste, there's a superb pattern for you in Heirloom® Sterling. Stately, swirling traditionals like Grandeur (left). Romantic florals like Damask Rose (center). Clean-lined contemporaries like Vivant (right). Select that special one. Start your service. Let family and friends know your preference...A four-piece setting, in patterns shown, costs only $34, Federal Tax included. For name of dealer nearest you and complete brochure on Heirloom Sterling patterns, just write to Oneida Silversmiths, Dept. NY-9, Oneida, New York.

HEIRLOOM STERLING BY Oneida SILVERSMITHS

delegation supports a platform that will be modern, moderate, forward-looking, and completely consistent with the Republican platform of 1960. I argued with Mike for two hours trying to talk him out of it. I tried to get him to change the resolution to say something like 'We support the Governor in his fight for moderate Republicanism,' and let it go at that. But I got nowhere. Instead, I finally agreed not to oppose them, and Mike asked me to submit one of the procedural resolutions—empowering the Governor to call a caucus whenever he sees fit."

At the end of the street, we picked our way through a parking lot and reached the bank of the river. Garbarino stared at the yellowish water for a long time. "I think Rockefeller should fold his arms and sit back," he said at last. "He should say to the other moderates, 'You let me make the whole fight alone. You thought that I'd get knocked off along with Goldwater and that you could take over without making a single speech or shaking a single hand. Now, because you didn't help me in my cause, you've lost your own. Well, you put me on the shelf. I'm going to stay there until you get together and take me off.' If you ask me, it's got to be either Rockefeller or Goldwater. They're the ones who made the fight."

At the caucus that afternoon, I later learned, it soon became clear that Garbarino's counsels of moderation had gone unheeded. After being installed as chairman of the delegation, Governor Rockefeller said, according to a transcript of his speech issued by his office, "There is a decision and there is a choice to be made within our Party—as well as between the parties—on principles, on fundamental issues." Then he went on to enumerate some of the stands that Goldwater had taken, which, he said, "would be disastrous for the future of the country." Among them were the Senator's proposals that the United States get out of the United Nations, that we break off relations with the Soviet Union, that control over nuclear weapons be given to NATO commanders, that all foreign aid be terminated, that there be a federal right-to-work law, that Social Security be made voluntary, that federal aid to education be cut off, that all agricultural subsidies be abolished, that the graduated-income-tax law be repealed, and that civil-rights legislation be defeated. "I mention these questions simply because, in my opinion, we Republicans face basic issues of principle

𝔉𝔞𝔟𝔩𝔢𝔰 𝔣𝔬𝔯 𝔱𝔥𝔢 𝔳𝔢𝔯𝔶 𝔯𝔦𝔠𝔥

(and those who would like to be)

**THE WALRUS
AND THE TAX MAN**

A harried Walrus was asked to explain where his money went. "You claim," challenged the tax man, "that you spend 30% of your income for food, 30% for clothing, 30% for shelter and 30% for recreation. That adds up to 120%!" "That's right," agreed the Walrus mournfully.

𝔐𝔬𝔯𝔞𝔩: ***A man owes it to himself to be a success... after that he owes it to the Government.***

Unless, of course, like many shrewd investors, he elects to put part of his income into tax-free municipals. These high-grade bonds let you keep what they earn. Uncle Sam's tax bite isn't even a nibble.

If your taxable income is $12,000 a year or over, you'll find our booklet "WHAT TAX FREE BONDS CAN MEAN TO YOU" mighty interesting and, possibly, profitable reading.

Like a copy? Simply come in and ask for it at our nearest office. Or write today to our main office.

Francis I. duPont & Co.

Dept. C, One Wall Street, New York, N.Y. • DIgby 4-2000

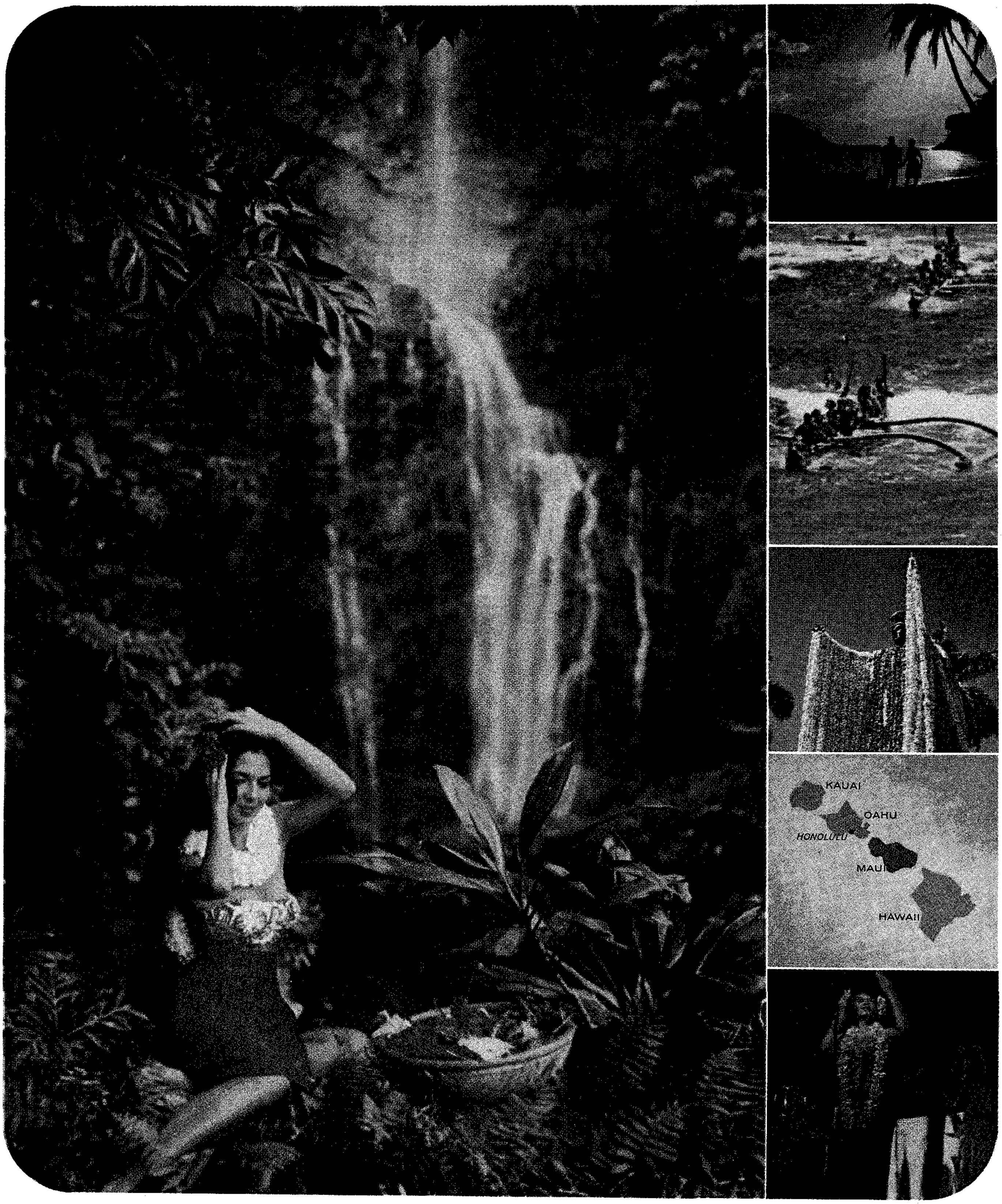
Members New York and Pacific Coast Stock Exchanges and all principal security and commodity exchanges • More than 100 offices nationwide and abroad

is it me...or ***Jack Winter?***

**What's nine lives without a cat?
What's Jack Winter without you?**

Stretch pants go nifty with putover of quilting colors. Around $15 each.
B. Altman & Co., New York and branches.
Jack Winter, 1410 Broadway, New York City.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST.

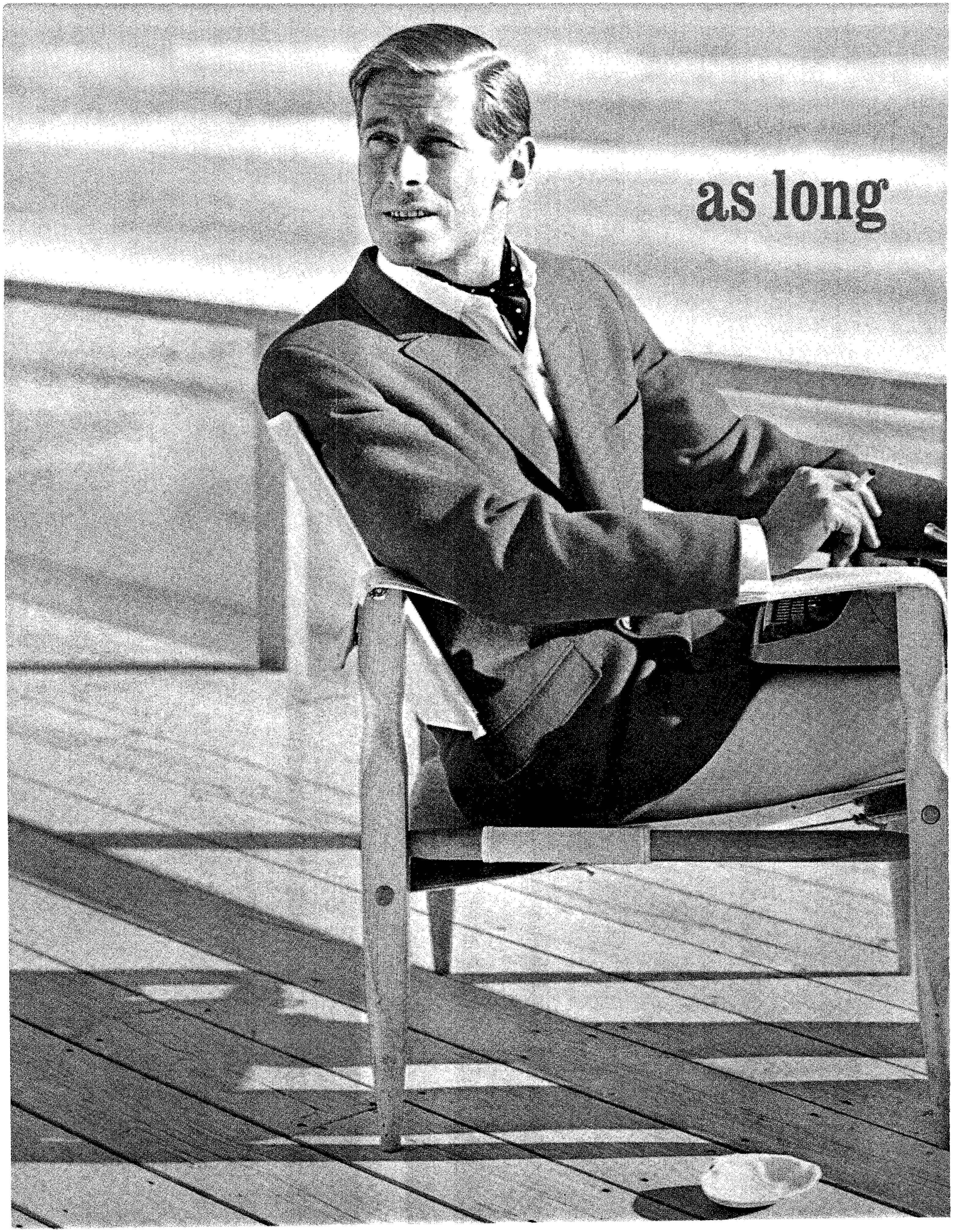


Polynesian beauty at Wailua Falls on Maui

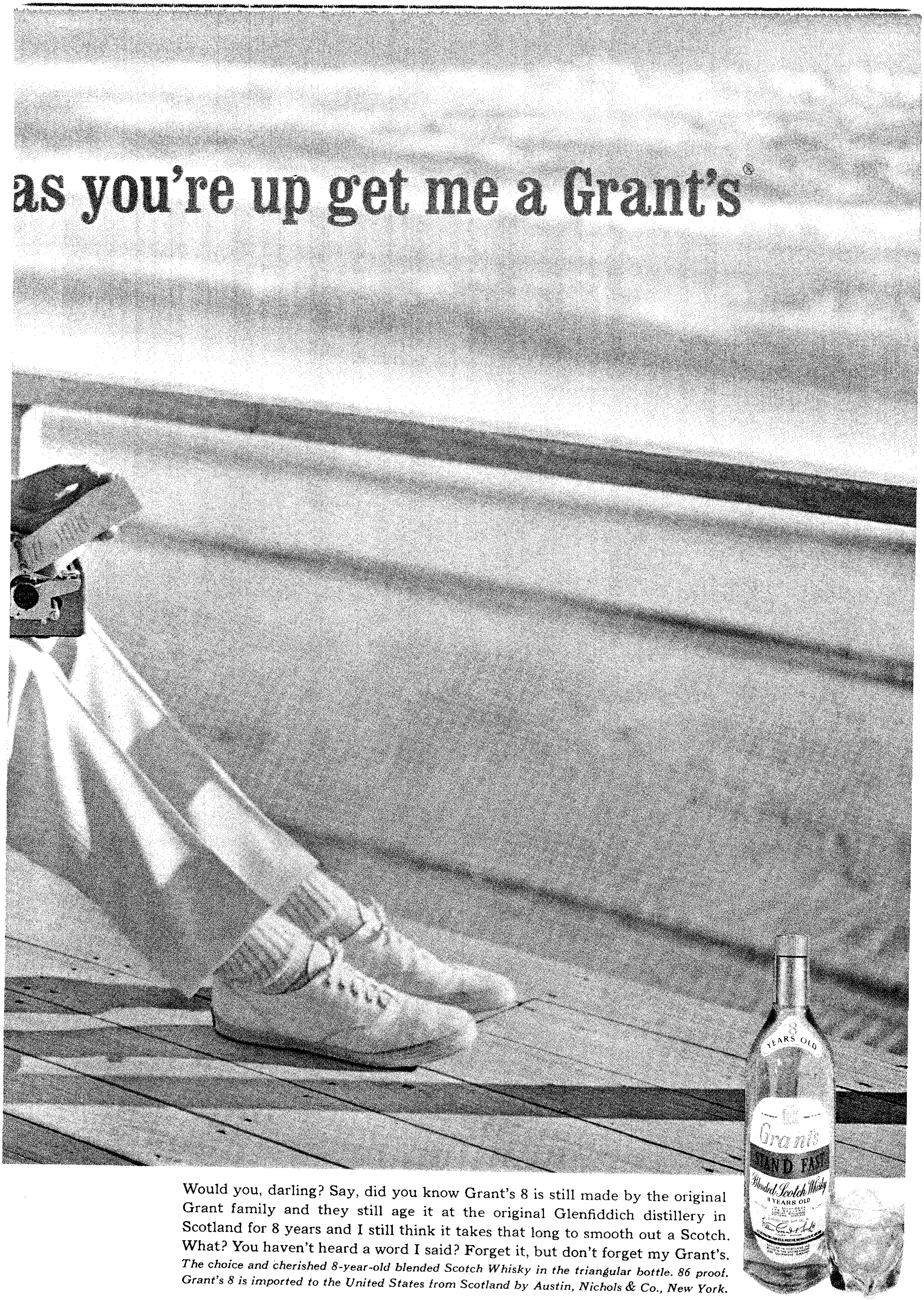
The sorcery starts as soon as you see **MAUI** in the Islands of **HAWAII**

Maui works a special kind of bewitchment—she warms your heart with famous hospitality, then dazzles your eyes with island beauty. Her spell often lasts forever. Happily, Maui and all the Islands of Hawaii are close at hand, within your easy reach in time and cost —4½ hours by jet, 4½ days by ship from the West Coast. Tomorrow you can be here. ■ *In November join Maui's Whaling Spree and the All-Islands Makahiki; in December see golf's Canada Cup.*

See Your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or write to **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. A-2, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815, for full color illustrated folder · Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

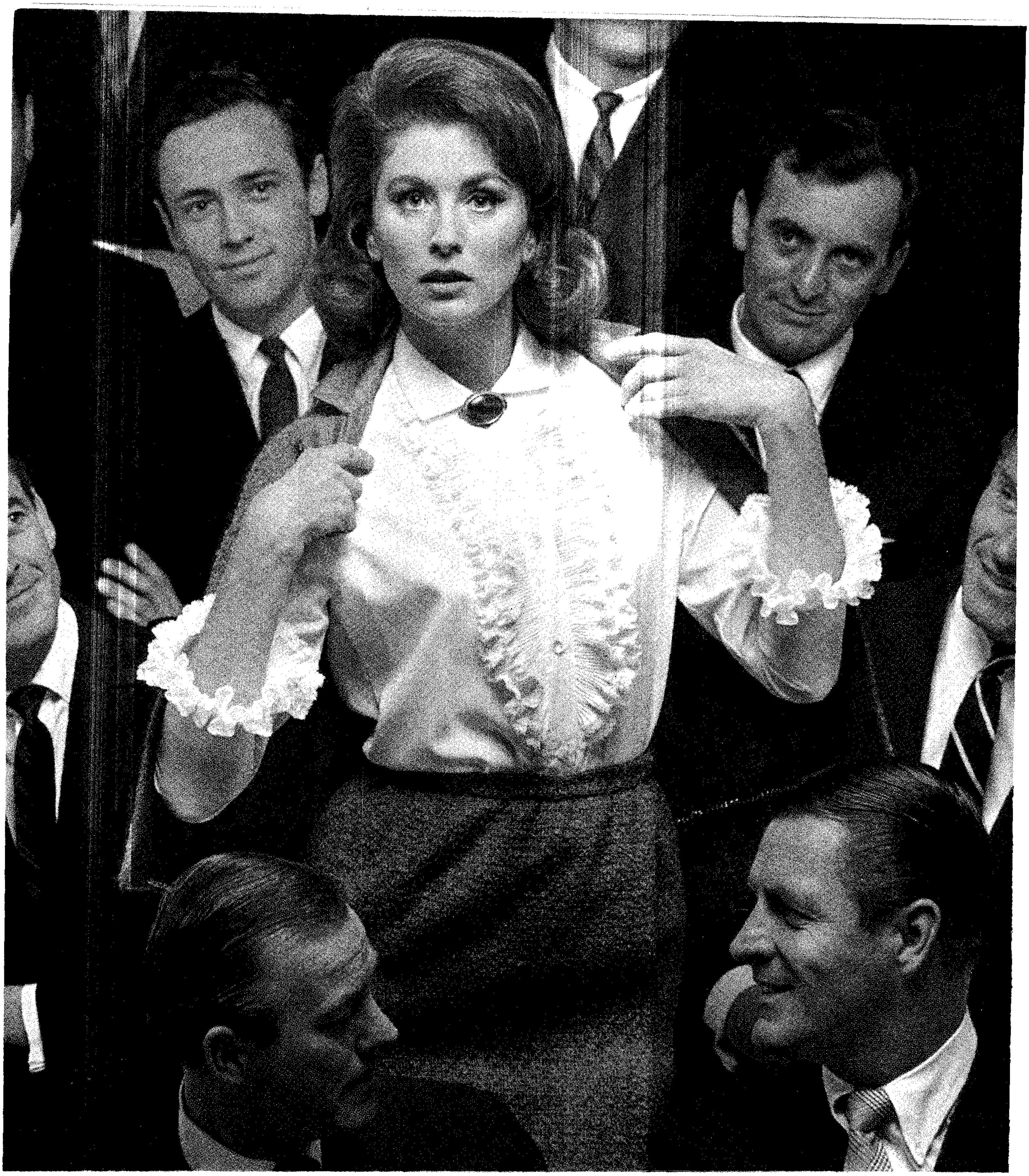


©1963 AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.


as you're up get me a Grant's®
8 YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD

Would you, darling? Say, did you know Grant's 8 is still made by the original Grant family and they still age it at the original Glenfiddich distillery in Scotland for 8 years and I still think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. What? You haven't heard a word I said? Forget it, but don't forget my Grant's.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. 86 proof. Grant's 8 is imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York.



There's a Lady in the house!

And she's wearing that most disarming of new fashions, the Lady Manhattan® Gentle Woman Shirt! A beguiling confection of ruffles and flourishes, this shirt is made of no-iron 100% Dacron® polyester crepe and its ruffles are lace-edged, permanently pleated. Just see how graceful those ruffled sleeves are, how flattering the ruffled front! In white only. 8 to 18. About $13.00. Slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

At these and other fine stores: B. ALTMAN & CO., *New York;* HOCHSCHILD-KOHN, *Baltimore;* JORDAN MARSH, *Boston;* HECHT CO., *Washington, D. C.;* HORNE'S, Pittsburgh; BLOCK'S, Indianapolis; STIX, BAER & FULLER, St. Louis; MAY D & F, Denver; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles. Also available in Canada.

Lady Manhattan®

which relate not only to the future of the Republican Party but to the future of America," the Governor concluded.

After the caucus, I ran into Garbarino, and he was beaming. "I've never seen the Governor in such great form before," he said. "He was absolutely brilliant. The way he stated his case made me sorry he hadn't spoken out so clearly and forcefully before this."

THE next day, Governor William Scranton announced his candidacy, and three days after that Rockefeller withdrew from the race to support him. After the second of these events, I telephoned Garbarino to see how he felt about what was happening.

"Something strange is going on," he said. "This isn't just politics. There is obviously great concern on the highest levels—not just for the Party but for the country. Scranton seems to me something of a Johnny-come-lately, and it certainly seems a case of too little and too late. But I'm very impressed by the alarm that's being shown all across the country at the prospect of Goldwater's getting the nomination."

Not long before the Convention, I had lunch on Staten Island with Garbarino and the Island's only state senator—John Marchi, a dark-haired, pleasant man in his early forties. When we got on the inevitable subject of Goldwater's nomination, both men expressed the conviction that the Senator would soon come around to a far more moderate position, and that this would be made clear in his speeches and, most of all, in the Party's platform. "If they push through a right-wing platform, he'll probably lose the nomination," Garbarino said. "In fact, that's the only thing I can see that could stop him. It would lose him a lot of support among the delegates. It's possible, though, that his crowd has become so arrogant that they'll hold out for a really conservative platform. But I doubt it. They'll have to give *me* a moderate platform before *I'll* go along with Goldwater."

I asked Marchi what effect Goldwater's nomination would have on his own reëlection race, and he replied that he was sure he could ride it out but that until Goldwater clarified his current views, the question of supporting him raised some problems.

"Goldwater will take Staten Island, I'm sure of that," Garbarino said. "The closer he gets to grabbing the nomination, the more people I run into who are all for him. It's amazing. This is a conservative community, and the

A brave, sincere, and moving offer:

Air-India's Tour Manager will give you the Maharajah off his lapel

if you can find better tour values than these.

Of course, it's quite possible you may find *cheaper* tours. But it doesn't take a tour expert to tell you that *value* is more than a matter of price... it's what you see, how you travel, how you're treated. That's why we can be supremely confident that AIR-INDIA's Maharajah Holidays offer more of everything that makes your tour a real value: imaginative itineraries, fascinating sightseeing, colorful entertainment, attractive accommodations—and the delightful experience of being cared for like a Maharajah.

Important: If you're a Maharajah on a budget, AIR-INDIA offers the *lowest* rates on "Go-Now-Pay-Later" plans. As little as 10% down... up to 24 months to pay.

Four tours to choose from... as low as $534*–all expenses paid including air fare!

Spain—15 days—two days each in Paris and London. To make a 21-day holiday, choose an extension to Sicily or Morocco.

Sicily—15 days—including Rome and London. Six-day extensions to either Morocco or Spain.

Morocco—15 days—including Paris and London. Six-day extensions to either Spain or Sicily.

Europe—our new low-cost "Europak" Tour from 15 to 45 days.

Plan your own tour from four basic itineraries. Sightseeing where and when *you* want... hotels of your choice with confirmed reservations. Everything pre-arranged and pre-paid *before* departure.

Naturally, you can't be properly carried away by the excitement and the value of AIR-INDIA's tours until you've had a chance to pore over them. To do that simply send the coupon for our FREE "Maharajah Holiday" brochures.

(And if you still want to challenge our Tour Manager, he's standing by at the ready.)

*including 21-day jet economy excursion fare from New York

NY-7

AIR-INDIA

410 Park Avenue N. Y. 10022

It's a moving offer, all right. Kindly send me your FREE brochures on the following tours:

☐ **Spain** ☐ **Sicily**
☐ **Morocco** ☐ **Europe**

P.S. If I can't find a better value, and I choose an AIR-INDIA tour, will you give me a Maharajah pin?

My Travel Agent is:__________

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________Zip Code__________

ISLAND INN
FROZEN FRESH
Daiquiri
MIX
JUST ADD RUM
PUERTO RICAN RUM
TASTES LIKE A DAIQUIRI
COOLS LIKE A COLLINS

Have you tried the new Daiquiri Collins?

YOU CAN make this great new thirst-quencher in *30 seconds flat.* All you need: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and dry, light Puerto Rican rum.

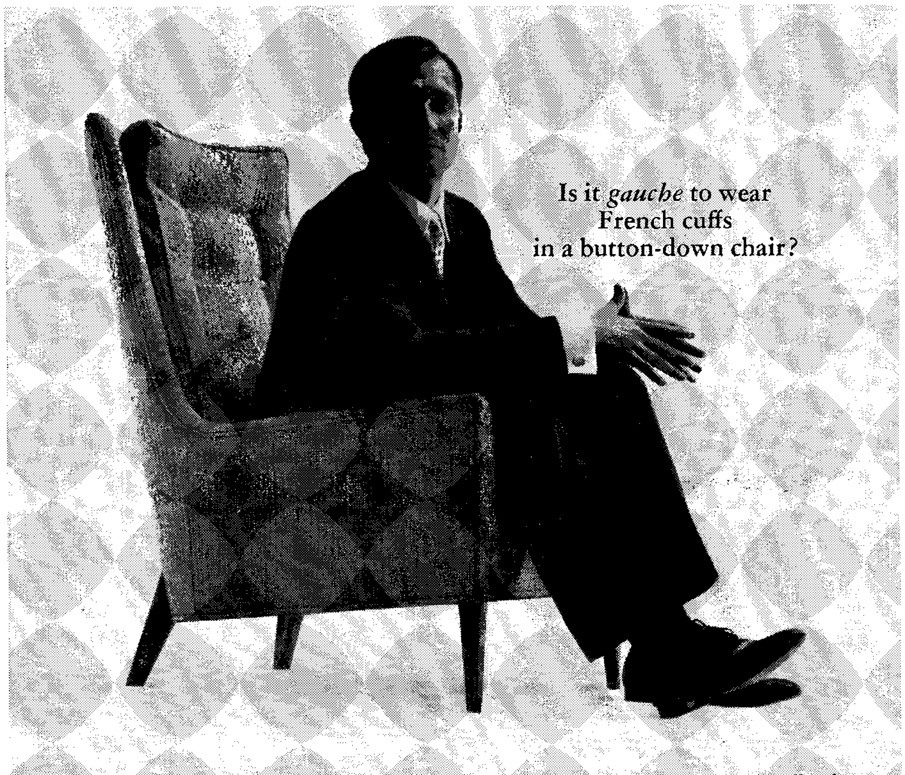
Daiquiri Mix saves you the time. Look for it in food or liquor stores.

Very important: Always insist on Puerto Rican rums—they're *extra dry.*

Recipe for the Daiquiri Collins: Fill a tall glass with ice. Add 1 oz. Daiquiri Mix, 2 ozs. Puerto Rican rum and a little water or club soda. Stir.

Free recipe booklet with 31 delightful rum drinks. Write: Rum Booklet, Dept.Y10,666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., Inc., New York and Los Angeles.



Perhaps. If you live in a provincial city, probably you are a conformist. Barrel cuffs, then, would be more correct. But this Metropolitan chair is imported from San Francisco, the bold, dashing, daring, and fiendishly attractive city. Acquire *savoir faire* for only $1. Send for 92 pages of fashionable furnishings designed by Metropolitan's A.I.D. award-winning *coutourier,* Jules Heumann. Metropolitan Furniture Corporation, Department R4, 1355 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

METROPOLITAN M

people like him. That's all there is to it."

"You know, this really is an unusual place in some ways," Marchi put in. "Nineteen per cent of all the workers on Staten Island have some sort of government job—federal, state, or municipal. Yet many of them are deeply conservative and independent. They're living under a kind of statism—living *by* it, I should say—and they vote against expanding government every time."

"Even a lot of the Democrats here are for Goldwater," Garbarino said. "There are some city offices in my building, and several of the workers there—hundred-dollar-a-week clerks—have come up to me and said, 'When you go out to San Francisco, you vote for Goldwater, John.' I was amazed. I said to one of them, 'I don't understand. You're a Democrat, working for the city administration.' He smiled and said, 'That's all right, I'm for Goldwater. He's one of us.' I didn't quite get that, and asked him what he meant. He just grinned and said, 'You know what I mean. He's for *us.*' Then I realized what he was getting at. The 'us' was 'us white men.' "

After lunch, as we chatted for a few minutes outside the restaurant, Garbarino said to Marchi, "You know, I'm inclined to vote for Goldwater on the first ballot."

Marchi stared at him in astonishment.

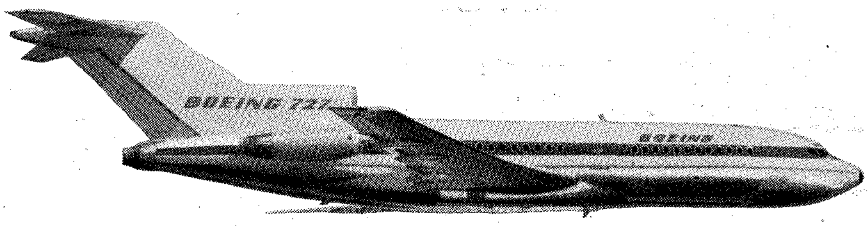
"Why not?" Garbarino asked. "As far as I'm concerned, it's either Goldwater or Rockefeller. I don't buy this Scranton. Who is he? What's he ever done? Where does he stand? Hell, I don't even know if he's a Republican. Rockefeller is still my first choice, but if he can't get it, I think I'll go for Goldwater. Give him a chance."

"You can't do that, John," Marchi said. "At least, not on the first ballot. You know it's not the way you really feel about it. You've got to vote your conscience. This isn't a local office. It's the Presidency of the United States. Whoever gets the job is going to be the leader of the free world."

"I don't know," Garbarino said. "Let's see what happens."

ON Sunday, July 12th, the day before the Convention opened in San Francisco, I arrived at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel, where the New York delegation was staying, and found that the prevailing mood was one of subdued despair. Garbarino and his

If the only thing you hate about a business trip is saying goodbye to your wife,



take her with you.

She'll enjoy the swift, quiet ride in a Boeing jetliner as much as you do. The whole trip, in fact, will be more fun.

You'll be sharing the enriching experiences of travel together. This is a significant added dimension—one that can turn a routine business trip into a mutually rewarding travel adventure.

You'll be surprised how short the trip will seem. And you'll be pleased to learn what good business it can be to take your wife along.

Now flying Boeing jets: *Air Afrique, Air Algerie, Air Congo, Air France, Air-India, Air Madagascar, All Nippon, American, Avianca, BOAC, Braniff, BWIA, Continental, Eastern, El Al, Ethiopian, Indian, Irish, LIA, Lufthansa, Nigeria, Northeast, Northwest, Pacific Northern, Pakistan, Pan American, Qantas, Sabena, Saudi Arabian, South African, TAP, TWA, United, Varig, Western, World.* Later: *Ansett-ANA, JAL, National, Pacific Southwest, TAA (Australia).*

BOEING Jetliners
LONG-RANGE 707 • MEDIUM-RANGE 720 • SHORT-RANGE 727

TAYLOR
the American vermouths created for American tastes

TAYLOR
Extra Dry
VERMOUTH
TAYLOR
SWEET
VERMOUTH

What's more American than a Martini? Or a Manhattan?

EXTRA DRY FOR MARTINIS
SWEET FOR MANHATTANS

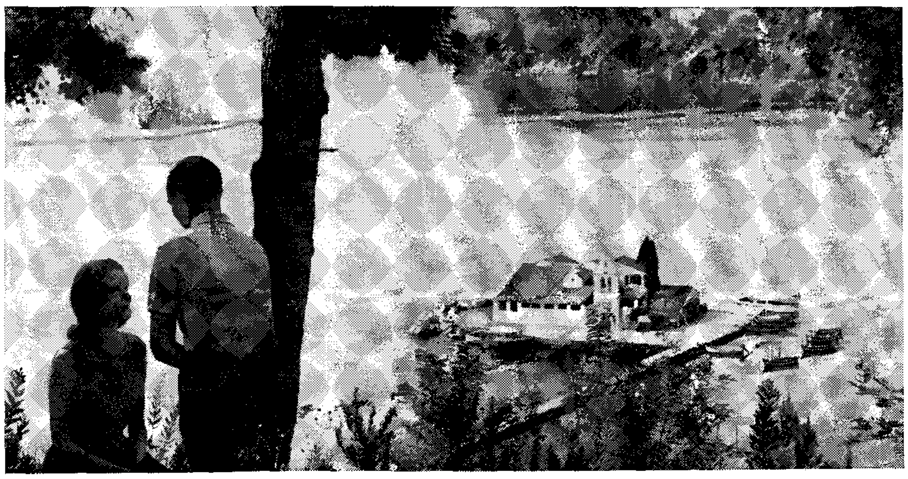
In fact, the cocktail—tantalizingly dry and icy as a glacier—is an American idea. And to suit American tastes it needs a well-behaved American vermouth.

Like Taylor.

Try it. (For a starter, why not buy a half-bottle size?) The difference is delightful. And sure to please your guests. And you.

Serve it on the rocks too. Um-m-m-m. Now that's really an American idea.

© The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, New York—producers of Wines, Champagnes, Vermouths



ODYSSEY, ANYONE? Odysseus was only the first traveler who longed to see Greece. The most experienced go there now on the magnificent S.S. QUEEN FREDERICA.

They know what's in store for them when they board this renowned ship: Lido sundecks, tiled swimming pools, laughter, ambrosia from the kitchens, service that makes one feel like a god.

The 21,000-ton, air-conditioned Queen Frederica makes frequent sailings from New York to Italy and GREECE calling at Gibraltar, Palermo, Naples, Messina and PIRAEUS, port for ATHENS, the home of the heroes. But you don't have to be a hero to enjoy it. Just a bon vivant. *Book through your Travel Agent!*

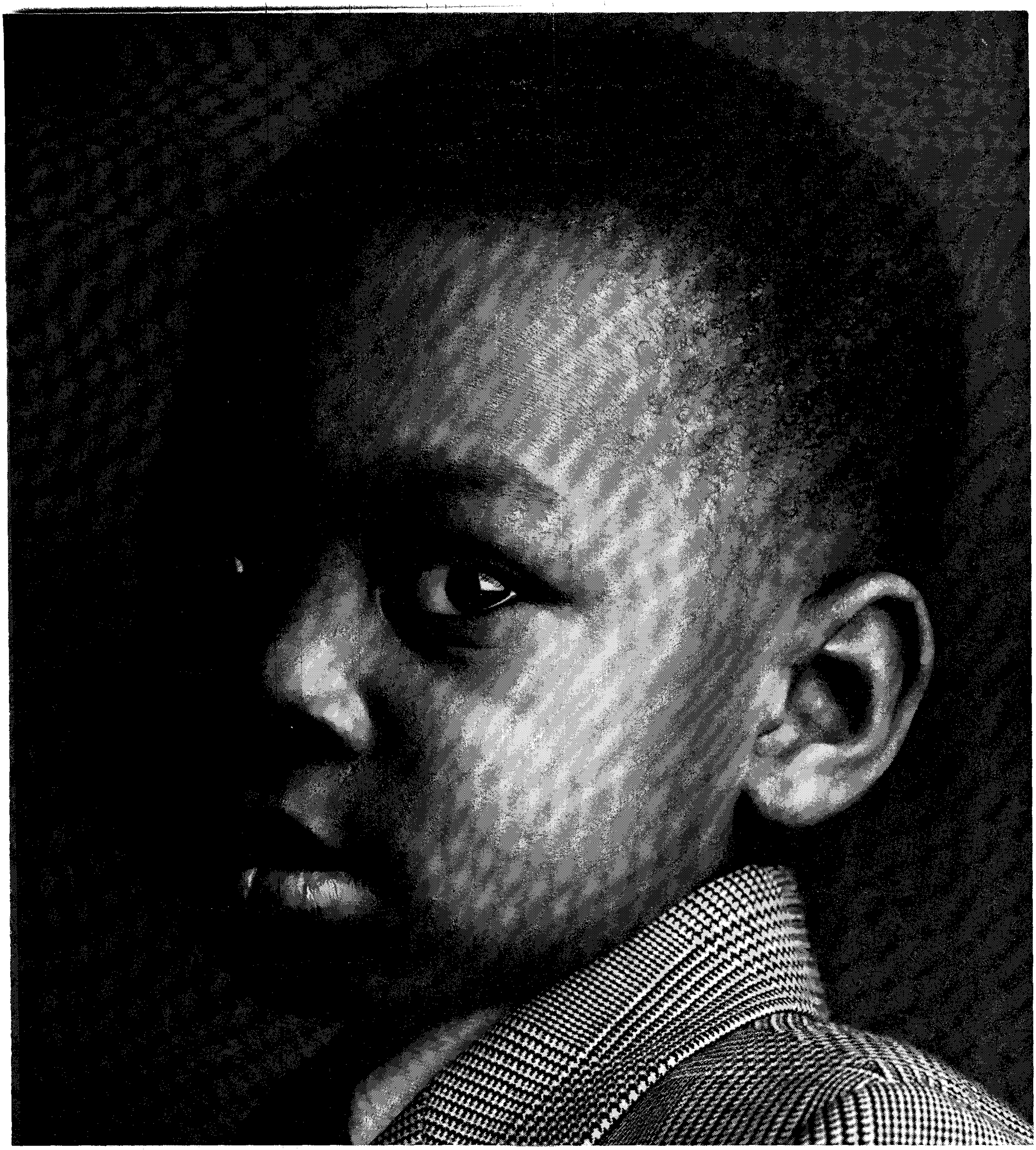
NATIONAL HELLENIC AMERICAN LINE

HOME LINES AGENCY INC. *General Agents*
42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.
Digby 4-6363

wife hadn't checked in yet, but in the lobby—a block-long corridor with a high ceiling and crystal chandeliers—I ran into Scelsi. When I asked him if he thought there was any chance of stopping Goldwater, he gave me a resigned look. "Yeah, if he gets caught holding up a gas station before Wednesday," he said.

While I was waiting for Garbarino, I decided to visit the Scranton and Goldwater headquarters, which were both in the Mark Hopkins. The atmosphere in that hotel was quite different. The lobby was jammed with people carrying Goldwater signs and wearing huge Goldwater buttons; I saw two men and a woman with small Scranton buttons, but they looked rather uneasy, as if they half expected to get thrown out at any moment. All in all, the crowd was a pleasant one—attractive, young, and brimming with cheerfulness. Off to one side, I saw a large sign reading, "Goldwater Hospitality Suite," and started through the crush toward it. I made my way around two lovely young women wearing Goldwater pins, dodged a man with a hand-painted sign announcing that "It's Barry Picking Time," and continued past a man sitting at a card table loaded with six-pack cartons of a soft drink called "Gold Water," in green-and-gold cans, which was advertised as "The Right Drink for the Conservative Taste." A sizable crowd had gathered at the door of the Hospitality Suite, but just as I joined it, a man emerged and shouted, "The Hospitality Suite is closed!"

Catching a taxi, I asked the driver to take me back to the Sheraton-Palace, but we were soon stopped by a big civil-rights parade. I got out and joined the thin line of observers along the curb. As is usually true of such parades in the North, the majority of the participants were whites—college students, mostly, with here and there a minister or someone who might have been a college professor, though the bohemian crowd that one would expect to find in San Francisco was well represented, too. The paraders—forty thousand in all, I read in the papers later—for the most part marched in silence, but now and then a group of them would burst out singing "I'm Gonna Let It Shine" or "We Shall Overcome," or would clap their hands and chant "Goldwater must go!" Standing at the curb beside me were two young men with signs announcing that they wanted Barry. They watched in silence for a long time, and then one of



If he can speak fluent Ewe, why can't you?

He learned it at his mother's knee, the way you learned your English. Began in the usual way with "Mama"—(in Ewe, the language of Togo, that comes out "Dada ") and now at four, he chatters like a bird, while Ewe seems like just another impenetrable language to you. Until you go to Berlitz.

Not many people ask us to teach them Ewe. But if you wanted, you could out-converse this little boy in a matter of months. Tell his mother a few things, too. That quickly. How? Well, first, Berlitz lessons are generally private. You get more concentrated teaching time than even a mother could spare. Second, you're an adult now. You understand language and learning concepts and you have a wide vocabulary in your native tongue.

The Berlitz method makes use of your adult abilities to teach you to speak a new language. The way our young Togolander learns Ewe. Without verb drills, translations or academic atmosphere. Just lots and lots of conversation.

You may want to safari or get down to business in Africa. In which case Berlitz is prepared to teach you Ewe, Lingala, Amharic, Swahili, Hausa, 'Xosa or Zulu. Or any language in the world. Now. Just look us up in your local directory. It's enrollment week.

Baltimore, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, East Orange, Houston, Los Angeles, Manhasset, Mexico City, Miami, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Montreal, New York (Rockefeller Center; Wall St. area), Ottawa, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Québec, St. Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, San Juan, Seattle, Stamford, Toronto, Washington D.C., White Plains.

Berlitz
FOR LANGUAGES

A wool skirt without bulk, without weight, without complications . . . wrought with John Meyer's accustomed care of detail. Watch pocket; side zipper. The overplaiding is widely spaced on muted countryside colors . . . Heathery Gold, Grey, Green, Cherry, Blue. 6 to 16. About $15 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

them said to the other, "You can see what sort of people they are. A third are Negroes, a third Democrats, and a third Communists."

I got back to the Sheraton-Palace just before five o'clock—the hour at which the New York delegation was scheduled to hold its first caucus in San Francisco. Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller were standing in the lobby when I came in. The crowds that had followed them everywhere a few weeks earlier had disappeared; they were quietly chatting with another couple, and no one else seemed to be paying much attention to them. Garbarino still hadn't checked in, so I followed the crowd to the entrance to the Gold Room—one of the hotel's ballrooms, where the caucus was to be held—to wait for him. Before long, I saw him heading along the corridor with his wife—a dark-haired, pleasant-looking woman—and I went up to him. He smiled and shook hands. "I don't know what they intend to do in there," he said, nodding toward the Gold Room, "but it looks bad. I don't see why Scranton doesn't throw in his hand. He's just making everything worse. We'll never hold the Party together this way. If I get a chance, I'm going to speak my piece."

Half an hour later, the caucus broke up, and Garbarino rejoined me. Very little had happened, he told me as we headed for the lobby, and he hadn't spoken his piece—or at least not publicly. "It was mostly procedural stuff," he explained. "Carlino told us what had been done in the platform committee. It's a very weak platform, but I gather they're going to try to strengthen it. I'm not sure they should bother. It'll just make tempers shorter than they already are." He stopped to greet a fellow-delegate, and then, as we walked on, he said, "I sat next to Javits at the caucus and asked him if he thought it was a good thing to fight to the end like this. He said of course it was. His position is that we have to make the best fight we can, to show the people back home where we stand and that we did our best. In his opinion, it's the only way to save our local candidates. Well, it may be the best way to save Ken Keating—I think that's who he was really talking about—but it's not the best way to save *my* candidates. Come election time, the state committee will give us the usual financial assistance for our campaign and ask us to give them a Republican legislature. How are we going to give them a Republican legislature when we're opposing the head of the ticket? The voters just won't buy

Carlton House now offers new suites by the day month or year

For the first time, one of New York's most distinguished residential hotels makes a limited number of its newly refurbished suites available on a daily basis, as well as for permanent occupancy. For information and reservations, please write or telephone Mr. Rudolph Obermeier, General Manager.

Carlton House
Madison Avenue at 61st Street
New York 21, N. Y.
TEmpleton 8-3000

Sapphire, diamond, 18kt gold pin
$295*

Pair matching earclips $175*
(not illustrated)

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

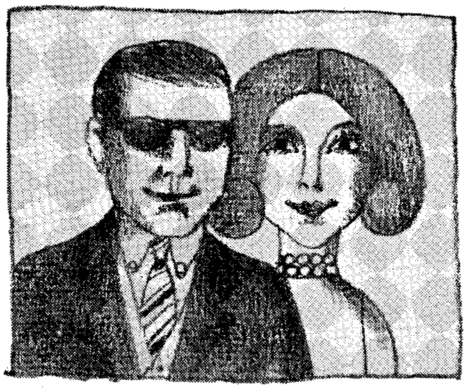
Get lost!

Lose yourself on a Sunny European Holiday. (It's so economical, you can afford to lose that old habit of going south every winter, too.) Alitalia Airlines has the Mediterranean, sunny Spain and Portugal, warm dazzling Italy for you.

And how much do you spend at "that beach" or the Island in a few weeks anyway? We'll give you the same sun and throw in the Mediterranean moon, too. For about the same money. (Maybe even less.)

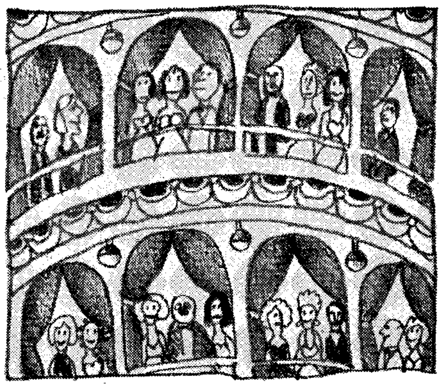
Hide away in a fado café or a Spanish cantina! (With a cute señorita?)

15-Day Sunny Holiday to Spain and Portugal — $449.00. Jet to Lisbon, wander through the narrow streets and open marketplaces. Visit quaint Portuguese fishing villages, elegant Estoril, Fatima and on to Spain. First Class hotels only. Travel leisurely through Andalusia and Seville. Sample the sherry in Jerez, see Granada, Madrid, Salamanca, Coimbra, Guarda.



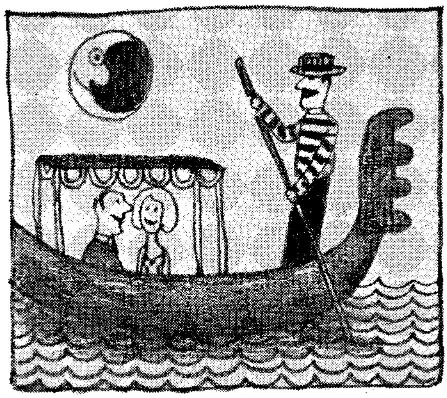
Disguise yourself as a movie star and melt into the exciting nightlife of Rome.

15-Day Sunny Holiday to Italy—$699.50. For the crowd shunner — the traveler who likes the convenience of an organized tour but likes to travel alone. A magnificent 2 weeks touring golden Italy, Rome, the Eternal City. Fantastic Venice. Milan, lively, bustling. Bella Florence. Sounds like the "end" in travel, doesn't it? But there's more. For very little more you can take another week in Naples and Capri or Sicily or Paris and London. Buono!



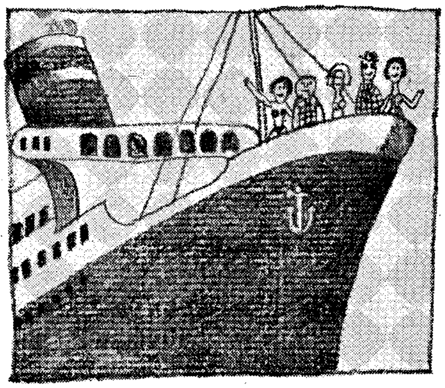
Lose yourself on an operatic binge.

21-Day Sunny Holiday Opera Tour — $820.00. For the Jet set! And, as it was meant to be heard—in the great opera houses of Europe. The Royal Theatre of Copenhagen! Vienna's Staatsoper! Munich! Zurich! Paris! Brussels! London's Covent Garden! And, you'll see the sights. The Little Mermaid, the Eiffel Tower, the Tower of London. Time to relax, and wander, too! Bravissima Alitalia!



Sneak away on a moonlit gondola ride.

15-Day Sunny Holiday in Italy—$599.50. Group tour of Italy especially designed for the first time traveler. Every opportunity to enjoy Italy at its most exciting is planned. (Still, with plenty of leisure time.) Jet to bustling Milan. See the Cathedral, da Vinci's "Last Supper," La Scala. Then on to Venice; the Grand Canal, the Doge's Palace, the gondolas. Ravenna, Florence, Assisi, dozens of cities and towns, and of course, Eternal Rome, that magnificent mixture of ancient past and exciting present.



Disappear on a Mediterranean cruise.

Five Fabulous Air/Sea Cruises From $699.50. Jet to Milan. Board your ship at Venice or Genoa and you're off. Cruise around Italy, the West African Coast, Casablanca, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands. Or cruise the Eastern Med.; Venice, Athens, Alexandria, Port Said, Beirut, Haifa, Rhodes, Crete. Invade the Black Sea. Corfu, Istanbul, Odessa, Yalta, Delphi, Ephesus. The Greek Islands, Turkey and Asia Minor.

TOUR DIRECTOR: ALITALIA AIRLINES
666 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 19, N. Y. Dept. NY-912

Please send me full information on the following Alitalia Tour Programs.

☐ Italy. (By yourself!) ☐ Italy. (Group)
☐ Spain and Portugal. ☐ Greek Islands.
☐ Mediterranean Cruises. ☐ Middle East.
☐ Opera tour. ☐ Africa.
☐ Around the World Tour.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

My Telephone No.: ____________________

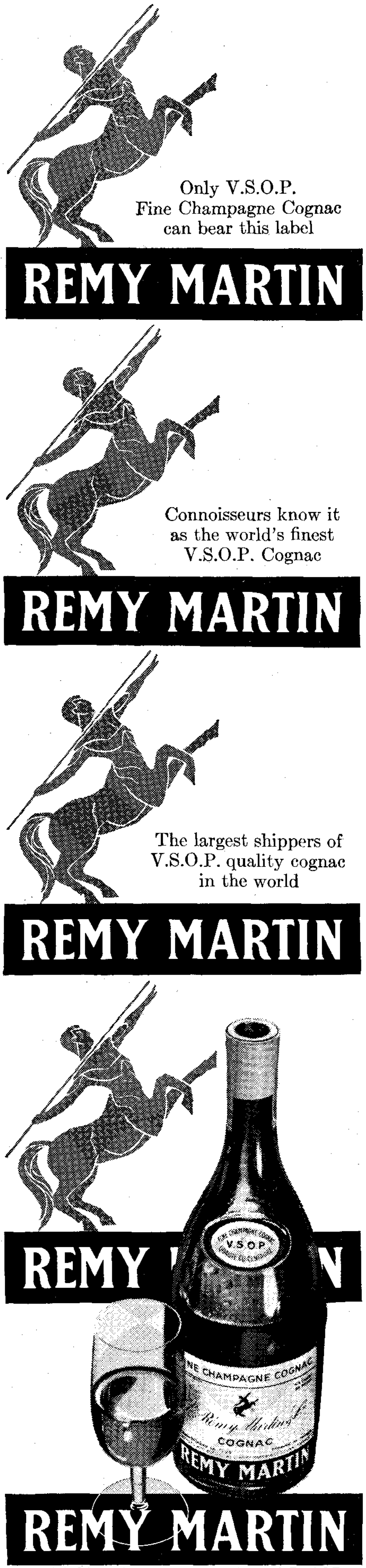
My Travel Agent is: ____________________

ALITALIA
AIRLINES

See your Alitalia Travel Agent!

All Prices Based on 21/14 Day Round Trip Jet Economy Fares from New York.

THE CENTAUR...YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY



Only V.S.O.P.
Fine Champagne Cognac
can bear this label

REMY MARTIN

Connoisseurs know it
as the world's finest
V.S.O.P. Cognac

REMY MARTIN

The largest shippers of
V.S.O.P. quality cognac
in the world

REMY MARTIN

REMY MARTIN

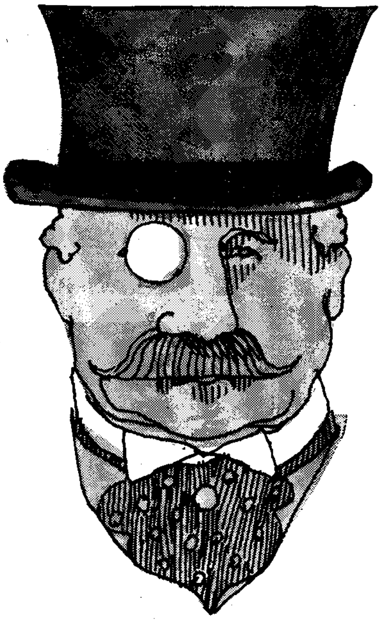
PRIDE OF COGNAC SINCE 1724 • 80 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

it. It's a mess! Look at Staten Island, for example. We have four local Republican candidates on the ballot, and the Conservative Party is supporting all of them. I don't think the Conservatives are really happy with them, but their strategy right now is to get respectable. Once they've accomplished that—oh, maybe two or three elections from now—they'll start opposing us with *really* conservative candidates. Anyway, if things work out for them, the head of their ticket this fall will be Goldwater, whom they've supported all along. The head of our ticket will be Goldwater, whom we've opposed all along. It's going to make them look right and us look wrong. The upshot may well be that more people will vote the Conservative line, which will weaken us terribly. If that happens, the Conservatives will be in a position to really threaten us—maybe even control us."

I asked if he had decided how he would vote on the first ballot.

"I'm going to stick with Rockefeller," he said. "But if it goes to a second ballot, I won't vote for Scranton. I just can't see him as President. If it goes to a second ballot, I'm voting for Goldwater."

Ordinarily, in politics, power sifts from the top down, but in an election year it moves in both directions—at times almost entirely from the bottom upward. While Governor Rockefeller had firm control over men like Garbarino—whose county organization is in large part dependent on the state administration for patronage (some sixty jobs)—the Governor, in turn, was under a practical obligation to go along with the county men as far as he could if he expected them to get out the vote in November. To a large extent, any party leader's security rests on the enthusiasm and fidelity of the lowliest precinct worker. At a reception that followed the caucus, I wandered around and spoke to a number of delegates, alternate delegates, and Party officials, and found that the prevailing attitude was much the same as Garbarino's. Many of them, I learned, had privately appealed to Party leaders such as Javits, Keating, and Carlino to urge the Governor to capitulate, or at least soften his stand enough for them to retain some hope of unity in the Party. I also learned that an increasing number of people were beginning to feel that Goldwater had a good chance of winning the election—in fact, that he was the only man on the scene who could beat President Johnson. An alternate



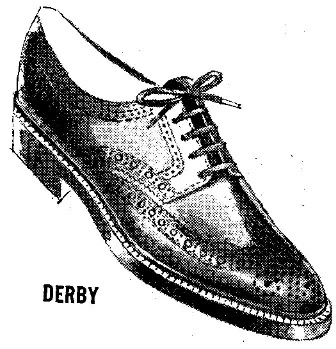
WE KNEW HE WAS A FAKE ENGLISH LORD WHEN HE ASKED "WHAT ARE VIYELLA® SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Anklet length...$1.75 per pair. Garter length and over-the-calf length...$2.00 per pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

BALLY
SHOES SET INTERNATIONAL TRENDS

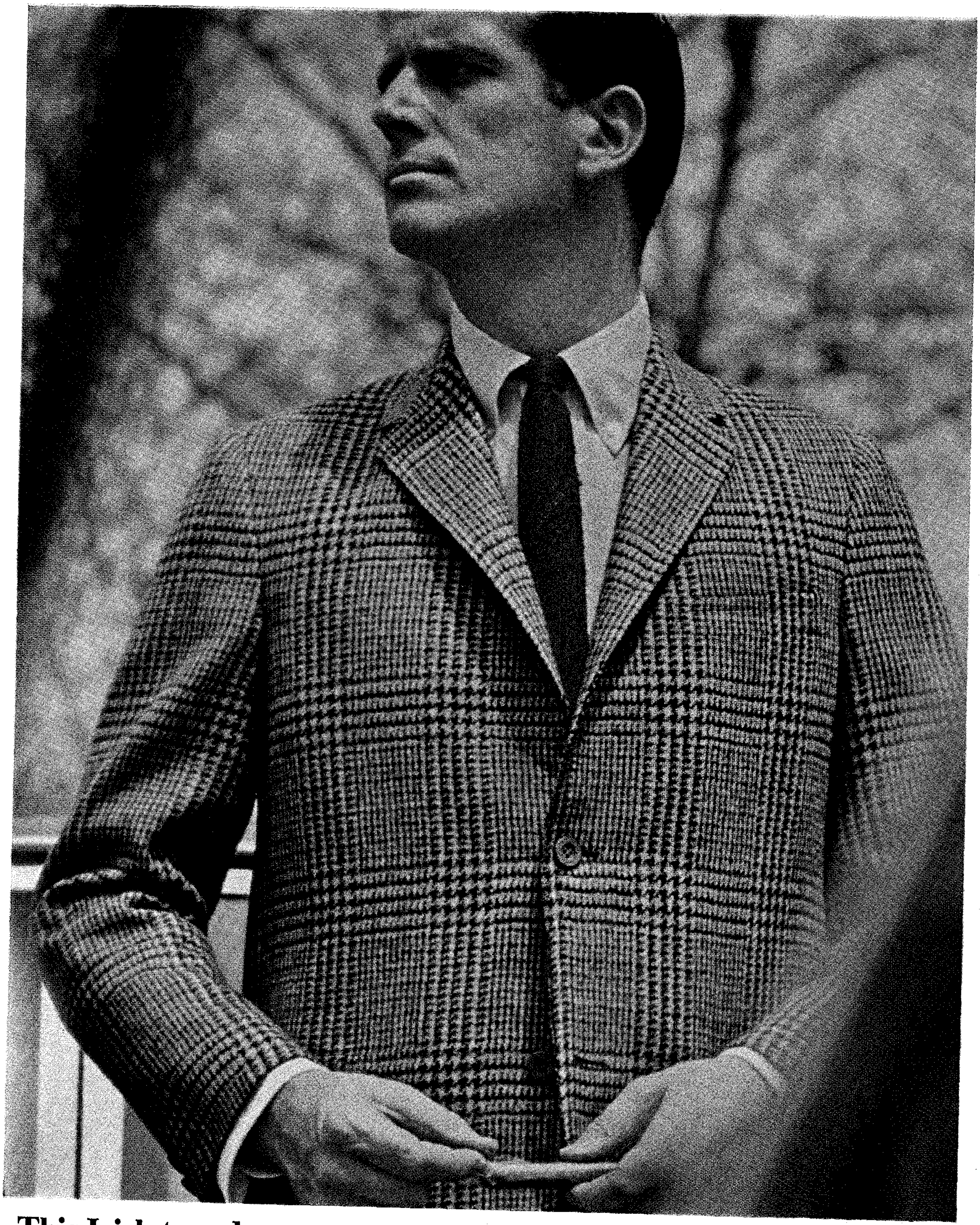
A man feels sure of himself in this traditional, welted and wing-tipped brogue. In Black or Brown Dunwood Calf.



DERBY

New York, Boston & Washington	ROGERS PEET
Atlanta	RICH'S
Augusta	CULLUM'S
Beverly Hills & Sherman Oaks	MORRIS BOOTMAKERS
Miami, Ft. Lauderdale & Orlando	JORDAN MARSH
New Orleans	GODCHAUX
Portland & Seattle	NORDSTROM'S
Washington, D.C.	RICH'S

For other stores, please write BALLY, INC. 444 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



This Irish tweed sport coat has been cut along easy, natural lines for a great country look. Loomed in Ireland, the cloth reflects all the deep, earthy tones of its origin. About $50 at Mannie Walker, New York City; Field Bros., Brooklyn and Rego Park, New York; Morville, Philadelphia; Farnsworth Reed, Ltd., Washington, D.C.; Filene's, Boston; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Bon Marché, Seattle, or write to Stanley Blacker, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N.Y.

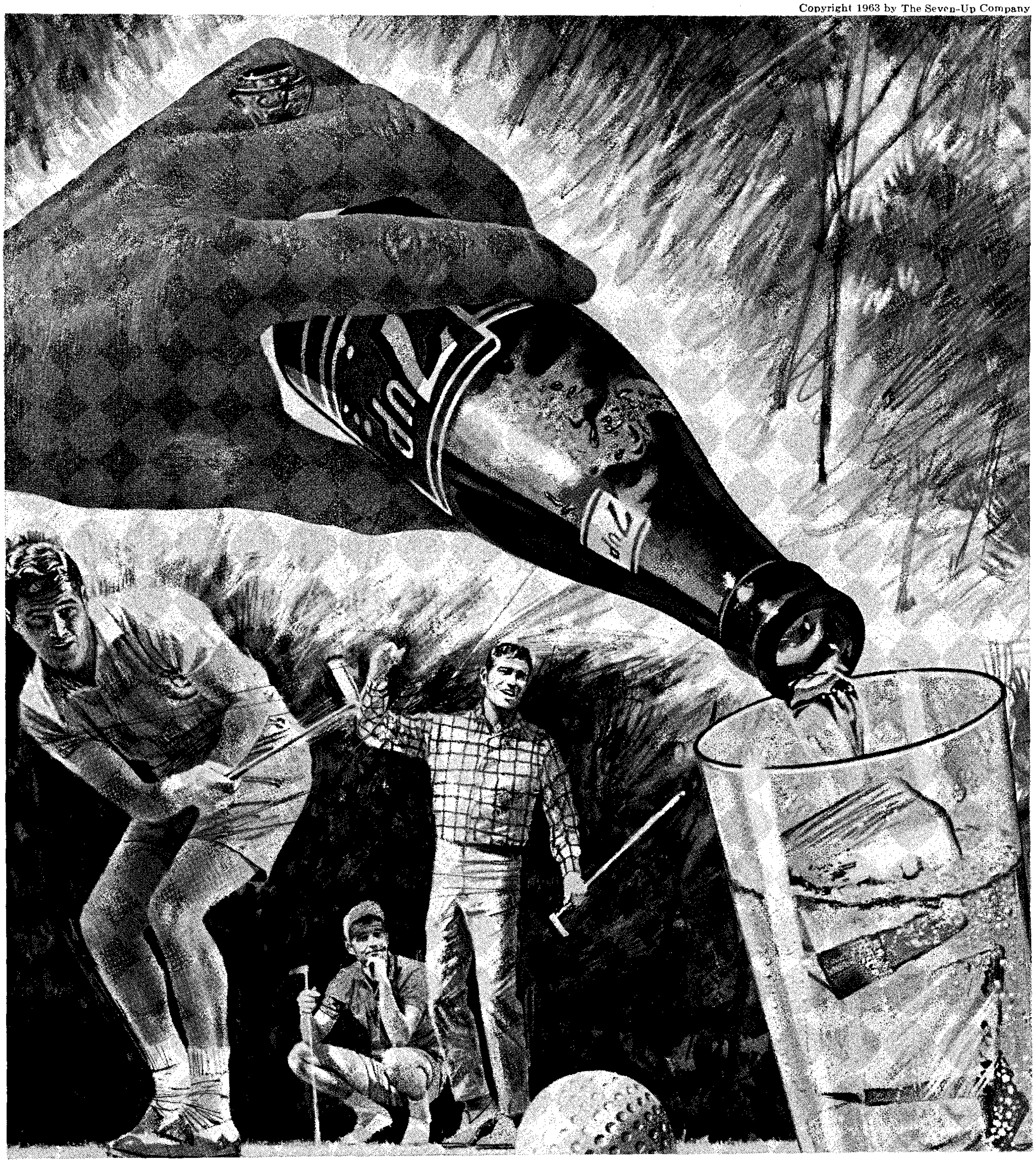
Stanley Blacker

the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY A GIN COLLINS THAT'S HEARTY

When a man wants a Collins, he wants to taste a little of that gin! That's why 7-Up and gin is most men's idea of what a Collins should be like. Seven-Up smooths gin, yes—smothers gin, no! And only two ingredients mean no complicated measuring to endanger uniform results. Have a 7-Up Collins. It's man-style!

Copyright 1963 by The Seven-Up Company



delegate from Queens told me, "My people back home are all for Goldwater. They don't like this civil-rights business—all these parades and stall-ins and stabbings and what-have-you." And Garbarino said to me, "I know all about how he won only a single primary in which he had any real opposition, but don't be too sure that these delegates don't represent the people. I don't care what the polls say. Nobody's going to tell a pollster he's a bigot, but when he goes into that voting booth he may vote like one."

THE Cow Palace, a huge concrete spool cut in half lengthwise, is situated seven miles south of San Francisco in an undistinguished suburb. Garbarino hadn't intended to attend the first session of the Convention, set for ten o'clock Monday morning, because he figured it would consist of little more than the usual verbose preliminaries, but as he and I were chatting in the lobby of the hotel, word went around that Governor Rockefeller wanted all the New York delegates to get out to the Cow Palace as soon as possible. No one said why. Garbarino and I took a taxi, and on the way he told me he had talked briefly with Senator Keating earlier, and had made the same plea he had made the night before to Senator Javits—with much the same results. "I asked Ken if we couldn't have some measure of unity—if there weren't some basis for accommodation," he recounted. "But he said, 'That's just it. There is no basis. They won't give an inch. It's a matter of principle, and we just can't back down.' "

When we reached the Cow Palace, a large crowd was milling about the entrance. Civil-rights pickets, perhaps two hundred strong, were marching inside a compound surrounded by police barricades. From a distance, I could hear them chanting, "Goldwater must go! Goldwater must go!" Also on hand were three Ivy-looking young men wearing buttons that proclaimed them to be supporters of Marvin Kitman, an editor of *Monocle*, a periodical of political satire that appears with dependable irregularity. In his quest for publicity for the magazine, Kitman had announced that he was running on the 1864 Republican platform. One of his adherents was carrying a sign reading, "Ban the Zeppelin."

Having passed through a turnstile manned by two guards, who carefully examined our credentials, Garbarino

The imported one

BEEFEATER

BEEFEATER®

Martini Men appreciate the identifiable excellence of imported **BEEFEATER GIN**

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Companions

The wool herringbone jumper
is most neatly shaped and
stitched and fitted to impart a
feeling of competence and dash
to the wearer. Black, Brown,
Brick, Navy. Sizes 6 to 16.
The turtleneck, in Antron nylon,
comes in a sweep of strong and
seasonal colors, to make a
bold companion for many
things. S, M, L.

*The jumper about twenty-five
dollars, the pullover about
eight dollars at good stores
and college shops*

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

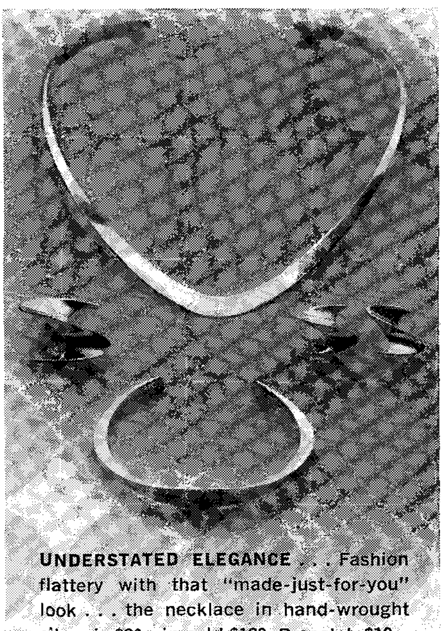
and I moved along a jammed corridor, some thirty feet wide, that encircles the entire arena; satisfied two more guards at the main door to the arena; and walked down a ramp, at the end of which were two final guards. The hall itself—a vast oval chamber—was an arresting sight. Although I had watched the 1956 Republican Convention, which was also held there, on television, I was quite unprepared for the violent color, tumult, and noise before me; whatever the advantages of television, it lacks the panoramic scope of the human senses. A wide transverse aisle bisected the arena; in front of the aisle were the seats of the regular delegations, and behind it were those of the alternates. Garbarino and I had entered the arena from the rear, and had to skirt the alternate delegations of Alabama, Texas, and Mississippi on our way to the space allotted to the New York delegation. Then we crossed the transverse aisle and passed through the Georgia and Texas delegations. Garbarino paused to study them for a moment. "Look at that bunch," he said, shaking his head. "They can't give us a single electoral vote, but they're going to control this convention." The next delegation was Washington State, and then we came to New York, which, except for a thin sliver of seats in front of it assigned to the delegates from Utah, occupied the extreme left-front corner of the arena. Only about half of the New York delegates were present, including Governor Rockefeller; sitting alongside him were Fred Young, the chairman of the state committee, and Senators Javits and Keating. Almost everyone in the Southern delegations that we had passed was wearing a Goldwater hat and one or more Goldwater buttons, but the New York delegates were entirely hatless and almost buttonless. Garbarino had been assigned a seat on the aisle five rows back, and since there were several vacant seats in the row, I sat down next to him. Shortly afterward, he caught sight of an upstate county chairman he knew, and went off to see if he could find out why the delegation had been summoned to the Palace. I moved over a few seats to join a plump, florid delegate, and asked him how he felt about the Convention. He gave me a disgusted look.

"I've been to six Conventions, and I've never seen anything as dirty as this one," he said. "There are ten thousand guest seats up in those galleries around the arena, and New York, with the biggest delegation of all, got

Evening gem

to solve any what-to-carry
problem—Coblentz' soft
black peau de soie handbag
is just the right size and
shape. 26.00 plus tax.
At all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor



UNDERSTATED ELEGANCE . . . Fashion flattery with that "made-just-for-you" look . . . the necklace in hand-wrought silver is $20—in gold $120. Bracelet, $12—in gold $58. The pin is $10.50—in gold $64. Matching earrings are $11 the pair and are available in silver only. Add 10% for Federal Tax and 85¢ for shipping.

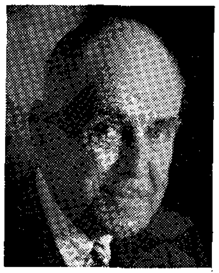
america house
THE FINEST IN AMERICAN CRAFTS
44 West 53rd St., New York City • PL 7-9494

MOËT
BRUT IMPERIAL
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
EPERNAY-FRANCE
MOËT & CHANDON
Cuvée Dom Pérignon

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

Happy kids-off-to-school
Happy birthday
Happy day-we-first-met
Happy anniversary
Happy day-the-baby arrived
Happy...any day!
No matter what you want to say to her, nothing says it so superbly as
MOËT the first and finest champagne of France
FROM THE LARGEST CELLARS IN THE WORLD

Let Shakespeare speak for Shakespeare



When William Shakespeare wrote in Measure for Measure, *"The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good,"* he could have been referring prophetically to that modern classic of cigardom...the superb Shakespeare *Habana.*

Crafted under the personal supervision of Ralph Schuyler Williams...the renowned "Mr. Havana Cigar"...the Shakespeare *Habana* is fashioned of prized vintage Havana tobacco, from the treasured reserve at Factory No. 1, Tampa.

Connoisseurs of Havana cigars are extolling the Shakespeare in glowing terms. They have been delighted to discover that in richness of flavor and delicacy of aroma it equals the finest of the former imported Cuban cigars.

So enthusiastic has been its reception that now, little more than three years after its introduction, Shakespeare is recognized as *America's great prestige cigar.*

The output of these superb cigars is necessarily limited. But they are worthy of an insistent quest. You will find them at select tobacconists, clubs and hotels. And at the five distinguished Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London.

Or write: Gradiaz, Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.

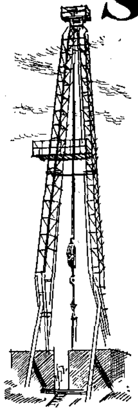
WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS.

SHAKESPEARE
HABANA

only three hundred and three of them. And, what's more, they put them way up there under the rafters." He pointed to the corner on the right, which seemed a good quarter of a mile away. "That's so our demonstrators can't be heard," he went on. "I'm not worried about demonstrators. I'm worried about the twenty-five Party workers who came along with me. I've got to parcel out the few tickets I'll be given, and nobody will be able to get in for more than an hour at a time. They came three thousand miles and spent a thousand dollars apiece, and I can't do any better for them than that." He paused and glared around angrily. "And who do we have to thank?" he continued. "None other than our own congressman, William E. Miller. Bill's out for the second spot on the ticket, and to get it he rigged this whole thing to help Goldwater. And against his own governor! Just look at those galleries. They're stacked with Goldwater people. Even the floor plan has been rigged. The anti-Goldwater delegations have been isolated, so that if any of them try to start a spontaneous demonstration, the others can move out in the aisles and block them. God, they've got everything but Storm Troopers here!"

Garbarino returned without having learned why the delegates had been summoned, but the reason became clear when Newton I. Steers, the good-looking young chairman of the Maryland delegation, took the rostrum and proposed a resolution that would have prohibited any delegates from being seated if the Convention determined that they had been selected by "rules, practices, or procedures . . . which had the purpose or effect of discriminating in such selection on grounds of race, color, creed, or national origin." When a delegate seconding the resolution charged that there was "evidence that forces are at work to expel Negroes from positions of leadership in our party," a Southern voice behind me shouted, "Yeah, and next Convention there won't be no niggers to expel!"

Elliott Richardson, a delegate from Massachusetts, then spoke in favor of the resolution, without getting much of a reaction from the crowd. But when Senator Carl T. Curtis, of Nebraska, Goldwater's floor manager, took the rostrum and argued that the proper place for a change in the rules was before the Rules Committee, there was an outburst of cheers, applause, and tootings of mechanical horns. "You are the salt of the earth! You are the hope



"TAX SHELTER"

For quite some time now, individuals in the higher Federal tax bracket have taken advantage of the fact that in joint oil ventures, drilling costs are deductible from ordinary income . . . whether oil is found or not.

Thus the government partly underwrites the investor's participation in that investors in the 60% tax bracket are in effect investing 40¢ dollars and so on up the scale.

On the other side of the tax shelter coin, income itself from oil properties is tax protected.

Why not write today for a copy of the brochure "The Tax Shelter in Gas and Oil Investments" and at the same time we will send you a copy of our prospectus, registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Minimum subscription, $5000.00.

Benjamin A. Goodale, Chairman of the Board
James G. Bertman, Jr. President

GOODALE, BERTMAN & CO., INC.
111 Devonshire Street, Boston 9, Mass.
Liberty 2-9646
Houston, Texas Liberty, Texas

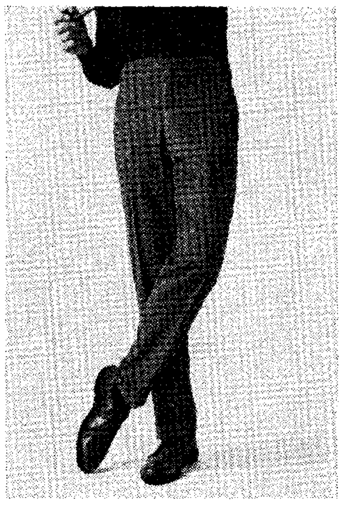
Offering is made only by the Prospectus and only in those states in which the Agreements may lawfully be offered.

"DEBONAIR"
EXECUTIVE LENGTH HOSE

Takes you through the busiest days in style. 2 special Nylon fibers are knit back-to-back. Result . . . a look of easy elegance with amazing softness. Suede-finished. One size stretches to fit all. Newest fashion colors. Executive length (over-the-calf) $2.00. Anklets $1.50.

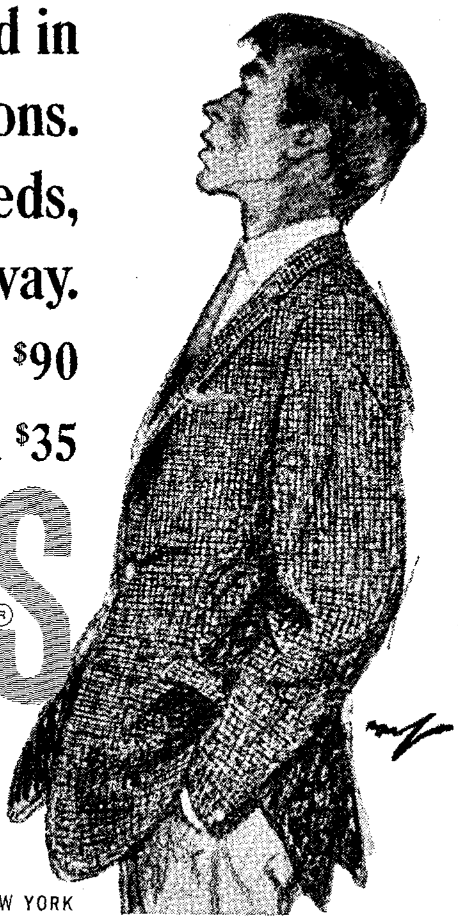
by
d'ORSAY®

FEATURED AT ALL wallachs STORES
Mail Orders MU 6-3400. 323 E. 44th St., N.Y.



If you think DAKS
refer only to those
extraordinary British trousers,
you're missing half the pleasure.
DAKS also signify
extraordinary British sport jackets,
now imported in
special lightweight versions.
If you love tweeds,
prepare to give your heart away.
Sport jackets from $90
Trousers from $35

DAKS®



TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. IMPORTED BY DAKS U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK

urban or suburban...
swing along with
Serbin

Bibbed-'n-Tucked Shirtwaister®
...with a just-for-you look! Stitched pin-tucks cover the bib and sleeve cuffs. A full, full cluster-pleat skirt...and matching braided belt. In a fresh, carefree combination ...65% Dacron polyester and 35% Avril® rayon. Solid tones ...royal, green, cranberry, brown or black. Sizes 8-18. $20
Slightly higher on west coast.

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

of mankind!" Curtis shouted at the delegates, and the first great roar of the Convention arose from the floor and the galleries.

Miller, who was presiding, called for a voice vote. The ayes sounded surprisingly strong, but when the noes came, they were overwhelming. "The noes have it," Miller announced, and another shattering roar went up from the hope of mankind.

Garbarino twisted around in his seat and stared back at the Texas delegation. "Those Ku-Kluxers are having the time of their lives," he said. Then he nodded toward the galleries. "They've really got this place stacked," he added. "Most of the response came from up there."

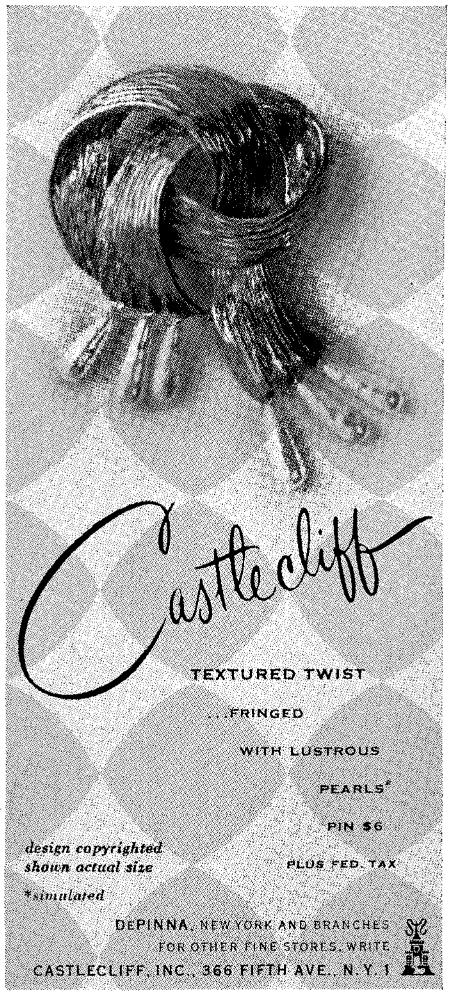
Duty done for the moment, many of the New York delegates started drifting out of the hall. Garbarino proposed that we catch a bus back to town, so we left the arena by the main entrance. The civil-rights pickets were still marching. Again, most of them were white youths, but this time there seemed to be a preponderance of the bohemian element. "Just as I thought," Garbarino said, turning away. "They're unhealthy types."

He was silent until we had boarded a bus and sat down. Then he said, "I'm getting uneasy. You know, conservatism used to mean fiscal policy. Fine. So far, I'm a conservative. But now they're trying to make it mean anti-civil rights. That just doesn't make any sense. It's antediluvian." Once again, he grew silent. "You know," he went on after a moment, "if I were a Negro, I'd be brimming over with hatred."

Across the aisle, a tall man wearing a straw hat said to a companion, "It looks like these fellows are going to nominate Goldwater. I guess I'll be voting for a Democrat for the first time in my life."

Garbarino glanced at him, then said to me, "He'll come around. He'll vote for Goldwater like the rest of us."

THE New York delegation held its final caucus the following morning at eleven-thirty in the Gold Room. It lasted about an hour, and when Garbarino emerged and I asked him what had happened, he told me that the leaders of the moderate forces had conferred with the Goldwater people and had finally got permission to have a floor fight over the platform—or a small part of it, anyway. "I gather that Goldwater felt it would be a mistake to



TEXTURED TWIST
...FRINGED
WITH LUSTROUS
PEARLS*
PIN $6
PLUS FED. TAX

design copyrighted
shown actual size
**simulated*

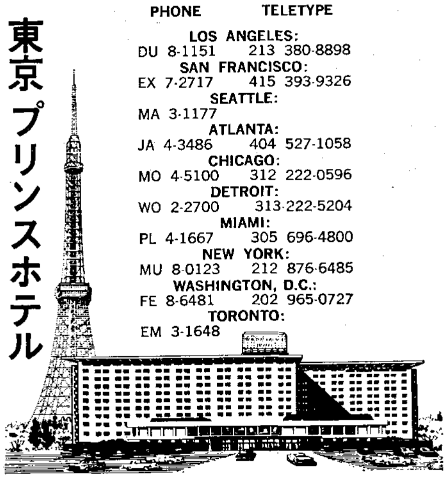
DEPINNA, NEW YORK AND BRANCHES
FOR OTHER FINE STORES, WRITE
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1

The Prince Hotel chain proudly announces to the world
The Grand Opening of the resplendent
TOKYO PRINCE HOTEL
The viewsite of Tokyo, Japan
September 1, 1964

510 exciting Guest Rooms and Suites, combining the wondrous charm of the Orient with Western Grace and Elegance. Truly, the finest International Hotel and Convention Center east of the West!

See your Travel Agent or
HICKS-TETLEY INTERNATIONAL

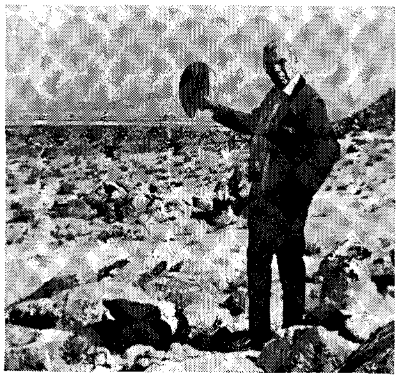
	PHONE	TELETYPE
LOS ANGELES:	DU 8-1151	213 380-8898
SAN FRANCISCO:	EX 7-2717	415 393-9326
SEATTLE:	MA 3-1177	
ATLANTA:	JA 4-3486	404 527-1058
CHICAGO:	MO 4-5100	312 222-0596
DETROIT:	WO 2-2700	313-222-5204
MIAMI:	PL 4-1667	305 696-4800
NEW YORK:	MU 8-0123	212 876-6485
WASHINGTON, D.C.:	FE 8-6481	202 965-0727
TORONTO:	EM 3-1648	



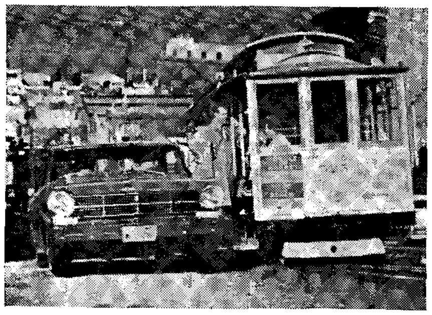
To any company president who can't imagine sitting through a 5½-minute TV commercial. Even one of his own.

You know by your own experience as a TV watcher that "commercial time" is often time for something *else*. Like a trip to the refrigerator or chasing the last remaining child to bed.

Unless, of course, the upcoming commercial manages to stop you from standing and holds you in your chair.



We think that one such commercial recently set some kind of world record for keeping people seated. With two seeming strikes against it at the start! One, it *followed* a show. And, two, it ran a full 5½ minutes long.

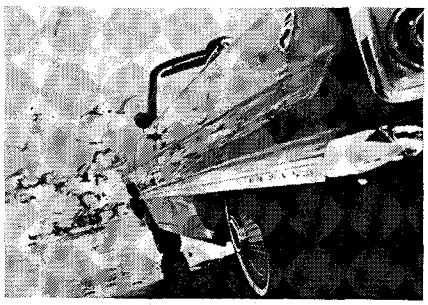


We planned it that way. Because it occurred to us that Sunday nighters might welcome a change in the usual pattern. That they might just like to see an uninterrupted show. And that, in return, they might just sit still for a lengthy commercial, as long as it was interesting.

That commercial, as you may have gathered from our pictures of America's best seller in San Francisco, at the seashore and atop Utah's Castle Rock, was prepared for our client Chevrolet. A kind of "See the U.S.A." travelogue, it appeared on April 19 at the end of a "Bonanza" episode with star Lorne Greene as host.

A study conducted after the show revealed that a whopping 94% of the viewers not only stayed all the way through the commercial, but said they wanted to see *more* long commercials on "Bonanza." Press reaction, too, ran high—and ranged from highly favorable to outright enthusiastic.

All told, Chevrolet's experience confirms something we've held for years . . . and work at day after day. You *can* stop people and hold them. *If* you *give* them something in return for their time and attention. Something *interesting*. Something worth looking at and listening to, whether it's on TV, on radio, or in print.



If you would like to hear more of how we think, and see some concrete examples of how it works for our clients, drop us a line at 3044 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan 48202. (For the latest TV innovation from Chevrolet, watch "Bonanza" on September 27.) We'll try our best to keep you seated.

Campbell-Ewald Advertising

DETROIT • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON • DENVER • ATLANTA • DALLAS • KANSAS CITY • CINCINNATI • LAKELAND • HONOLULU

Jumper $25

by Mary Blair for
Beverly Paige
at Lord & Taylor and branches

make it look as if his group was really running over us moderates with a steam roller," Garbarino said. "So it was agreed that three minority reports could be submitted—on supporting civil rights, on calling for civilian control over nuclear weapons, and on repudiating extremist groups. There will be a roll-call vote on civil rights and voice votes on the two others. Because of the way the galleries joined in the voice vote yesterday, we'll call for a division each time. That means that the delegates who are for the amendment will stand, and then those who are opposed will stand. The Governor told us that Romney wasn't going along with us but would submit three amendments of his own. Apparently, that's a matter of tactics. If the first three are beaten, we'll have another line to fall back to."

In politics, principle rarely supersedes necessity, and more often than not a fight in the name of principle is actually a way—sometimes the only way—of dealing with reality. According to most observers, Senator Goldwater's vote against the civil-rights bill was cast not on principle or on the lack of it; rather, it was his only hope of winning the election. Similarly, one now heard it said that the moderates' platform fight was largely a case of expediency; for one thing, it gave them their last, frail hope of blasting the Convention loose from their opponents' granitic grasp, and, for another, they were well aware that they had to establish a record for the people back home if men like Kenneth Keating, Hugh Scott, and George Romney were not to go down to defeat. As far as I could make out, none of the New York delegates felt that the Scranton-Rockefeller amendments had a chance. A few, though, were more optimistic about the Romney substitutes, which were considerably weaker. "After all, the Goldwater people have to give us *some*thing," one upstate delegate told me. "If they have any hope of winning the election, they've got to create some measure of Party unity. Otherwise, how can they expect us to go out and work for them?"

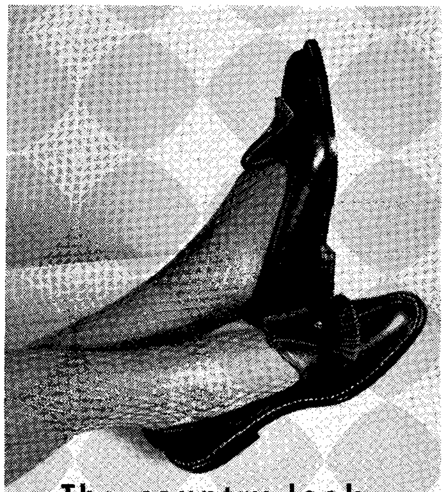
Some forty-five hundred representatives of the so-called communications industry were in San Francisco for the Convention, and that Tuesday, during the contest over the platform, it sometimes seemed that all of them were on the floor. Shortly before Governor Rockefeller went to the rostrum to deliver his brief statement on behalf of the amendment repudiating extremists—which the Goldwater forces managed to delay until after ten o'clock

your move!

When it's time to make a move—because of business or exploding birth-rate—don't lift a finger until you've consulted Homerica Without charge to you, Homerica will find you the best house buy—according to your specifications—in the best community of the city or suburb of your heart's desire. Homerica—working in 300 major cities and 2500 prime suburbs—screens desirable houses, acts as your deputy, safeguards your interests. Just tell us your problem and go back to sleep.

HOMERICA INC.

New York 200 Park Avenue 661-3111
Chicago Marina City, 6023 East Tower 527-3111
Los Angeles 3460 Wilshire Blvd. 387-3111

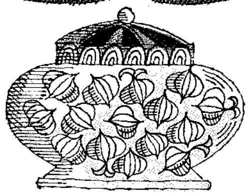


The country look
of Etienne Aigner keeps
close to the earth in deep
antique brown leather.
15.00—on the Sixth Floor
Lord & Taylor, New York
and at all suburban stores

For people who can't wait until New Year's Eve...

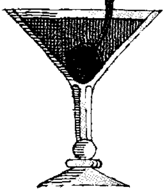
CINZANO
VERMOUTH

ANNOUNCES 6 GREAT NEW CELEBRATIONS



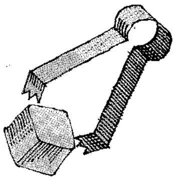
"Know Your Onions" Day

Good day to throw abandon to the wind —also onion into empty glass. (Add gin and Cinzano *dry* Vermouth.)



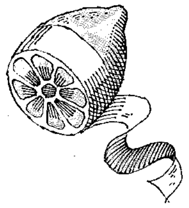
"Treat a Manhattan Sweet" Day

Order Manhattan with Cinzano *sweet* Vermouth. Buy drink for everyone who pronounces Cinzano correctly (*Chin*-Zano)!



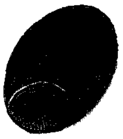
"Be Nice to Ice" Day

Great warm weather celebration. Pour Cinzano *sweet* Vermouth over ice. Sip. Sip. Hooray!



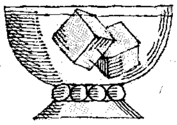
"Teach a yellow Lemon Courage" Day

For those who missed "Know Your Onions" Day. (Same fun—only with lemon peel.)



"Take an Olive to Lunch" Day

Or brunch. Or dinner. Who cares? (As long as it goes with imported Cinzano Vermouth.)



NATIONAL "GIN-ZANO" DAY

You're in luck. *Today* is National "Gin-Zano" Day! (Cinzano makes *any* celebration complete.)

CINZANO
FRENCH
DRY
ITALY
CINZANO
ITALIAN VERMOUTH

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

When you mix with CinZano you mix with the best

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SHERATON-BRITISH COLONIAL HOTEL, NASSAU, BAHAMAS. *Featuring famous* Calypsonian Count Bernadino and his Calypso Bacchanal – and limbo dancers, Oscar Hunt and Shirley Clovers.

Barwick gives a rich, new look to limbo...

It was a great day for Goombay . . . when Gene Barwick rolled out his thick red carpet on the beach. The heated beat of drums echoed up and down Bay Street. A native dancer loosened up for the limbo. Underneath it all, exotic Barwick carpet . . .bright as the sun, rich as pirate's gold. You'd think such deep magic out of reach. Not so. Barwick is modestly priced. Yet if you owned the Bahamas . . . you couldn't buy finer carpet than Barwick.

Barwick fashions ACRILAN ACRYLIC — NYLON — HERCULON OLEFIN *(the longest wearing carpet fibers known) into luxurious carpet pile of radiant, enduring colors. From $7.95 to $24.95 per square yard.*

E T Barwick
mills, inc.
CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA
World's largest maker of tufted carpets and rugs

in the evening, so that fewer people back East would see it—the crowd of television cameramen, radio interviewers, still photographers, and pad-and-pencil reporters was so thick around the New York delegation that I found it impossible to communicate with, or even get a glimpse of, Garbarino. I looked for Mrs. Garbarino, who was sitting in the gallery, but I couldn't find her, either, so I wandered back to New York's alternate section, where I dropped into a vacant seat. Behind me was another outsider—a gaunt man of about thirty with a Goldwater button the size of a pie plate on his chest and a walkie-talkie slung over one shoulder. I gathered that he was one of the innumerable Goldwater floor runners who were in constant contact with the Senator's command center, a large trailer parked outside the Cow Palace.

No sooner had Rockefeller appeared on the rostrum than the boos started—just a few at first, but then rising in a boisterous crescendo. Across the aisle from me, in the Ohio and Illinois alternate delegations, and just behind me, in the Washington State group, scores of men and women grew red in the face as they strained to boo and shout catcalls with their hands cupped around their mouths. Even the runner behind me joined in. "You goddamned Socialist!" he cried as the Governor finally began to speak. Then he leaned over to a woman sitting next to him, and said, "I wish somebody would *get* that fink. Maybe it would save this country."

I had turned around, and the woman caught my eye. "How can this be happening?" she asked hopelessly. "He's the governor of a great state. He's a leading candidate. He's a statesman. How can they not even let him *speak*? Why, it's Fascism!" She got up and hurried out of the hall.

After the speeches for and against the amendment and the standing vote that sent it to defeat, I went forward again to look for Garbarino. I met him halfway along the aisle, and he looked dejected. When I asked him how he felt, he said, "I'm proud we took this stand. What else can one feel?"

I mentioned the humiliating experience that the Governor had just endured, and Garbarino perked up.

"It's not Rockefeller who was humiliated," he said. "He stood up there like a man, spoke his piece, and took what they had to offer. It's a humiliation for these savages. Them!" he added loudly, waving a hand toward the Texas delegates beside us. "They're

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

PATENT • No 2,879,165
GORDON'S
VODKA
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
EST 1769
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
VODKA
MADE BY OUR EXCLUSIVE PROCESS U. S. PATENT No. 2,879,165
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS CO., LTD. LINDEN, N. J. FOR GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
PATENTED PROCESS ASSURES SMOOTHNESS

Gordon's holds the patent on the smoothest, clearest vodka made!

Every drop of Gordon's Vodka is screened 15 times by an exclusive U.S. patented process, using an agent that is actually cleaner than the air you breathe. The Gordon's process produces the smoothest, clearest, most mixable vodka you can buy. Try it soon in your favorite vodka drink. And you'll be pleased with the price for Gordon's quality.

trousers by
Newman

favored by
the demanding
gentleman
for over
half a century

The Newman tradition is still the trend
. . . impeccable fit, fine craftsmanship
. . . featuring hard finish
worsteds at about $22.50
Other materials from $18 to $37.50

For the store nearest you, write:
SOL NEWMAN TROUSERS, LTD.
53 West 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.

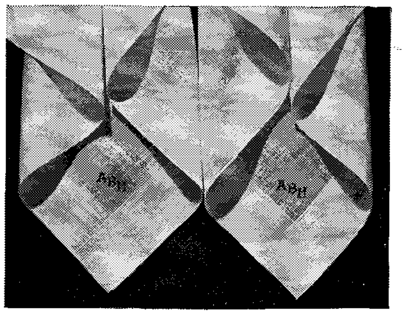
the ones who should feel humiliated."

Garbarino said that he had had enough. I told him that I thought I'd stick around to see what happened to the civil-rights amendment, and after he left, I wandered up into the gallery to have a look at the crowd. All in all, it was as attractive, young, and well-to-do as the crowd I had seen at the Mark Hopkins. I was walking along an aisle between an upper and a lower tier when I noticed Jackie Robinson and his wife. He was standing in the aisle with his hands and his chin on top of the wall behind the lower tier, watching intently as the balloting on the civil-rights amendment got under way. Each time a delegation, or part of one, voted for the amendment, Robinson rose on the balls of his feet. Then, when Maryland voted seventeen to three for it, he jumped and grinned. "Hey, what do you know?" he said to his wife. "There are some decent people after all."

During the balloting, the votes cast by Southern states—predictably, against the amendment—received rather perfunctory responses from the crowd. But when Mississippi cast its thirteen votes against it—naturally, the most predictable of all—the crowd let loose with one of the lustiest roars of the Convention. Shortly afterward, the amendment was defeated, 897 to 409.

THE following night, I was standing next to Garbarino on the Convention floor, when, at shortly after ten-thirty, South Carolina cast its sixteen votes for Goldwater, giving him a total of 663, and the nomination. The crowd burst into a prolonged screaming, horn-tooting, sign-waving roar. Garbarino, who had a camera with him, jumped up on his chair and took a picture of the tally board on the wall behind the rostrum; then he swivelled around and snapped one of the Goldwater family, in the gallery just a few feet away. Governor Scranton came on to make a speech calling for Party unity, and as he spoke I noticed that Garbarino was applauding vigorously. I also noticed that Senators Javits and Keating, along with Congressman John V. Lindsay, were not.

After the first-ballot total was in, the usual motion for unanimity was made and carried. By this time, a good many delegates had left to beat the traffic, and a third of the seats in the New York delegation were empty when the polling began again, with each state formally casting its entire vote for the nominee. As Mrs. Polly Buck,



Say "MERRY CHRISTMAS" with Mosse's Classic Irish Linen Handkerchiefs

Splendid full bodied Irish linen men's handkerchiefs. Hand-rolled. The conservative border designs are accented by Mosse's hand-embroidered monogram in six tie colors or white.
Color choice for monogram—tan, brown, royal, black, grey, wine or all white.

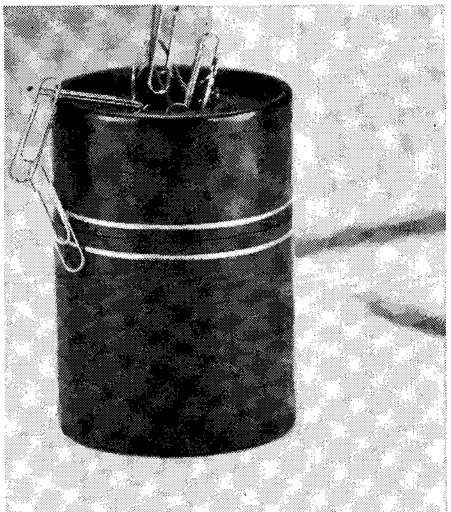
■

SPECIAL PRE-CHRISTMAS OFFER

Box of 6	*$15.85*
Box of 12	*30.50*

Charge accounts invited. No C.O.D.'s.
Catalog upon request.

MOSSE Linens
52 EAST 57 NEW YORK 22



**THINK EFFICIENT—
ACT EFFICIENT WITH
S.F.A's MAGNETIC PAPER
CLIP DISPENSER, 6.00**

Our handsome leather "clip-a-matic" speeds clips on to paper right at the touch of your fingertips. Tooled in 24kt. gold, complete with one hundred clips, it comes in medium brown, dark green, maroon, ivory and black. Small Leather Goods,

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., permits use of its trademark "Sanforized" only on fabrics which meet its rigid shrinkage requirements under its regular inspection. Such fabrics will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test. Use of the Company's trademark "Sanforized-Plus" is permitted only on fabrics which pass its regular tests and inspection for smoothness after washing, crease recovery, tensile strength, and tear strength, as well as meeting the "Sanforized" shrinkage requirements.

Be suspicious!

Don't ask. Look.
Look for it on the label or tag.
If it's not there, you're risking your money.
You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see •SANFORIZED• TRADE ® MARK
You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see •SANFORIZED plus• TRADEMARK
Right there. On the label.
Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."
If it is, why doesn't it say so?
You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".
Get them.

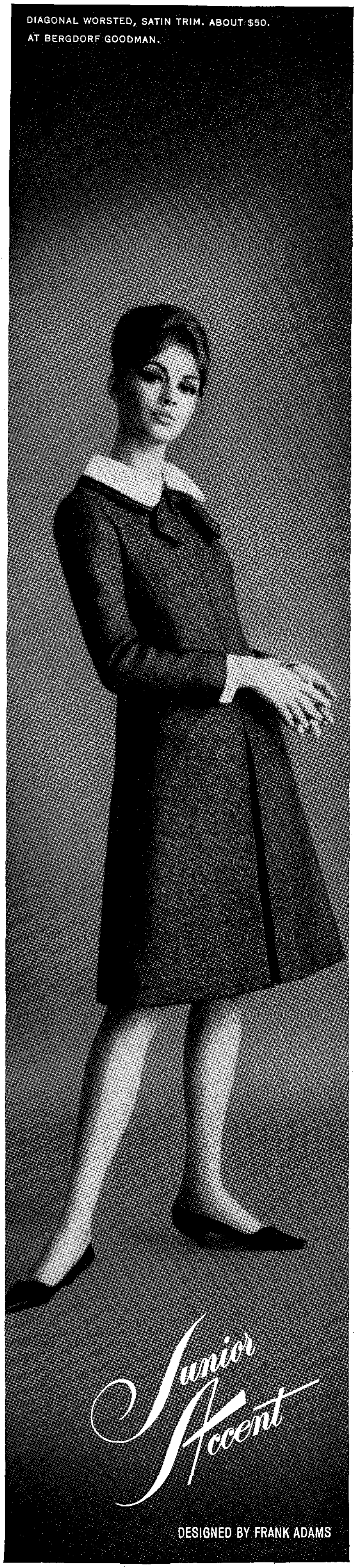
the Convention secretary, reached Nevada, Fred Young, who was acting as chairman of the New York delegation in Rockefeller's absence, reached forward and adjusted the microphone, to be ready when his turn came. Suddenly, Harold C. Burton, an elderly Negro who is leader of the Twelfth Assembly District in New York City and vice-chairman of the New York county committee, jumped up on his seat and stepped from empty chair to empty chair until he was only a couple of rows behind Young. "Don't you count *me* in that vote!" he shouted, pointing a wavering forefinger at Young. "I'm not having anything to do with that man! Count me out!" A delegate behind him got up and said something to him, and Burton turned and shook his fist in the man's face. "I said I won't vote for him, and I won't!" he cried. With that, he got down from the chair and strode out of the Convention hall.

Garbarino then jumped up on his seat and, in his turn, chair-walked to within half a dozen feet of Young. "Cast the unanimous vote!" he cried. "Cast the vote!"

Immediately, half a dozen other delegates took up the cry. A couple of delegates in the rear yelled "Poll the delegation!" but Garbarino and the others drowned them out. Throughout the melee, Young, Keating, and Javits stared at Garbarino and the others without speaking. Then, when Garbarino again demanded that the vote be cast, Javits shrugged and said to him, "How can we? The man refused to cast his vote." Just then, Mrs. Buck reached New York. There was no response, and the roll call continued. Young and the two senators quickly went into a huddle, and they were still in it when Senator Thruston Morton, the Convention chairman, took over from Mrs. Buck to ask whether New York was ready to vote. Garbarino and some others shouted "Yes!" Finally, Young took the microphone and announced that New York voted eighty-seven for Goldwater, with five abstentions. Apparently, the figure was pulled out of the air, for it has never been announced who the five were.

In the galleries, some people began chanting "We want Barry!" over and over. A New York delegate stared at them listlessly. "You got him," he said.

When the crowd had thinned out, Garbarino and I joined Mrs. Garbarino, who had been in the gallery throughout the session, and left the Cow Palace to drive back to town. A moment after we had passed through


DIAGONAL WORSTED, SATIN TRIM. ABOUT $50.
AT BERGDORF GOODMAN.

DESIGNED BY FRANK ADAMS

THE
LOMBARDY
ONE OF A KIND

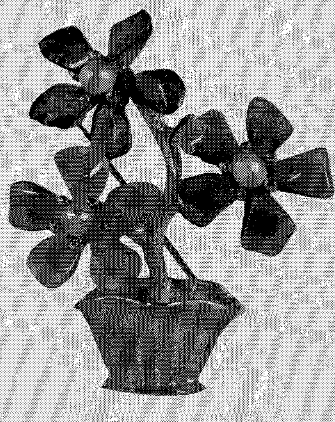
That's what people who know it call this quietly luxurious hotel in New York's smart East Fifties. Decorator-styled rooms and suites, serving pantries with electric refrigeration, TV. Perfect location in the fashionable fifties. Famous Laurent Restaurant.

1 and 2 room apartments at attractive yearly rentals or by the month. 1 room & pantry from $5100 yearly; 2 rooms and pantry from $7500. Also transient accommodations.

The Lombardy
HOTEL

111 E. 56th St., Just off Park Ave., N.Y.
Tel: (212) PLaza 3-8600
Norman E. King, General Manager

I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • PHOENIX



the flowers that bloom in this pin
are polished quartz in subtle colors,
with cultured pearl centers set
in a basket of textured golden
metal 10.00, matching earrings 7.50

plus 10% federal tax and 35¢ for shipping
shown actual size

MAIL ORDERS TO UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO
OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN STORE

JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
ONE FULL QUART
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

The others are not J&B RARE scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST • WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20

You know all about the Ginza, and the Geisha girls, and the Kabuki Theatre.

But where can you get a good suit made in Tokyo for $45?

Where can you go for a 6-foot-long hero sandwich in New York? What number do you dial in Paris for the latest stock prices? How much should you tip a manicurist in Athens?

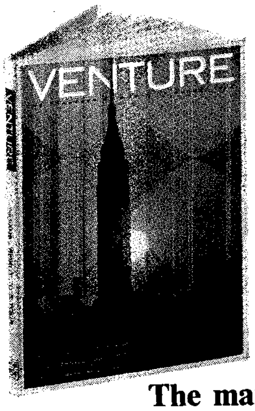
Venture knows. It doesn't just visit a place. It gets to know it. It doesn't just take pretty pictures of a city. It pokes around, and asks questions, and tries to find out what life in that city is all about.

When Venture travels, it likes to stay loose. No guided tours. No fixed itinerary. Venture does exactly as it pleases. It goes to Madeira to hunt whales. To Vienna to play roulette. To New Orleans to eat lobster. To Marina di Equa for a game of tennis.

Venture is a whole new idea in travel magazines. New, not just editorially, but physically, as well. Published every other month, and available through the Credit Card Division of American Express, each issue is bound in handsome, linen-weave hard covers and printed on heavy, very fine paper stock. You keep it after you've read it.

Interested? Just write us: Venture Magazine, Box 2756, Church Street Station, New York City, New York. If you're an American Express Credit Card holder, you will receive a complimentary copy of the current issue, and the $9.50 for the next five issues can then be billed to your account. The yearly subscription rate for non-cardholders is $17.50.

Venture costs a little more than other magazines. But once you've read it, you won't mind.



The many sides of travel

VENTURE . . . The Traveler's World. Published by Cowles Magazines and Broadcasting, Inc.

a gate to the street and had started looking for a taxi, the civil-rights picketers broke out of their compound and rushed out behind us. A group of them sat down around the gate to block the crowd from leaving, and several others sat down in the street in front of cars that had stopped for a traffic light.

Garbarino turned around and watched as some policemen converged on them. "Drag them away!" he shouted.

Mrs. Garbarino took his arm. "John, come on now," she said quietly.

He pulled away. "They're breaking the law," he said. "They should be arrested." Then he turned back and shouted, "Drag them away!"

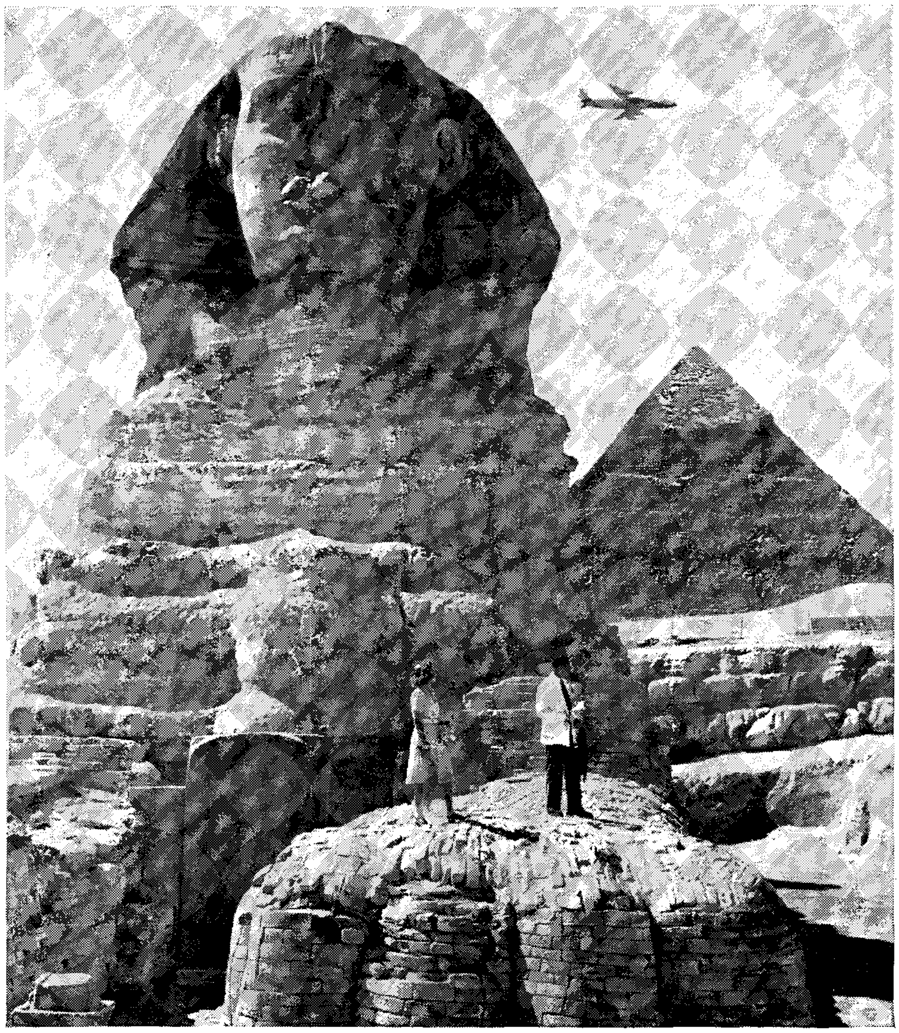
At the hotel that night, a good number of the New York delegates seemed to be rather intently getting drunk. On my way to the elevator to turn in, I passed Young. He had taken off his Rockefeller button, and in its place was one reading, "Help!" By the next morning, though, everyone seemed to be in better spirits. Garbarino certainly was. "I think we came out of this thing extremely well, all things considered," he said when I ran into him in the lobby. "We had a fight for the sake of principle, and we're on record for the people back home. And we came out of it all with a good measure of unity. Scranton pulled the Party back together, and I'd say that now we're ready for November. You know, this isn't a question of ideology—it's a question of good sportsmanship. They beat us. Well, let's accept it and get down to work."

I asked which he considered more important—ideology or Party unity.

After a moment's hesitation, he answered, "Unity, of course. How else can I run a campaign? Anyway, I'm beginning to wonder if maybe this *isn't* the Republican Party. Maybe it's much more conservative than we all thought. Maybe for the past twenty-five years the Eastern establishment *has* been running things against the wishes of the rank and file. It's time we settled the issue once and for all."

Two delegates from Brooklyn joined us, and Garbarino asked them how they thought they would do back home with Goldwater as the nominee.

"It's going to help us," one of them, a short, tough-looking man, replied. "Nobody wants to face it or say it, but we all know that this support for Goldwater is racial. That's all it is, pure and simple—a vote against Negroes. And he'll cash in on it big." Garbarino



The Sphinx and Pyramids at Giza

Only in Egypt can you be 5,000 years away—and enjoy twentieth century comfort

It takes less than a day to fly to Egypt and put yourself face to face with the Sphinx. Egypt is one of the most fascinating and least expensive vacation lands in the world. Cairo, laced by the Nile, is a city of luxury hotels, gardens, skyscrapers and casinos. On the outskirts of Cairo are the great Pyramids of Giza with the enigmatic Sphinx standing nearby. You can enter the Pyramid of the Pharaoh Khufu and see the relics of a glorious civilization.

Only TWA offers service to Cairo from 70 cities in the United States . . . one airline service all the way with no change of terminals. Another TWA exclusive—first-run motion pictures* in flight. (Complimentary in Royal Ambassador First Class, optional in Economy at $1.00.) It's a wonderful way to take 90 minutes or so off your flying time.

For complete information, see your Travel Agent, U.A.R. Tourist Office, or Trans World Airlines. *By In Flight Motion Pictures Inc.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on TWA

**Would
you ever believe
this building
houses
the world's most
celebrated
names in
home
furnishings,
rugs and carpets.
Firms like
Baker=Manor House
Camer Glass
Dunbar
Dux
Ficks=Reed
Fritz Hansen
Kent=Costikyan
Kittinger
Mason=Art
Meldan House
Herman Miller
Milling Road Shop
Nadler
Romweber=American
John Scalia, Schmieg & Kotzian
George Tanier
Richard Wheelwright
Woodard
Unika=Vaev.
It's the one place
in New York
where
you see the world's best.
Come by.
Come browse.
When you buy,
you must
work through an
established
trade source.**

The Decorative Arts Center
305 EAST 63RD STREET, NEW YORK

OWNERS & MANAGERS: HARRY G. SILVERSTEIN & SONS

nodded, and the man went on, "Take Bay Ridge. Why, he's going to sweep Bay Ridge. Is it because the people out there are conservative? Hell, they can't even spell the word. They just don't like Negroes."

The two men walked off, and Garbarino and I strolled on through the lobby. We hadn't gone more than a few steps when another delegate, a pleasant-looking, well-dressed man from Rochester, stopped us. We began discussing what had taken place in the past few days, and when Garbarino asked him how he felt about the way the Convention had gone, he paused to light a cigar and puff on it reflectively for a few moments before answering.

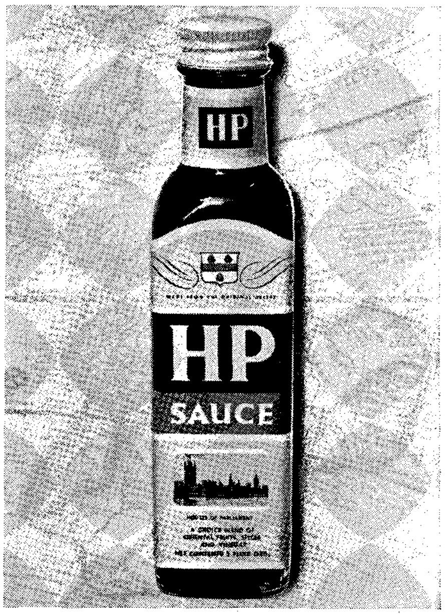
"I don't like it a bit," he said at last. "I've never seen anything so ruthless. Take the civil-rights amendments. Why didn't they give us something—anything at all? We've all got to be realistic. Civil rights is a fact of life. There's nothing for anyone to do but accept it." He paused, examined the business end of his cigar, and then said, "It's going to be a dirty, violent campaign. I don't think any of us are going to be very proud when it's over."

"I deplore that as much as anyone," Garbarino said. "But it's going to work in our favor. In fact, I'm convinced that Goldwater is going to beat Johnson."

"I hope to God you're wrong, John," the man said.

FOR the past quarter of a century, the members of the right wing in this country have been living on the leanest of fare. During the four days of the Convention, their appetite had been repeatedly whetted by the expectation of a feast at last. But when Senator Goldwater finally appeared on the rostrum, patiently waiting to speak until the last of the red, white, and blue balloons cascading from the roof had been burst by his ecstatic followers, he seemed at first to have nothing to offer them but a few stale crusts. Their disappointment was obvious in their perfunctory applause. It wasn't until he finally threw them a whole side of beef—"I would remind you that extremism in defense of liberty is no vice"—that they realized it had all been worth waiting for. Falling on the words ravenously, they rose to their feet and offered their thanks—the greatest ovation of the Convention.

As the crowd was breaking up, George Hinman, one of Governor Rockefeller's closest advisers and a member of the Republican National



Very worldly

Widen your taste horizon tonight. Serve spices from the Orient, herbs from the Continent, fruit from Africa all blended to hearty perfection in Houses of Parliament Sauce.

This British-born aristocrat of sauces imparts a sophisticated new flavor to steaks, chops, soups and cheeses, fish and game.

Look for HP Sauce – from the makers of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire—wherever quality foods are sold.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SAUCE

LEA & PER
SAUCE
THE ORIGINA
WORCESTER

**Many imitations
no substitutes**

Only Lea & Perrins has the full strength flavor of authentic Worcestershire. All others are imitations of the secret, original L & P recipe. But quality tells. Lea & Perrins never fades in cooking. It enhances the natural flavor of food...puts new life into old favorites...adds taste excitement to new ones. Insist on the original – Lea & Perrins.

FREE NEW COOKBOOK: "100 Ways to Be Original." Write Lea & Perrins, Box N, Fair Lawn, N. J.

LEA & PERRINS the original Worcestershire

APPROVED BY UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES, INC.

When you're a homely little lamp, you have to have lots of personality... and be very helpful

...then people will take you home and love you!

You'd never believe this coltish-looking little lamp could find such an indispensable place in your life.

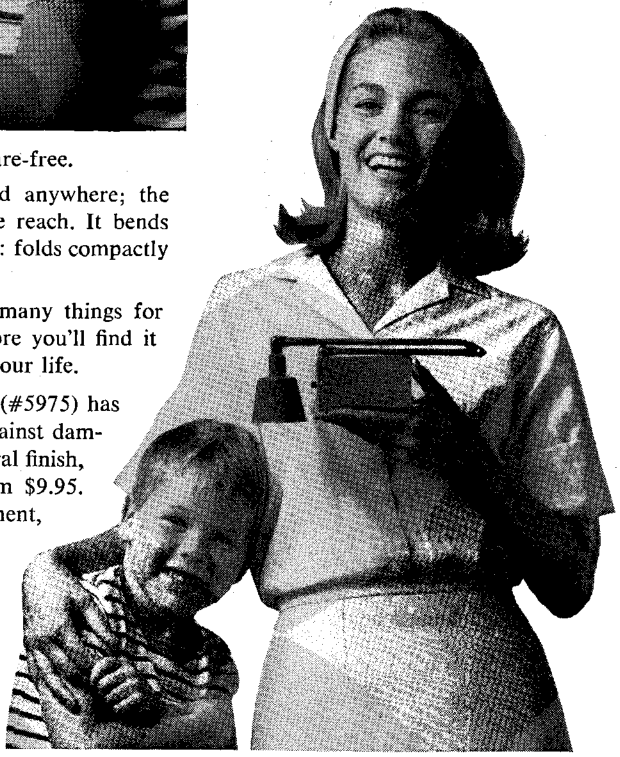
Read in bed without disturbing the spouse. Sew while the family watches TV. Fix the car. Paint (you see colors true-to-hue!). Manicure. Shave. Study. Work at hobbies. First aiding? Get the light right on the splinter! Tensor-Lite is like concentrated daylight, for your own personal use, anytime.

What makes it possible? Electronic miniaturization: High-intensity illumination in a confined beam...(the Hi-Lo switch provides up to the equivalent of a 200-watt conventional desk lamp)...that can be directed exactly where you want it, and only where you need it. It's pure white, glare-free.

Tensor-Lite can be used anywhere; the extra-long cord gives wide reach. It bends every which way. It travels: folds compactly to pocket size.

Tensor-Lite will do so many things for you, it won't be long before you'll find it the irreplaceable light of your life.

The Tensor-Lite shown (#5975) has a LIFETIME GUARANTEE against damage in normal use. In neutral finish, $17.50. Other models from $9.95. You'll find them in department, stationery and specialty stores. Stop in and see if you can resist owning one.



tensor®
TENSOR CORP., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11233

©1964. MADE IN U. S. A.

Only the look is priceless

Hand-printed geometric pattern swirls new beauty on lustrous Celara. Over-blouse by Mr. Dino in Celara, textured Celanese Acetate knit. White with royal or brown. Sizes 8-18. About $25. At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Bramson, Chicago; Rich's, Atlanta.

Celanese® Celara®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Committee, walked past me with a companion. "It was a call to violence, both domestically and internationally," he was saying.

Scelsi stopped briefly beside me, said, "Pick up your black leather jacket at the door," and went on out of the hall.

A moment later, Garbarino came over. "Do you want my reaction?" he asked. I nodded, and he said, "It stank."

That was all he said until we were driving back into town with his wife. "What do you say, let's get out of politics," he suddenly said to her. "Let's leave it to the fanatics. My God, how can a man talk that way? How can he call for law and order in one breath and extremism in the next? Doesn't he *think*? Doesn't he realize that he's encouraging the night riders, the lynchers, the bombers—that there's going to be blood in the streets? This morning, I thought we had created some kind of unity, but now—" He broke off and stared gloomily out the window for a long time. At last, turning back, he said, "I'm scared to death."

—RICHARD HARRIS

•

THIS CHANGING WORLD

[*I-cheng Loh in Publishers' Weekly*]

Throughout the centuries, publishing in China was never thought of as good business, but as a noble act of sacrifice, motivated by the sole purpose of promoting academic studies and bordering almost on philanthropy. While the Chinese invented printing by movable type in the twelfth century, until modern times the cost of printing in China remained so high that only a very rich man could afford to become a publisher. He did so partly in the interest of culture, and partly because he liked to see his own name on the title page of each volume, the closest thing to immortality which money could buy. No thought of profit-making was likely to enter his head, since it would debase the whole idea, and was impractical anyway. Writers, meanwhile, never dreamed of asking for remuneration. They were singularly thankful if their work ever saw the light of print.

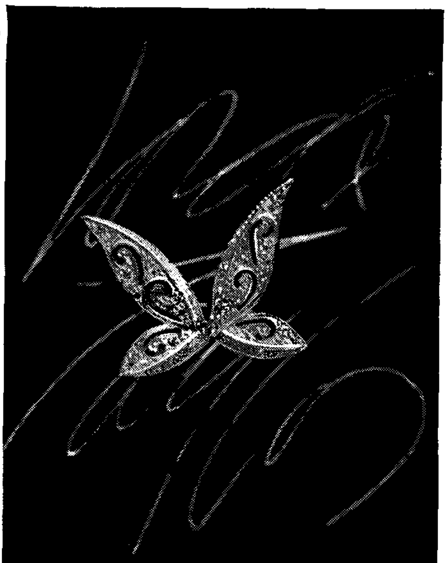
•

"If we can convince people they're really good enough for mixed nuts," he explains, "we've done a great service.

"One of our subtle, psychological ways of doing this is by our new 'Cashew Mix,' 55 per cent cashews and 45 per cent peanuts.

"Our idea is to meet various social strata halfway. With this mix, a truck-driver and a stockbroker's daughter can eat out of the same can."—*Boston Traveler.*

After that, anything can happen.

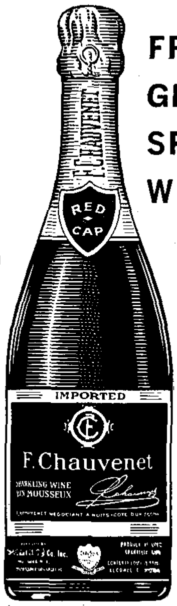


Gossamer glitter

to flutter on a shoulder or sleeve—or pinned to pearls. Pavé rhinestone pin handset by Panetta—shown actual size, 10.00 Plus Federal tax.

All Lord & Taylor stores

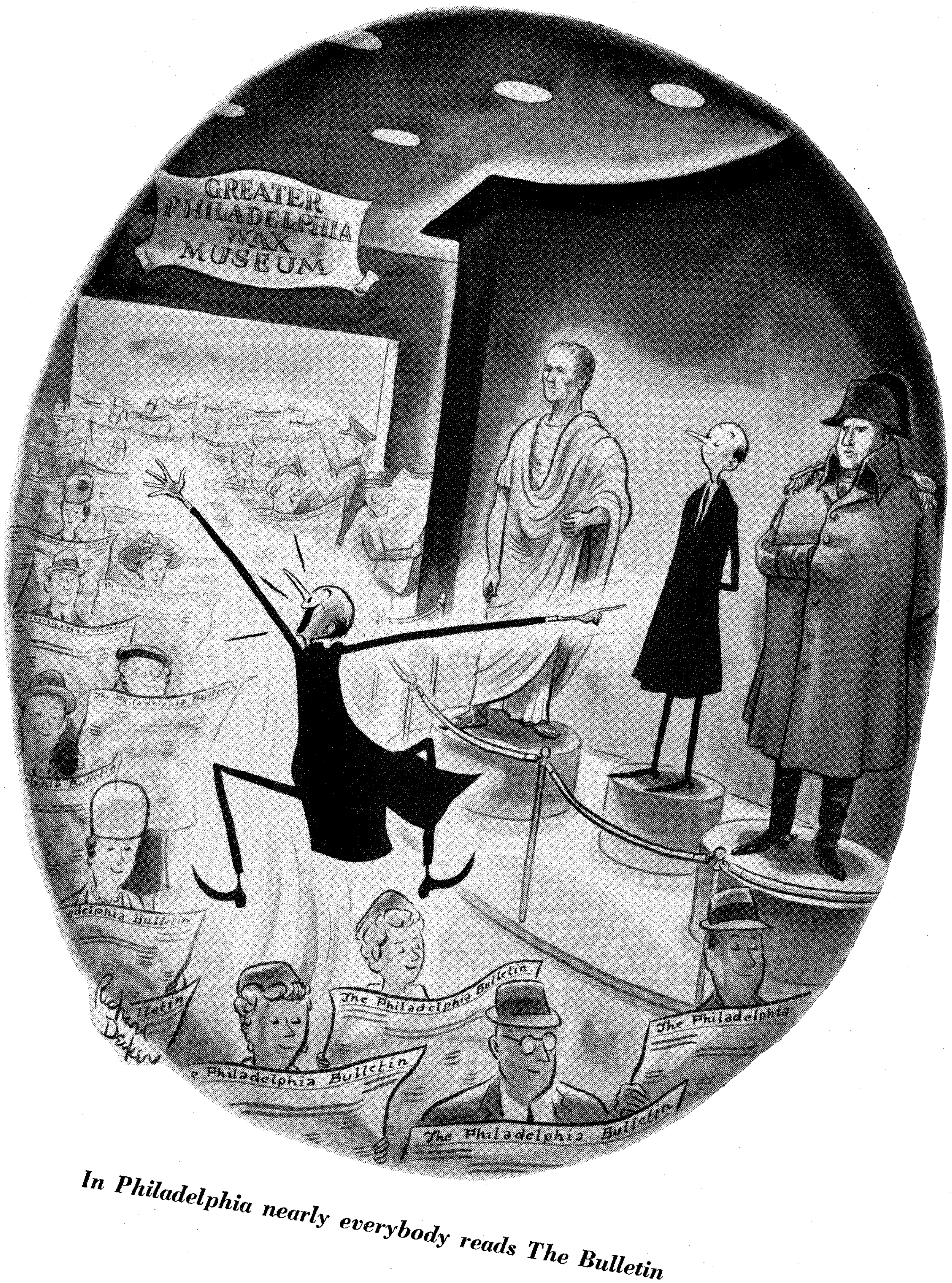
IT CAN'T BE GAY WITHOUT COOL Chauvenet Red Cap®



FRANCE'S GREAT RED SPARKLING WINE

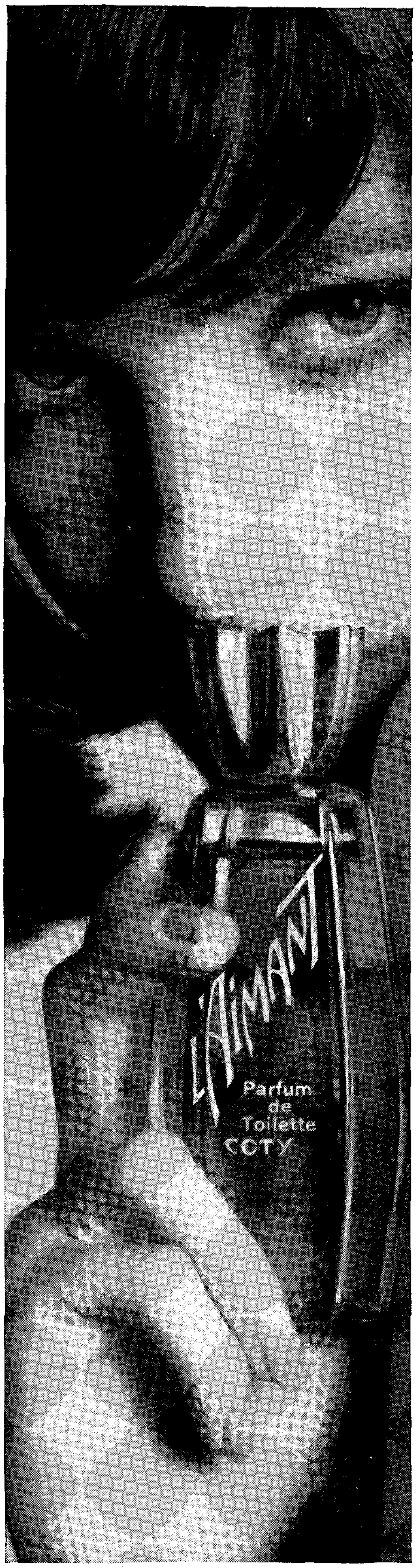
N.B.
Also remember "Chauvenet":
Beaujolais,
Pommard,
Pouilly Fuisse
and
many others—

©1964 SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.


GREATER PHILADELPHIA WAX MUSEUM
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia
e Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
delphia Bulletin
lletin

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)



Give her L'Aimant before someone else does . . .

L'AIMANT
parfum de toilette
by COTY

©COTY, 1964.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz

THE oddest thing about the sudden and brilliant vortex of bebop was that it seemed to engulf not only the musical styles that preceded it but its inventors themselves. Within a decade after its arrival, in 1945, it had swallowed most of its founders and early adherents. Charlie Parker and Fats Navarro were dead. Max Roach and J. J. Johnson were musically dry, and Kenny Clarke, also treading old glories, was soon to go abroad for good. Howard McGhee and Al Haig had simply disappeared, as had Dodo Marmarosa. Thelonious Monk appeared to be permanently in the wings. And Bud Powell had begun the unsettling pattern of stays in hospitals that continues to dog him. Only Dizzy Gillespie and the late Oscar Pettiford, performing with their customary stunning ease, remained afloat. Powell has been the most painful of these casualties, for he was perhaps even more revolutionary than Parker and Gillespie.

Art Tatum, nourished by Fats Waller and Earl Hines, unwittingly prepared the way for Powell. Tatum's style hinged on breathtaking arpeggios and on a discursive harmonic play that became massive and dictatorial in the arhythmic interludes he increasingly favored. But his virtuosity eventually took on a strained, dandyish quality that suggested his style had reached a narcissistic dead end. Powell simply started where Tatum stopped. He first *trimmed away the fat*, by converting the left hand, which had been a timekeeper since the days of ragtime, into a levering, pushing agent for the right hand. (The bass and drums quickly filled the ensuing rhythmic vacuum.) He then fashioned in the right hand astonishingly long and lean single-note melodic lines that were apt to start and break off in odd places and that followed one another so rapidly they sometimes appeared to overlap. The jaggedness, rhythmic complexity, and plethora of flatted notes in these melodic lines gave them a sharp, dry, hard aspect; they seemed, in contrast to Tatum's thunderheads, to be all bone and metal. Powell and Monk had started off in the same direction in the mid-forties, but Monk went Gothic, while Powell remained spare and classical. Such a style

EL CONQUISTADOR

UNEQUIVOCALLY,
A NEW HEIGHT IN LUXURY
YET A MOST REASONABLE
$15 DAILY PER PERSON WITH
BREAKFAST & DINNER

You may never find an island hotel, resort or retreat to equal this. El Conquistador, standing proudly on a 280 ft. cliff, overlooking Puerto Rico's spectacular east coast. Among the most luxurious accommodations and facilities in the Caribbean. The most breathtaking views. A modern paradise touched with Old Spanish splendor. Everything you might want to do. Fresh water pool, golf, tennis. Continental, Puerto Rican and American cuisine. Dancing every night. Yet this is only the beginning. Descend Puerto Rico's only aerial tramway and swim from a private half-mile beach. Sail to deserted tropic isles. Fish, skin dive, picnic, beachcomb. Sail to St. Thomas for shopping. Drive to San Juan for nightclubs. And come back for a way of life that must be lived—to be believed.

El Conquistador
Las Croabas, Fajardo, Puerto Rico.

See your TRAVEL AGENT or our representatives: Leonard Hicks Jr. Inc., 532 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. • MU 8-0123
Offices also in Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit
Miami • Toronto • Washington, D. C.

DOWN-TO-EARTH DINNER SKIRT—AT HOME ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD. WE MAKE IT TO ORDER IN TRADITIONAL OR MUTED SCOTTISH WOOL TARTAN. SOFTLY PLEATED, BUT FLAT FORE AND AFT. SPECIFY CLAN OR COLOURINGS, WAIST SIZE AND SKIRT LENGTH FROM BAND. $25.35, BY MAIL.

Trimingham's BERMUDA

Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-41. Also in grey English Worsted Flannel and off-white Irish hand-woven Donegal tweed. $29.95. Add 75c for postage. U.S. duty, if any, on delivery. Send for illustrated catalogue.

Now for only $5.60* you can enjoy the same great Scotch that sold a million bottles in Scotland last year.

Scotsmen can pick from many top-quality Scotch whiskies. For over a century, **Crawford's** has been their particular favorite. Now you can buy this superb Scotch in the U.S. at a modest price. Just $5.60 is all you pay to discover what the Scots call "one of the good things of life."

ESTD 1860
Crawford's
Special Reserve
Blended
Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies blended and shipped by
A. & A. Crawford Ltd.
Leith, Scotland
Product of Scotland

*New York price ⅘ Qt. Somewhat higher or lower in other states.

CRAWFORD'S BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80.6 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Traditional Japan or modern... you may take your Imperial choice

Japan is the quiet serenity of a wooded shrine. It's also the modern sweep of glass and steel. The Imperial Hotel—with a tradition of hospitality dating back to the Emperor Meiji—can offer you a taste of both.

In its famed Original Wing, oak-beamed corridors and aged stone columns are an elegant reminder of the Imperial's colorful 74-year history—of times past when the Imperial housed the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests. The pace is relaxed; the mood tranquil.

Across the Imperial Court—the bustling lobby of the New Wing sets the exciting mood of modern Japan. Here, your Imperial welcome includes every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort. Plus the Imperial's traditional hospitality.

Perhaps you would like to spend a few days in both wings. Your travel agent knows the Imperial well. He'll understand.

IMPERIAL HOTEL TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

as his, with its delicate balance of speed and melodic originality, moves on a tightrope, and in the early fifties Powell slipped. The melodic lines blurred and grew introverted, he slowed down, and many of his pieces had an incomplete, bewildered air. His health, it was soon clear, was hobbling him. Nonetheless, he has continued to play between his withdrawals from music—sometimes inchoately, sometimes with all his early invention.

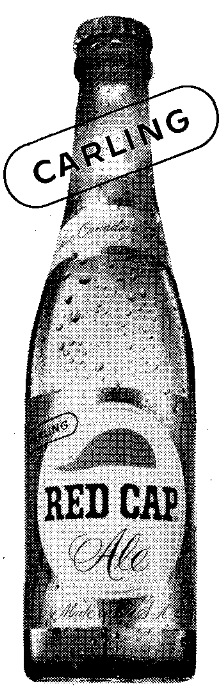
With this sad chronicle in mind, I stopped in at Birdland last week to hear Powell, who has just returned from six years in Paris. It was a strange and affecting evening. He has gained weight, which adds to his impassive Oriental look, and between numbers and during his accompanists' solos he sat large and still, eyes hooded, slowly twiddling his thumbs. It was a stony inertia, and his playing reflected it. The old mastery was there, but it was caught in an eerie slow-motion embrace. The long, barbed melodic lines hung together, but they flowed somewhere below the beat, like the delayed-action timing in a dream. Occasionally he caught up and held tight, only to fall below again, with a flurry of missed notes. Entire passages went by in a monotone, but they were relieved by abrupt, articulate, flashing figures that few pianists have matched. These good moments cropped up in the blues—three of the twelve numbers I heard—and in "Shaw-Nuff," "I Know That You Know," and "52nd Street Theme," all taken at high tempos that seemed to sustain rather than outdistance him. Most important, Powell invariably gave the impression of being wholly confident about his ideas; one could almost *see* them start bright and bold from his mind and then, more often than not, twist away before reaching his fingers. His accompanists—John Ore on bass and Horace Arnold on drums—were models of steadiness. Arnold tended to be overbearing, but it was the aggressiveness of one inspired and not bored.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Since 1959, he has been chairman of the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on Genetics Effects of Atomic Radiation, and the scientific advisory council of the American Cancer society. He is a past president of the American Association for the Advancement of the slanting sunlight with his Ph. D. from Cornell university, Ithaca, N.Y.

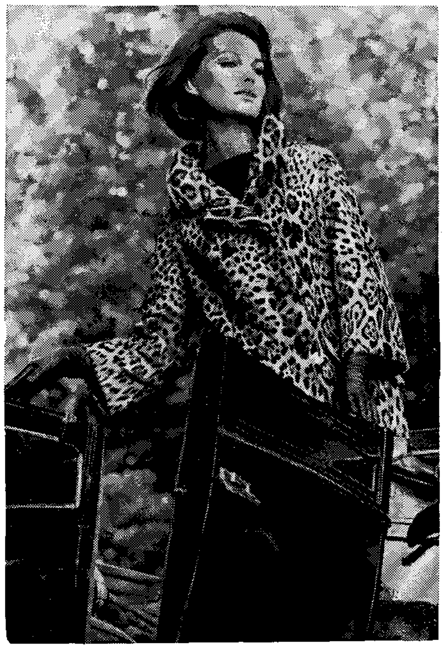
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Where the sunsets are magnificent.



By special request...

Red Cap—the truly fine ale that goes a step beyond even the smoothest beer. It's extra bold and hearty because more hops, more malt and longer aging go into every drop. Such a brew is Red Cap Ale. Try it. Brewed here in the U. S. A. by Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, brewers of Black Label Beer.



To say "It is so charming" in Danish simply murmur "Den er bedaarende" ...start practicing now. It's a sentence you'll want on the tip of your tongue when you see our famous fur collection.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

NORTHWE
EST
320 FAN-JET

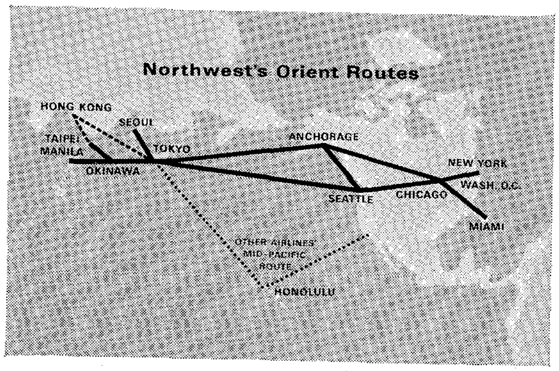
Northwest Fan-Jets arrive in Tokyo while most jets would still be 2,000 miles away!

Here's what makes it possible: Our route to the Orient is the shortest there is. We fly you to Seattle or Anchorage—then non-stop to Tokyo. Your trip is up to 2,000 miles shorter—and hours faster—than flying the roundabout mid-Pacific route.

But we do more than save you 2,000 miles. We also save you a lot of bother. You don't have to change airlines—or planes—in the middle of your trip. You stay on the same Northwest Fan-Jet straight through from New York or Chicago to Tokyo.

Relax en route. On Northwest, you fly to the Orient on a 320 Fan-Jet. This king-sized jet is the largest in history. It can fly farther (6,000 miles non-stop) than any other passenger jet.

Wide choice of flights. We have 12 Fan-Jets weekly to Tokyo from New York, Chicago and Seattle (including the only non-stop flights from Seattle—8 weekly). Remember too, Northwest also has Fan-Jet flights continuing on from Tokyo to Manila, Okinawa, Taipei and Seoul. Excellent connections to Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore—all the Orient. For immediate reservations, call Northwest Orient Airlines, or your travel agent.


Northwest's Orient Routes
HONG KONG
SEOUL
TAIPEI
MANILA
TOKYO
OKINAWA
ANCHORAGE
NEW YORK
WASH., D.C.
SEATTLE
CHICAGO
MIAMI
OTHER AIRLINES' MID-PACIFIC ROUTE
HONOLULU

NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES
THE FAN-JET AIRLINE

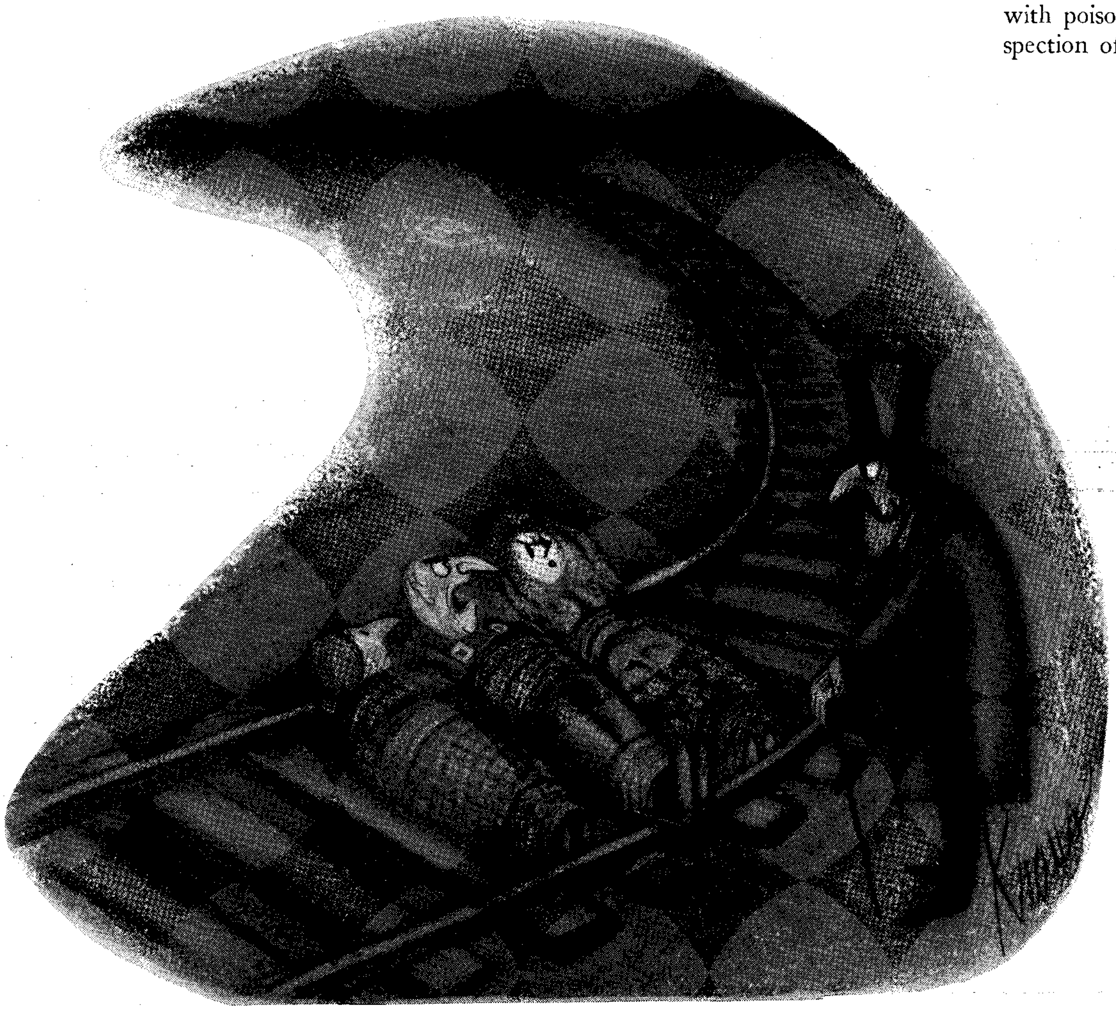
ANNALS OF MEDICINE

LEAVES OF THREE

THROUGHOUT most of temperate North America, *Rhus toxicodendron* Linnaeus, or poison ivy (or poison oak or poison creeper or climbing sumac or three-leaved ivy), flourishes. It is found from Canada to the West Indies and from Mexico to Maine, and in almost every kind of environment. It grows in boggy glens and upland pastures, in hedgerow thickets and open woods, in cornfields and on ocean dunes, in back yards and city parks, and on railroad rights-of-way. Few plants are less demanding. Its basic needs are a little sun, a little soil, and a little rain—ten inches a year is enough. It is also, with its pale and subtly scented blossoms, its mistletoelike berries, and its gleaming trifoliate leaves—rich copper in early spring, emerald green in summer, mottled pink and yellow in fall—a plant of singular beauty. Indeed, except for its toxic touch it is a thoroughly admirable plant.

The poisonous nature of poison ivy is generally conceded. Only one dissenting opinion is prominently on record, and it is also the earliest known allusion to the plant. It was set down in 1624 by Captain John Smith in his "The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles." "The poysoned weed is much in shape like our English Ivy," he noted, "but being but touched, causeth rednesse, itching, and lastly blisters, the which howsoever after a while passe away of themselves without further harme; yet because for the time they are somewhat painfull, it hath got it selfe an ill name, although questionlesse of no ill nature." Captain Smith's opinion was clearly altogether his own. Not even the aboriginally stoical Indians of his time took so nonchalant a view of poison ivy. The Onondagas called it *ko-hoon-tas*, meaning "stick that makes you sore," and their Cherokee cousins were conciliatory as well as respectful; they always addressed it as "my friend." Captain Smith's assumption that poison ivy is a member of the ivy genus, Hedera, though equally mistaken, is less difficult to understand. It so much looks—and climbs—like ivy that most seventeenth-century authorities made the same assumption. The French botanical explorer Jacques-Philippe Cornut, whose pioneering "Canadensium Plantarum" appeared in 1635, was one of that number. He called it *Hedera trifolia canadensis*. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century, when the plant came to the more sophisticated attention of Linnaeus, that it found its proper taxonomic niche, as *Rhus toxicodendron*, in the uniformly toxic Anacardiaceae family. Its companions there include the poison sumac, the cashew, the doctor gum, the mango, and the Japanese lacquer tree.

The most distinctive aspect of poison ivy is its leaves. Linnaeus, in his classic study, described them as "three'd, leaflets petioled, egg'd, naked, most intire." It is possible that his familiarity with poison ivy was limited to the inspection of a few dried specimens, but more probable, since poison ivy was cultivated as an eerie curiosity by many European horticulturists in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, that he had an opportunity to observe the living plant. In any case, it seems certain that he based his description on a rather scanty sampling. For the leaves of poison ivy, as those closer to its native habitat have always been aware, are anything but uniform. "I know few plants the form of whose leaves is so various," Thomas Horsfield, a Pennsylvania physician and the first American to make a comprehensive study of poison ivy, noted in a monograph in 1798. They range in length from one to four or five inches. They are as often elliptical as egg-shaped, and as often hairy as hairless. Moreover, their margins are only sometimes entire, or smooth. This trait varies widely, even on the same plant. Poison-ivy



"*For God's sake, Daughter, say 'Yes'!*"

Would woman have walked so proudly but for the marvel of wool?

Wool. Nature's gift to man.
Man's gift to woman.
Wool. The protector.
Wool. The joy.
Wool. Never once has it failed us.
And today, when we ask for
excitement, once again wool responds.
With the expected.
And the unexpected.
In color. Texture. Tailoring.

Wool. Endless adventure to the
designer. Endless invitation to
a bold new line, a new curve,
a new motion in silhouette.
Wool, only wool,
has the strength,
the vitality, the resilience, the
softness to make this adventure
in design so unlimited,
so beautiful.

Coat by Originala of Anglo
pure wool melton.
About $250.
At these fine stores:
Lord & Taylor—
New York and Branches
L.L. Berger, Inc.—
Buffalo, New York
Gidding-Jenny—
Cincinnati, Ohio

Wool was not invented, it was created . . . just for you

The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

leaves may be lightly saw-edged (like an elm's) or deeply toothed (like a sycamore's) or, occasionally, softly lobed (like certain oaks'). In addition, the plant itself takes different forms. It usually occurs as a low, ground-cover creeper, but it climbs as handily as woodbine or bittersweet, and in richly favorable circumstances it evolves into a bushy waist-high shrub. It may even—to judge from a fourteen-foot specimen found in California—become a tree. The only reliably regular feature of poison ivy is the arrangement of its leaves. They grow in groups of three on a common stem in the form of a fleur-de-lis. It is this telltale characteristic that inspired the warning couplets that are the only celebration of poison ivy in verse:

> Leaves of three,
> Quickly flee.
> Berries white,
> Poisonous sight.

THE poison of poison ivy is a phenolic (or carbolic) substance formally known to science as $C_{21}H_{32}O_2$. Its purpose has yet to be established. Some authorities have suggested that it is produced to protect the plant against destruction by herbivorous animals, and some consider it a waste product, but the theory most widely held depicts it as a substance generated at some particular stage of the metabolic process. Since 1896, when its constituents were first identified by Franz Pfaff, an inquiring American physician, it has had a succession of names—toxicodendrol, lobinol, and urushiol. The last of these, and the name now generally preferred, derives from the Japanese "*urushi*," meaning "lacquer," and commemorates an extensive illumination of the identically toxic properties of the Japanese lacquer tree by a group of Japanese research chemists in the early nineteen-twenties. Urushiol, appearing as a sticky, resinous, saplike fluid, is ubiquitously present in poison ivy. It has been found in the leaves, flowers, fruit, twigs, stems, and roots. Its toxicity is as constant as its presence. It is unaffected by age, situation, or season, and it is always high—virulently high. Experiments (by Pfaff and others) have shown that as little as one one-thousandth of a milligram of urushiolic sap will produce a typical dermatitis. Nevertheless, the virulence of poison ivy is more apparent at certain times and places than at others. It is most apparent in the spring, when the plants are young and frail and easily bruised, and the poisonous sap is most readily released. As the season advances, the

SIMPLE REGENCY URN

in a fine old brass finish with enameled torch . . . all mounted on imported marble. Quite compatible with most 18th and Early 19th Century taste. Height: 41 inches. $65.00* at fine stores everywhere. For descriptive literature address The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST, SOUTH AND CANADA

STIFFEL

the village store

Steal the scene . . .
Wherever the stage in a soft jersey dress with just the flutter of a ruffle. Slightly flared and artfully shaped to flatter. In black or eggplant lined in contrasting silk. 6-14. 35.00. By Loomtogs. **Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Add 50¢ postage. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:
NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

What's new on the Boardwalk?

A brand-new motel wing at the DENNIS!

That's what. Connected to, and charming as the 450 room hotel itself. 100 modern air-conditioned rooms and a new pool (which makes two). And everything you could want for a banner holiday by the sea. Dennis, anyone?

On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
RESERVATIONS:
phone Atlantic City 609-344-8111
New York Tie Line WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

vulnerable leaves and stems mature and toughen. Those on plants growing in the full light of the sun become particularly tough and resistant to injury. Autumn leaves, wherever grown, are even tougher, and in winter the virulence of poison ivy is confined to the twigs and roots. The virulence of the urushiol itself, however, continues undiminished.

The isolation of urushiol did more than clarify the poisonous nature of poison ivy. It also broadly clarified the nature of poison-ivy poisoning. The most intimate of these secondary elucidations had to do with how poison-ivy poisoning is contracted. Until urushiol was riddled, both science and common sense were satisfied that the plant emitted a miasma as pernicious as its touch. Thomas Horsfield discussed this characteristic in his monograph of 1798. "The manner in which the eruption is excited, like its degree of violence, is subject to many variations," he noted. "It is [often] produced by the exhalation or effluvium of the plants. To what distance the exhalation is capable of extending its influence, I have not been able accurately to determine. My observations lead me to believe that in very excitable habits it extends at least to fifteen or twenty feet." A generation later, in 1829, R. Dakin, a New Jersey physician, described much the same phenomenon in a contribution to the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* entitled "Remarks on a Cutaneous Affection Produced by Certain Poisonous Vegetables." Dakin, who thought he was breaking new ground ("I do not recollect ever having seen a treatise upon the subject"), reported, "It [the cutaneous affection] is contracted by touching certain plants and shrubs, and not improbably, sometimes by inhaling, or swallowing with the saliva, the odour arising from them." Even the great Harvard botanist Asa Gray accepted this vaporific notion. "I . . . am very sensitive to the fresh plant," he remarked in a letter to a colleague in 1872. "Then the poison is volatile, as shown by its affecting persons who do not touch it actually." And as late as 1894, in a book called "According to Season," Mrs. William Starr Dana, a popular horticultural writer, warned, "If we are wise we tarry here [near poison ivy] no longer than by the carrion-vine, for the small white flowers, which are now fully open, are said to give forth peculiarly poisonous emanations under the influence of the June sun." The belief that the poison of poison ivy can express itself as a gas has

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED 86 PROOF. © 1964 BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
White Horse
Nº 1653027
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky

SECRET THOUGHTS OF A BRIDEGROOM

"...great Scotch* they served at my bachelor party. Freddie said it was all the rage in Manhattan. What the deuce was its name?"

*The name of the Scotch is White Horse. People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Madonna and Child by Fra Filippo Lippi, a golden Adoration of the Magi by a Flemish master, flowers by a French Impressionist, a Greek vase painting, a medieval enamel of Saint Michael and the dragon, a decoration of musical instruments from a Renaissance castle, a Rembrandt etching, a Colonial embroidery of birds in a cherry tree, and a Victorian skating party by Winslow Homer are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 75 cents each. They can be bought ONLY by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N15

*Name*________________________________

*Address*______________________________

not yet vanished from the earth, but it is no longer sustained by science. Pfaff's historic experiments (and those of many others) have plainly shown that, far from being so helplessly volatile as to vaporize in the heat of the sun, urushiol is among the most stable of substances.

The stability of urushiol both limits and enlarges its range. It enables one to scrutinize or smell or even (if care is taken not to bruise the leaves) handle a poison-ivy plant with impunity, but it has a less attractive side. Burning will destroy the plants in a poison-ivy patch but not their poisonous sap. The poison adheres in almost microscopic droplets to the bits of soot and ash that rise with the smoke, and thus is broadcast through the air. A cloud of poison-ivy smoke can be at least as baleful as a crushed and bleeding plant. ("I was on a railway train which for some reason stopped near where workmen were clearing off a swamp and burning the bogs and brush, which would in this latitude pretty certainly contain a considerable amount of . . . *Rhus*," J. H. Hunt, a Brooklyn physician, reported to the *Brooklyn Medical Journal* in 1897. "The smoke came in through the open car windows, and in about twenty-four hours I began to feel as if I had been sunburned, and swelling and vesication rapidly appeared, so that by the third day I was completely blind from the tumefaction closing my eyelids.") Urushiol is equally impervious to other destructive forces. It is insoluble in water and resistant to drying, and time has little effect on its potency. Poison-ivy leaves have been stored at room temperature for as long as five years without any loss in toxicity, and clothing—sweaters, topcoats, trousers, shoes—accidentally contaminated with poison-ivy sap has retained the power to produce a full-blown dermatitis for well over a year. So have golf balls, garden tools, kites, and the hair of dogs and cats. Poison-ivy twigs immersed in water have retained their original urushiol vigor for sixteen months. In an experiment described by Walter C. Muenscher and J. M. Kingsbury, of the botany department at Cornell, a quantity of poison ivy was cut and spread out on the roof of a garage. It lay there exposed to the wind and weather for eighteen months. At the end of that time, its sap was found to be as virulent as ever. Another experiment known to Muenscher and Kingsbury would seem to be definitive. It involved a white canvas glove that had been worn during the collection of some poison-ivy plants for laboratory use and then put away in a closet. After

Tam O'Shanter

CHEVRON: a SHIRT JAC with touches of elegance. Contrasting textures and colors, with red or blue predominating. In all cotton knit fabric by ALAMAC. Sizes 6 to 18, about $4.

at B. Altman & Co., Fifth Ave. and suburban stores.

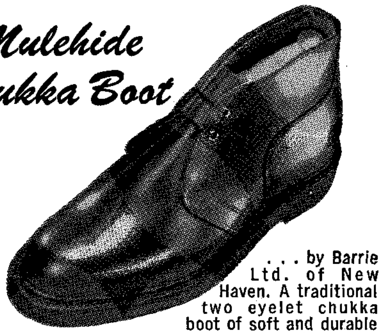
Also at fine stores everywhere, or write:
TAM O'SHANTER, Inc., Dept. N, 112 West 34th St., New York.
Also made in CANADA, AUSTRALIA, and ENGLAND.

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.



Mulehide Chukka Boot

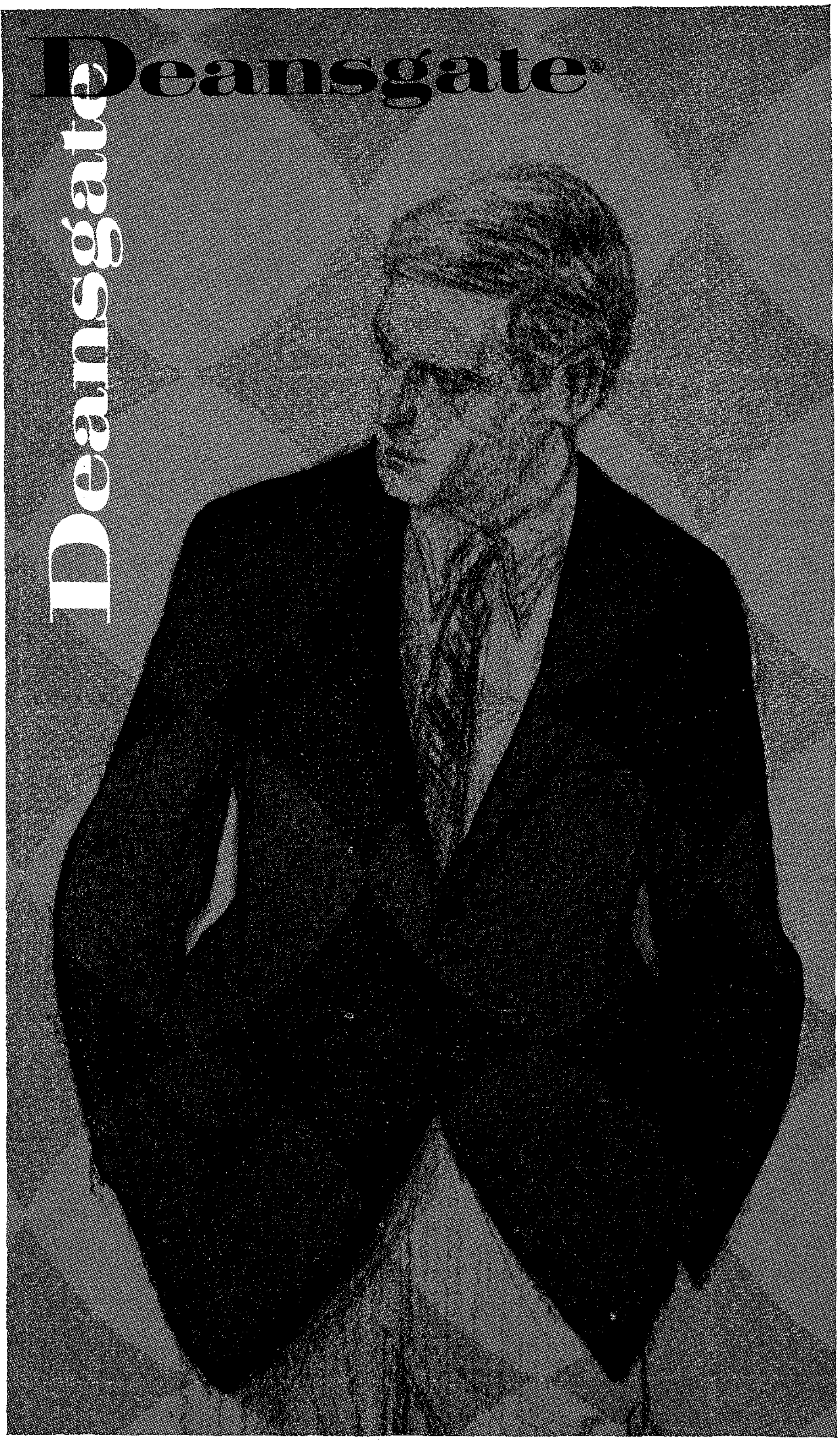
. . . by Barrie Ltd. of New Haven. A traditional two eyelet chukka boot of soft and durable brown mulehide. Detailed with glove leather lined forepart, pre-stitched storm welt around heel and resilient long wearing "Cush-N-Crepe" soles. Barrie's mulehide chukka boot is sure to please the discriminating outdoorsman.

Order by mail. State shoe size — only $19.95 postpaid! Address orders to Barrie Ltd. Department N10 260 York St., New Haven, Conn.

Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

an interval of ten months, the glove was brought out and washed for ten minutes in hot water with a strong laundry soap. It was then pressed with a hot iron, dried, and given to a volunteer to handle. The following day, the volunteer developed a classic case of poison-ivy poisoning.

The interval between exposure to poison ivy and the appearance of symptoms varies with the nature of the exposure. In general, the greater the exposure, the more quickly the rash erupts. It usually comes on in about twenty-four hours, but it may show up in ten or twelve hours, or not for two or three days. On the basis of this apparent incubation period, some early American proponents of the germ theory of disease—among them Thomas J. Burrill, a pioneer plant bacteriologist—were inspired to attribute the poisonous action of poison ivy to a micro-organism. Burrill has the double distinction of being the first to propose this sinister hypothesis (in a contribution to the *American Naturalist* in 1883) and (in a manly letter to *Garden & Forest* in 1895) the first to withdraw it: "It must be acknowledged that I do not know as much about the matter as I once supposed I did." The reason for the procrastinated onset of poison-ivy poisoning is that the rash is not a superficial irritation. It originates in the epithelial tissue, and to reach that sensitive area the urushiolic sap must penetrate the protective keratin layer that chiefly forms the surface of the skin. There are also other factors that may affect its progress. They include body hair, scars and calluses, and heat. Hair and hardened skin inhibit the absorption of urushiol, but heat appears to promote it. The role of heat in poison-ivy poisoning is another phenomenon whose recognition stems from the isolation of urushiol. Until then, the effects of the toxin were attributed empirically to sweat. "A state of increased perspiration at the time of exposure to the poison," Thomas Horsfield noted in his monograph, "has a most powerful influence in rendering persons more susceptible of the eruption." Sweat, according to this long-unquestioned view, dissolved the poison and thus hastened its absorption. The truth is very different. Urushiol is no more soluble in sweat than it is in water, but it does dissolve in fats and oils, including those secreted in the skin, and a body temperature high enough to bring on sweating will release these natural solvents. That partly explains the matter. Another and more significant explanation is that heat tends to increase the range of the poison by re-



the sporting world of the Deansgate man

...prefers this jacket of imported wool Shetland in a choice of herringbones and other distinctive patterns. Lively...conversational...backed by the greatest natural shoulder in America. That's Deansgate. About $49.50

Famous-Sternberg, Inc.
950 POEYFARRE ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

SHARPEES
wraps up her weekend plans
with Crompton's water-repellent
Cross Country cotton corduroy,
then adds fuel to the fire
with a cozy lining
of modacrylic pile.
Tobacco, loden.
Buttoned in brass.
Sizes 8 to 16. About $30.
Peck & Peck, 5th Ave. and all branches
Joseph Magnin, San Francisco
Sakowitz Bros., Houston
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.,
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY18
Crompton Corduroy
MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA

moving the protection of gloves and shirtsleeves and socks. Nevertheless, for all the protective value of clothes, the extent of poison-ivy poisoning bears little relation to the amount of body surface exposed. "It should be remembered," Bedford Shelmire, professor of dermatology at the Baylor University College of Medicine, told the annual meeting of the American Association for the Study of Allergy in New York City in 1940, "that poison-ivy dermatitis over the face, body, and genitals is usually caused from contact with the patient's own contaminated hands and rarely from direct contact with the plant. The thickness of the epidermis of the palms and palmar surface of the fingers usually inhibits a reaction at these sites. The manual transference of [urushiol] to other areas of the body where the epidermis is thin results in the typical vesicular ivy reaction."

NOT everyone who touches poison ivy has the same reaction. People differ greatly in their susceptibility to urushiolic poisoning. Fully confirmed responses range from a tolerance that borders on immunity to a sensitivity so exquisite that the slightest contact is excruciating. These varying reactions were once confidently explained in terms of sex, age, and constitution. Thomas Horsfield was persuaded that "children are more readily poisoned than adults" and that "females are more easily affected than males." He was further inclined to believe that the poison took hold "more readily . . . immediately after than before a full meal." Dakin, in his 1829 report, observed that "susceptibility recedes as age advances," and added, "I do not recollect of ever having seen a pale-looking person poisoned." Later in the nineteenth century, investigators proposed that feeble health was a predisposing factor, that sensitivity increased with weight, and that blonds were more susceptible than brunets. Poison-ivy dermatitis is now defined as an allergy. It is, however, an allergy of a somewhat unusual sort. It differs from the classic allergic diseases (asthma, hay fever, eczema, hives) in two important respects. One is prevalence. At least half the adult population of the United States has a susceptibility to poison-ivy poisoning, while the total of American allergics to the four classic diseases is hardly eleven million. The second difference is that people allergic to urushiol are seldom afflicted with any other allergy. Conventional allergics, on the other hand, are generally prone to more than one allergic disease, and may be

Whimsical and Waterless! Flower holders by Kosta $13.50 and $5 postpaid

Looking for something special? NK has it. All smart travelers know NK (Nordiska Kompaniet), Sweden's unique department store, famous the world over for the distinctive quality of its merchandise.

Now NK brings to the World's Fair the finest products of Creative Sweden's artists, designers and manufacturers.

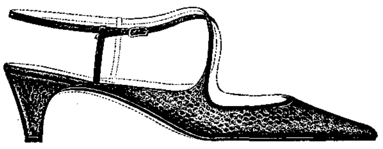
Why not select your sophisticated Christmas and wedding gifts *in the NK Shop in the Swedish Pavilion?* We ship everywhere.

NK
At the Swedish Pavilion
New York World's Fair

The fabulous fingers of
Irving Fields
AND HIS TRIO

MERMAID ROOM
Dancing nightly except Sunday. No minimum.
No cover. Superb Roast Beef only $3.95.
PARK SHERATON HOTEL
55th St. and 7th Ave., New York

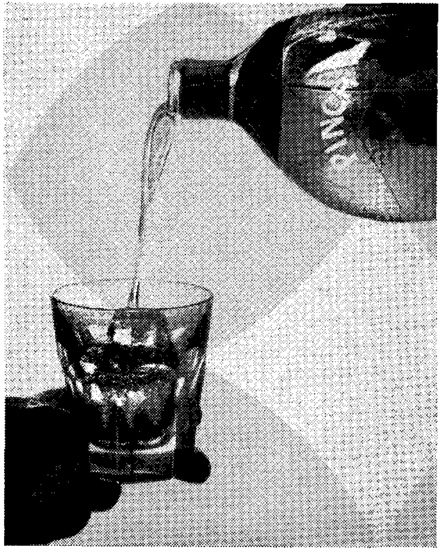
B Altman & Co
FROM THE ALTMAN COLLECTION:
LOW-SLUNG SLING IN REPTILE
43.00



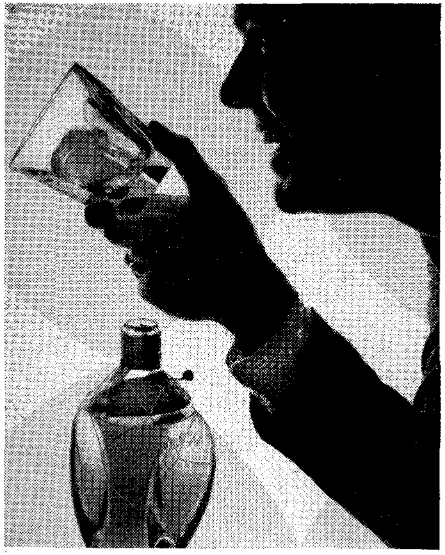
THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR
FIFTH AVENUE AND SUBURBAN STORES

PINCH BY HAIG & HAIG, LTD. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND, RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

First...



Pinch yourself.



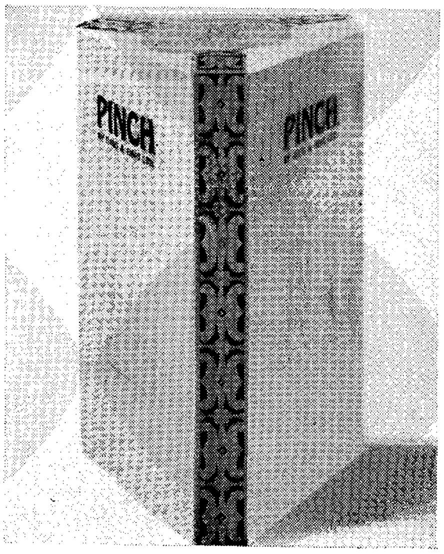
See?

It's no dream.

PINCH
Finest
Blended
Scots Whisky
PINCH

This Scotch...

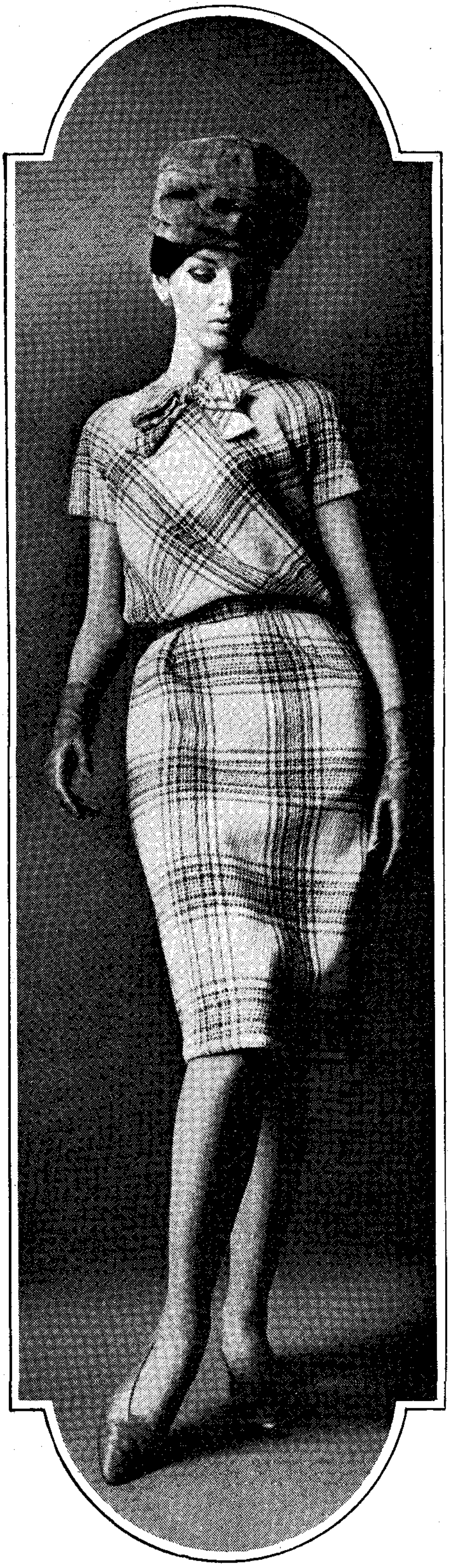
is for real.


PINCH
PINCH

Now...

for a gift...

Pinch® a friend. $8.90 4/5 Qt. N.Y. Price.
Price elsewhere higher or lower depending on local taxes, etc.



Parade

Wool plaid in gray or brown on white, sizes 8 to 18. $25*

Bonwit Teller ....All Stores
Marshall Field & Co. ....Chicago
The Broadway ....Los Angeles
Gus Mayer ....All Stores

Parade Dress Co., 1400 B'way, N.Y. 18.
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST HAT BY MR. JOHN

subject to many. Yet poison-ivy poisoning is a true allergic disease. It has the definitive characteristics. Like every other allergy, it may involve an inherited predisposition (hence the rugged tolerance that some people manifest), its symptoms appear only after two or more exposures, and frequently repeated exposures tend to sharpen its bite. Few people have any recollection of their first exposure to poison ivy. The reason for this is only partly that it usually occurs in childhood. It is largely because it causes no pain and leaves no visible mark. The first exposure (or, in cases of muted susceptibility, the second or third or tenth) does nothing more than sensitize the skin and render it vulnerable to urushiolic attack. It is the next assault that introduces one to poison-ivy poisoning. Just what produces the symptoms has not yet been established. The most persuasive evidence suggests a specific distortion of the normally protective antigen-antibody reaction. If such is the case, it may help explain the role of heredity in the matter. It may also help account for the equally curious fact that hypersensitivity to poison ivy tends to diminish over the years if further exposure is avoided.

Avoiding poison ivy is one sure way of avoiding poison-ivy poisoning. In fact, for those not endowed with a natural immunity of armor-plate strength and permanence, it is the only way. The belief that immunity can be acquired by chewing or eating poison-ivy leaves is a persistent and pernicious delusion. As recently as 1957, the author of Bulletin 680 ("Poison Ivy") of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture considered it advisable to warn: "An ungrounded and risky bit of folklore . . . is the belief that immunity can be gained by chewing poison-ivy leaves in the spring. This is an extremely dangerous practice." A more rational version of this backwoods expedient involves a course of graduated injections of poison-ivy extract, but (thus far, at least) its results are merely innocuous. Nor are any of the protective salves and ointments perennially on the market any more effective. Their apparent success is only apparent. "Extravagant claims for the value of numerous preparations . . . have been made from time to time, and some of these have their foundation in medical experimentation which seemed at first to show them useful," the Cornell botanists Muenscher and Kingsbury noted in a study. "In such experiments, patients who have had serious cases of ivy poisoning are usually chosen. Such persons usually avoid poison-ivy plants much more

sips Softly

IN THIS BOTTEL IT GIVES MICHTER'S
MICHTER'S WHISKEY
MICHTER'S
ORIGINAL POT STILL
WHISKEY

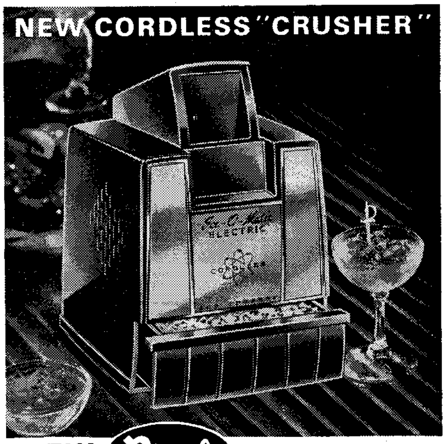
MICHTER'S
POT STILL
WHISKEY

Not much of it "around" because we can mash only 13 barrels at a time. The only pot still whiskey made in America. Sips softly.

86 proof • Michter's Jug House, Sheridan, R.D. 1, Pa.

© 1964 MJH

NEW CORDLESS "CRUSHER"



NEW Rival
Ice-O-Matic®
ELECTRIC ICE CRUSHER

Crushes automatically! Perfect for all drinks, entertaining. Portable. Write for free catalog. Rival Manufacturing Co., Kansas City 29, Mo. In Canada: Montreal.

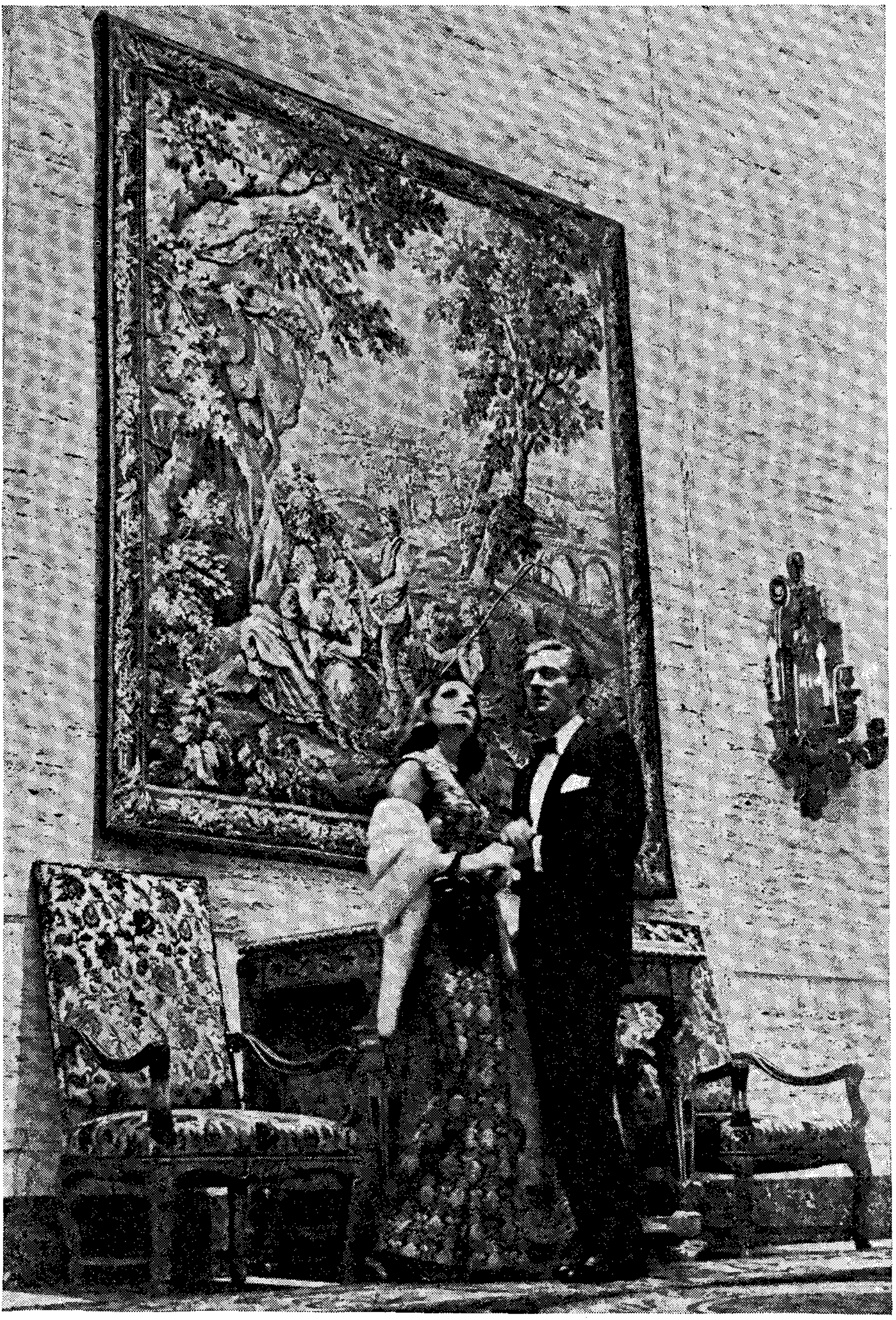
Bobby Short
at
Le Caprice
from 10:30 PM on

10 East 52nd St
PL 1-0845

carefully than the average person, and any medication that they employ therefore usually appears to be beneficial. No preparation yet discovered . . . completely prevents the occurrence of poison-ivy symptoms in sensitive individuals."

There is also no satisfactory way of dispelling poison-ivy poisoning in sensitive individuals once exposure has occurred. "It may be said that because of the absorbent nature of the skin, all measures to get rid of the poison must be taken immediately," William M. Harlow, professor of wood technology at the New York State College of Forestry, observed in a recent monograph. "None of these measures [including the conventional thorough scrubbing with strong laundry soap], however, appears to be very practical, since those persons who can recognize the poisonous plants avoid them and are not poisoned (except perhaps indirectly), while those who do not [are unaware] that they have contracted the poison until it is much too late to use these remedies." A series of experiments conducted by J. B. Howell, a Dallas clinician, has demonstrated just how little late "too late" may be in poison-ivy prophylaxis. "A fresh poison-ivy leaf was rubbed between the thumb and forefinger of a non-sensitive individual," Howell reported in a communication to the *Archives of Dermatology and Syphilology* in 1943. "[He] then stroked in two places, respectively, the arms of nine sensitive volunteers. After an interval of one minute, one contaminated streak [on each volunteer] was vigorously washed with strong laundry soap, while the other was left as a control. Those mildly sensitive developed no dermatitis on the washed area, those moderately sensitive developed a somewhat reduced reaction, while in the extremely sensitive, there was little if any difference between the reaction developed on the washed and unwashed sites. When a time interval of five minutes elapsed between contact with the contaminated finger and washing, all nine volunteers developed an eruption on both washed and unwashed areas. In four of the patients, washing reduced the severity of the reaction, while in the remaining five, washing made no difference."

There is no specific treatment for poison-ivy poisoning. Once its grip is fixed, the most that medicine can do is help the victim endure it. Certain creams and lotions have certain soothing powers, but the only effective palliative drug is cortisone or one of its numerous derivatives. Cortisone is not, however, a fully sovereign remedy. Its



This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park.

The Regency Hotel

61ST STREET AND PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, NEW YORK. PLAZA 9-4100. EDMOND A. RIEDER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

WARMLY RECOMMENDED

. . . A LONG, COSY SWEEP OF ROBE WITH A HUGE, CUDDLY COLLAR. PALE AQUA OR PASTEL CORAL MOHAIR-COTTON-RAYON BLEND, COMPLETELY LINED. BY JANE MARTIN IN SIZES 8 TO 16, **40.00**, AND OURS ALONE IN ALL

JOSEPH MAGNIN
ROBE COLLECTIONS
IN CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA

MAIL ORDERS TO: JOSEPH MAGNIN,
77 O'FARRELL, SAN FRANCISCO 8.
PLEASE ADD 4% TAX IF DELIVERED IN CALIF.;
.50 HANDLING OUTSIDE BAY AREA

many awkward side reactions, its disruptive impact on pregnancy, and its sinister capacity for intensifying or even reactivating a variety of disorders (tuberculosis, peptic ulcer, hypertension, diabetes, some heart conditions, most psychiatric ailments, and practically all infections) encourage physicians to prescribe it, if at all, with caution. The only safe and sure remedy for poison-ivy poisoning is time. After a while, as Captain John Smith so precociously observed, its symptoms "passe away of themselves." But, as a great many other observers can as accurately testify, their passage is often long and always highly uncomfortable.

ONE of the most experienced of these observers is a Long Island matron named Eunice Juckett. Mrs. Juckett and her husband, Charles, are both teachers at the East Hampton high school, and several years ago, when Veterans' Day, November 11th, fell on a Monday, they took advantage of the holiday weekend to drive upstate to the village of Westport, on Lake Champlain, for a visit with Mr. Juckett's parents. Westport is a good ten hours from East Hampton. The Jucketts left home early Friday afternoon and arrived at Westport around midnight. Saturday was dark and cold, and except for a morning walk through the village, they spent the day indoors. The weather cleared on Sunday, and that afternoon they took a drive in the country. A couple of miles from the village, Mrs. Juckett asked her husband to stop. They were passing a stony field, and the stones looked just right for a rock garden she had in mind to build. (Long Island stones are unsuitably round and smooth—as round and smooth as potatoes.) Mr. Juckett pulled over, and they got out and dug up several suitably angular stones and loaded them into the back of the car. Then they continued their drive. On Monday morning, directly after breakfast, they said their goodbyes and headed for home. They were almost there when Mrs. Juckett became aware of an itch on the underside of her right wrist. She pushed back her coat sleeve and inspected it.

"My heart sank," Mrs. Juckett recalls. "I knew I was in for trouble. I've had poison ivy too many times not to recognize the symptoms. I'm one of those terribly susceptible people. Charlie is the other extreme. Poison ivy doesn't seem to bother him at all. At least, he's never had it. But I was also rather baffled. So was Charlie when I told him. I mean, who ever heard of getting

Mlle. Bon Bon de Monte Carlo

Hand made in Monaco, exquisite character doll 8½" high, dressed in the authentic costume of the Principality, complete to tiny golden cross at her neck, straw bonnet and handful of flowers. Red felt bodice, red and white skirt, taffeta apron. Back of skirt zips open to reveal ½ lb. of luscious wrapped candies by Monaco's finest confiseur. Charmingly gift-packaged in handsome acetate showcase. $4.98 including mailing costs.
Available only at the Monte Carlo Pavilion, New York World's Fair, or by mail. No C.O.D.'s. Add 4% Sales Tax in N.Y.C.

Monte Carlo
Exhibits, Inc.
P.O. Box 420 Corona Station
Flushing, N.Y. 11368

RED ROSES
on BLACK VELVET

A startling stunning combination for at-home slippers. You see them coming and going as there is a rose spray on the back, too. Our own design, so ours alone. Lightly elasticized to cling to your feet. Tiny heel. Send us your shoe size, please. $5.50 a pair. Postage included.

Edith Chapman
ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y.

FAMILY
ARMS
Direct from England
genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

7" x 6"	$ 9.00	14" x 12"	$25.00
12" x 10"	$20.00	22" x 18"	$40.00

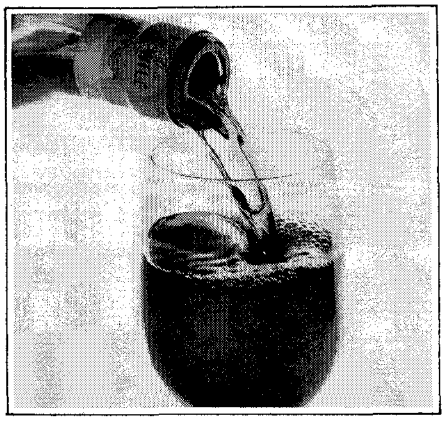
postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct.
YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND

poison ivy in November? Besides, my experience had been that poison ivy showed up within about twenty-four hours of exposure, and I hadn't been out of the house on Sunday except to take a drive. And then I remembered digging up those stones. I hadn't seen any poison ivy there, and you may be sure I looked. I always look. It's an instinct we develop. But now I remembered something. The stones were tangled up in a lot of old roots of some sort, and I'd had to tear them loose. That must have been it—those roots. They must have been poison-ivy roots. Charlie agreed. There just wasn't any other explanation.

"We got home a little after eight. We had supper and unpacked and got ready for bed. By then, of course, the rash had begun to spread. It had spread on up my arm and down between my fingers and across to my other hand. I did what I always do—I got out the calamine lotion. I went to bed itching, but it wasn't too bad. It didn't really keep me awake. I woke up the next morning scratching my ankle. My hands were burning and beginning to swell. Charlie thought I ought to stay home. I wanted to, but I couldn't. I hated to report sick for something like poison ivy. So I went. I hope I never have to endure another day like that. I could feel the poison ivy creeping up my arms and legs. Then, just before noon, my face broke out. I'll never know how I got through the rest of my classes. By the time school was over, I was in absolute agony. I was on fire. I went home and crawled into bed, and Charlie called the doctor.

"I don't remember the next two weeks. I mean that literally. My mind is a total blank about anything that happened. They had me under sedation to keep me from losing my mind. I was poison ivy from head to foot. It covered nine-tenths of my body. My eyes were swollen shut and I could only just open my mouth—they had to feed me through a straw. I couldn't do anything for myself. My mother came over, and the doctor got three nurses to help her. I just lay there wrapped in dressings, and talked. They say I talked incessantly. It was mostly delirium talk—fever talk. I had a temperature at one point of almost a hundred and four. All I do remember is a succession of horrible dreams about spiders and snakes and long, trailing roots and vines. I was flat on my back for almost the whole of November. I didn't get up until just before Thanksgiving. The swelling was gone by then, and also the worst of the rash, and I really felt

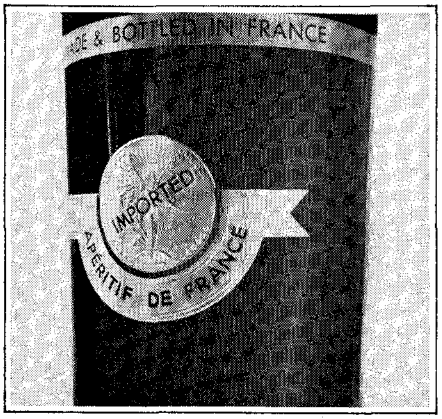
You were right
So many now invite Raphael to cocktails. Guests delight in this tasteful cocktail wine.


in demanding
Raphael—light and vivacious. It has a rich, bittersweet tang. Serve well chilled.

something lilting, light
Also delightful on-the-rocks. Raphael has a dry, distinctive, piquant flavor you'll enjoy.

and different
New idea! The Raphael cocktail. 2 parts Raphael—1 Vodka. Stir with ice, add a twist.

for the cocktail hour...
Adopt this charming, continental custom. Enjoy this French way of saying "here's how."



so France sent Raphael
By far her most popular cocktail wine. A product of French grapes, soil and skill.

for $2.69
St Raphael
L'Apéritif de France
Raphael
50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong!
New York State price. May vary in other States depending on local taxes.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

J.L. MANKIEWICZ
NO
BW
huehnergarth

Rejection slip.

Recently, we got a rejection slip from a writer—Joseph L. Mankiewicz, winner of four Academy Awards and author of many notable films.

Mr. Mankiewicz, it seems, received a BUSINESS WEEK subscription letter. It explained that BW wasn't for TV stars, housewives, basketball players, or authors—just management men. He wrote:

"Unhappily, I must disqualify myself . . . In my youth I was a basketball player—I have appeared on TV—I am married to a housewife from whom I could not hide my copy of BUSINESS WEEK—and most disastrous of all, for almost 40 years I have earned my living as . . . an author. Please do not pity me. I have no one to blame but myself."

As for BUSINESS WEEK, we have no one to blame for our selective circulation policy but our editors and advertisers. Both like having an audience composed strictly of decision-level executives.

Thanks, Mr. Mankiewicz, for being so straightforward. If you ever mend your ways, let us know.

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
when you want
to inform
management
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

BUSINESS WEEK

pretty good. It was another week, though, before I looked presentable."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

REPLY TO A FRIEND IN NEW ENGLAND

I have your note.
Sorry to read you're lonely.
You have not found the joy you went
for.
I know the bay you're visiting.
There the visual things
suggest the condition you feel,
flap in one's soul
like laundry hung to dry.
The sky is static there,
thin clouds the color of
swans' wings let through
a light that reaches corners
but has not the power
to illuminate.

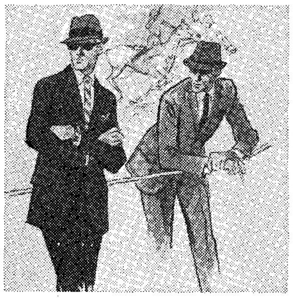
Water beats against the stones
below the strip where people sit,
the boats out in the bay
look as though they give themselves
to being tossed about,
and not much happens.
The shadow of a bird
(wings spread fully out,
the bird seems not to move,
seems painted on the air)
hovers over the reflection in
the water of a boat,
gray spreading over gray.
Shadows in this bay

that seek each other out
cannot be kept apart,
nor does one blank the other out,
escaping thus the separateness
that all decry, the flow
and sway of each with which
each must identify.
Is this then the law
that all must learn to live
who visit where you are
or any other strip of coast:
identity must be retained?
loneliness is part
of being self-contained?

In this bay where you have come,
where the coast is defined
by what you see—
by monotone and static sky—
you, like others, must confront
the limited return
of what you want.
All day long the light is faint.
The repeated view of sails
taken for white flags,
implying hope, is bleak.
You have not found another way,
no other way but inward for
the self-assuring joy you seek.

—ARTHUR GREGOR

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers



Announcing
our NEW GOLD CHIPP RANGE of Ready-Cut Suits

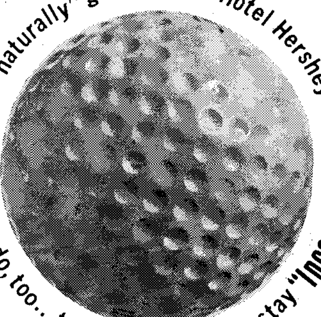
To the well established Chippworth and Chipp ready-cut suits, our GOLD CHIPP range has been developed for those who desire the finest. GOLD CHIPP suits use English and Scottish materials exclusively styled in our three button natural shoulder model.

GOLD CHIPP SUITS from **$155.00**
Chipp Suits from **125.00**
Chippworth Suits **85.00**

Write for fall brochure and travel itinerary
14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

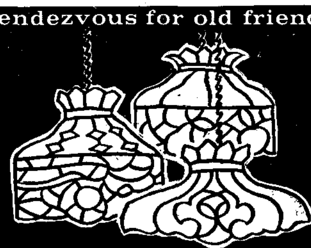
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

They just "naturally" go farther at Hotel Hershey! • We do, too... to make your entire stay "Incomparable" •



Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pennsylvania
Member of Distinguished Hotels of the World
Represented by ROBT. F. WARNER Inc.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago: RA 6-0624 • Boston: LA 3-4497

Rendezvous for old friends



O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

THE RACE TRACK

Granite Sweep

QUITE the most important event this weekend will be the New Hampshire Sweepstakes at Rockingham Park—not because it is the newest race for three-year-olds with a purse running into six figures but because it may have a powerful effect on racing. To mince no words about it, the race, and the prize-drawing that goes with it, is a dandy revenue-producer set up by the State of New Hampshire to operate in roughly the same way as the French Loterie Nationale, with its Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes, with its Irish Derby and Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase. At least six million dollars' worth of three-dollar tickets on the New Hampshire race have been sold—Governor John W. King bought the first one—and at least half the jackpot will be allotted by the state treasury to education.

For ten years, efforts were made in New Hampshire to legalize a sweepstakes (state officials insist that it isn't a lottery), but they failed until last March, when the Granite State voters approved the proposition by better than three to one. Shortly after that, a Sweepstakes Commission was appointed, and it drew up a set of rules, which have been strictly enforced. One rule is that tickets can be bought only at Rockingham Park, at the state's two trotting tracks, and at the forty-nine state-operated liquor stores, and another is that all unsold tickets must be stored at night in the safes of local banks. (By the way, since the sale of tickets closed a couple of weeks ago, the New Hampshire exhibit in the New England States Pavilion at the World's Fair is now able to include two of the ticket-issuing machines, which look like the contraptions you buy flight insurance from, but all you can get from either of them is a souvenir ticket inviting you to visit New Hampshire.)

Ever since the Louisiana Lottery scandals, seventy years ago, the federal government has forbidden all lotteries and has looked dourly on sweepstakes. In fact, the Internal Revenue Service has ruled that New Hampshire must pay a ten-per-cent tax on all its sweepstakes proceeds. (It holds that the operator of a sweepstakes is subject to the gambling laws that were enacted after the Kefauver crime investi-

THE Taylor-Made SHOE
Style 6402 Plain Toe Saddle Oxford
Style 6400 5-Eyelet Plain Toe Blucher
Style 6401 Long Wing Tip Blucher

Mr. Martin...your new grain leather is terrific!

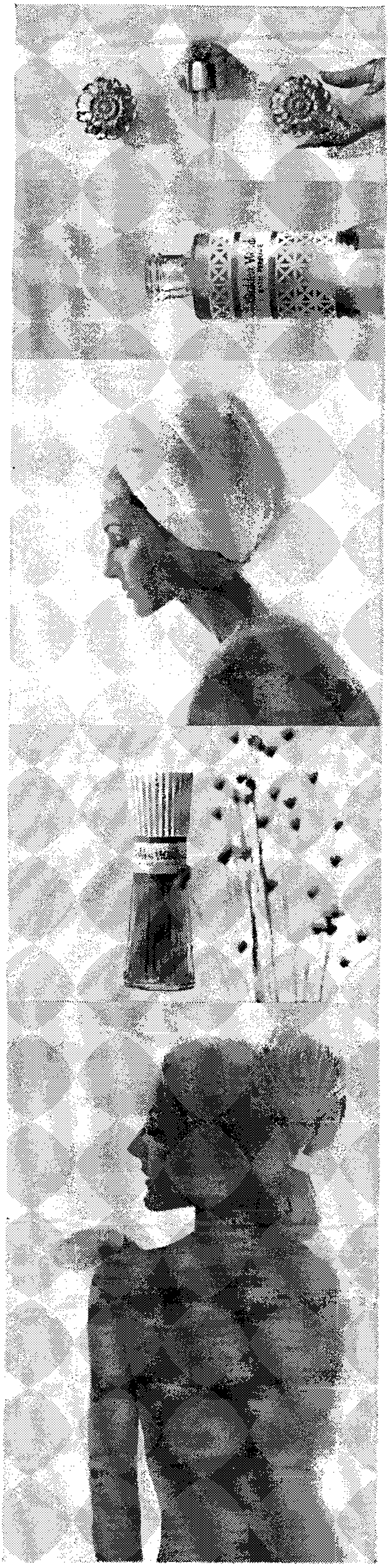
BEEFEATER BROGUES are Taylor-Made in a new leather masterpiece by Martin's of Glasgow, grand maestro of Scotch Grains. It's a bigger, bolder, more masculine grain in a new browner brown. Taylor's brawny Beefeaters with natural color double leather soles, storm welts and full leather linings are priced at $25 to $28.

E. E. TAYLOR CORP., Dept. T-29, Freeport, Maine

See Taylor-Mades at the Fair, New England Pavilion

the taylor made shoe

© 1964 MAX FACTOR & CO



Bathe in waters soft as silk, dappled with the fragrance of Golden Woods Bath Oil. To make you feel golden all over, use Golden Woods Spray Mist Cologne and Bath Powder.

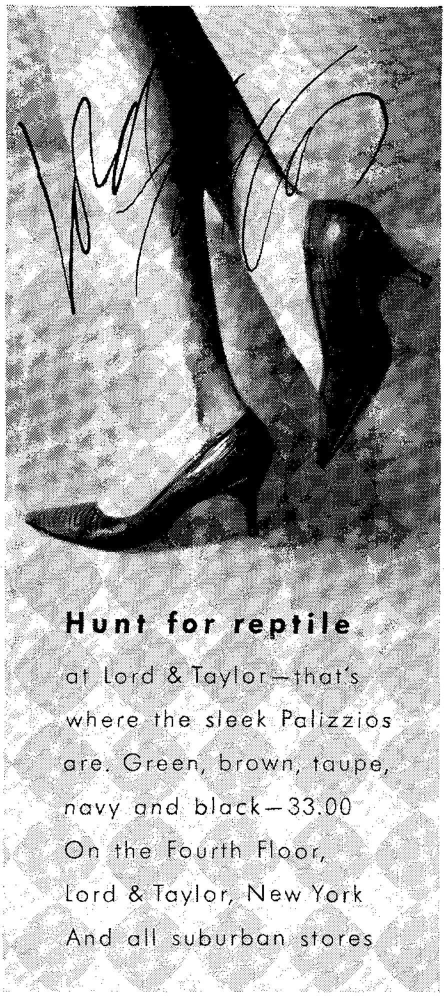
Golden Woods

by Max Factor

gation.) Also, the state had to buy the fifty-dollar federal gambling-tax stamp—the one that bookmakers are required to have—for each of its two hundred ticket sellers. Even so, a number of other states are keeping a calculating eye on New Hampshire's enterprise—especially California, where a referendum on lotteries comes up at the November election. Who knows but that someday there'll be a sweepstakes on the Kentucky Derby!

The pool of the New Hampshire Sweepstakes will be split up into units of $1,000,000, each with a first prize of $100,000, a second prize of $50,000, and a third prize of $25,000. Then $65,000 will be divided equally among ticket holders on the also-rans, and $60,000 among those on the non-starters, of which there will be about three hundred. That leaves $700,000 in each unit, so even after expenses and taxes there will be a tidy sum for state aid to education. As for the race itself, which will be at a mile and three-sixteenths, and which will have a whopping purse—$100,000 put up by the state and $25,000 by the track, plus nomination and starting fees—I expect that it will have as many runners as the track will hold. It should be one to see, because Lou Smith, who has been managing Rockingham for thirty years, always puts on a good show.

RACING returned last week to Aqueduct, where it will continue until December 12th, but, with so many of the better horses resting up after Saratoga, it was fairly routine stuff. Still, things were anything but dull. To start with, Jarrettsville, a 40–1 chance, got up in the last stride to beat Steele's Run, the favorite, in the first race, and later in the afternoon a beast named Trapless won by a head and paid $132.70 in the mutuels. Just for the record, the Fall Highweight Handicap—the traditional opening-day fixture—went to Delta Judge, who beat Uppercut, Third Martini, and four others. Colonel Martingale wonders why we have no more runners like Osmand, Roman, and True North, all of whom in their day won the race carrying 140 pounds. . . . And I regret to report that one morning during the last week of the Saratoga meeting Chateaugay stepped on a stone or something—Jim Conway, his trainer, doesn't know what, for sure—and bruised his right forefoot. He hurt the left one early in the season, as you may remember. Complications have now developed, and it's doubtful if we'll see him under colors again this season. —AUDAX MINOR



Hunt for reptile
at Lord & Taylor—that's
where the sleek Palizzios
are. Green, brown, taupe,
navy and black—33.00
On the Fourth Floor,
Lord & Taylor, New York
And all suburban stores

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

Single rooms from sixteen dollars.

THE MADISON

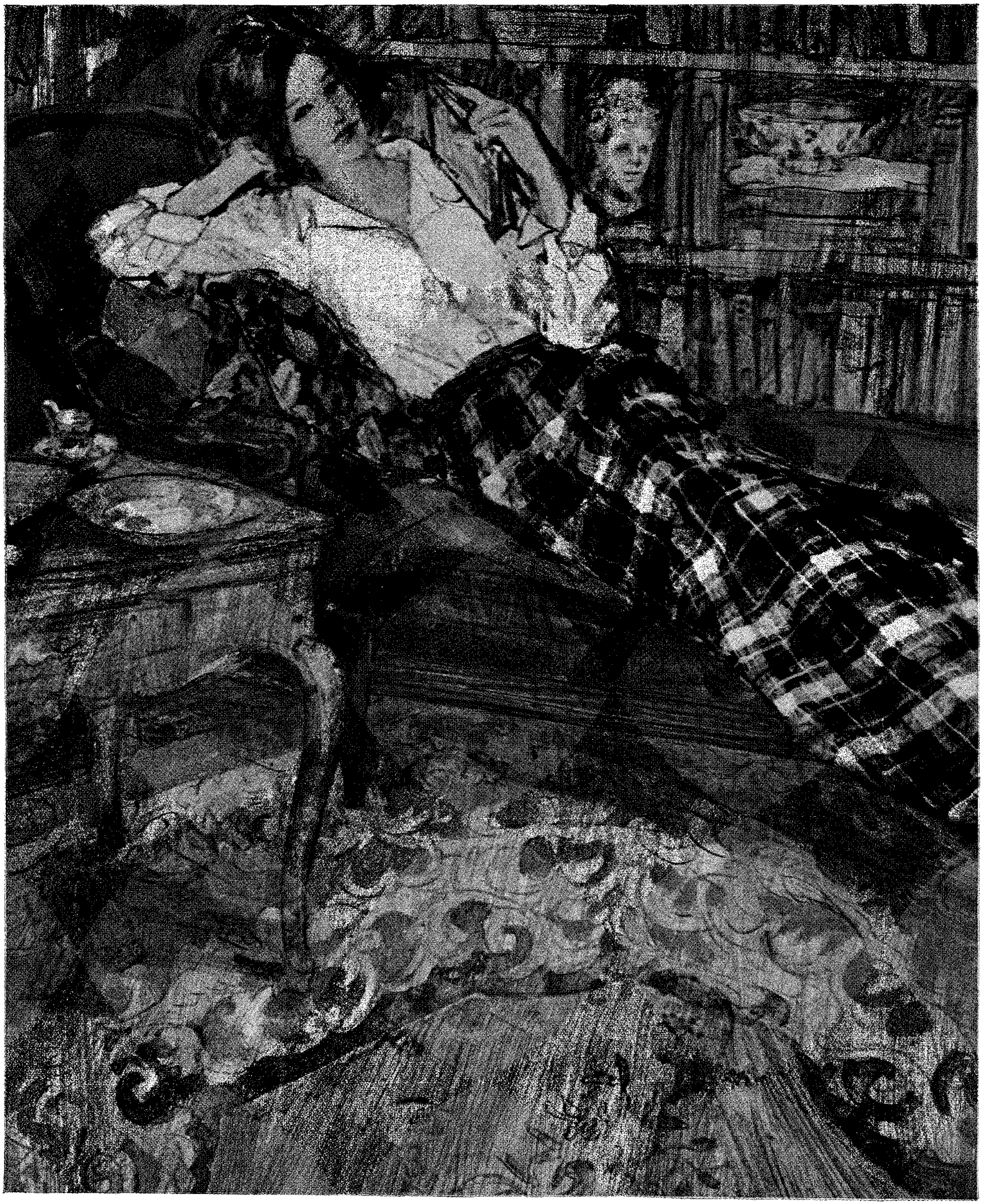
Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Sts., N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.
In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402
or see your travel agent.
FREE INDOOR PARKING

DISTINCTIVE DINING

The Murray Hill

RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St.—S.W. Cor.



DESIGNED BY DOROTHY COX . . . The ultimate at-home look: Velvet belted Highlander plaid dinner skirt in Lochlana, the new luxury blend of soft, washable wool and cotton with Lochlana cream blouse. Also in four other clan plaids, 8 to 18, about $30.00. The blouse, 8 to 18, about $19.00. Abercrombie & Fitch, New York / Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati Rosenblum's, Jacksonville / Woolf Brothers, Kansas City. Or for the store in your city write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York City, New York.

IN THE TANNER MANNER®

FORECAST: Clear...Crisp...Dry

79 Seattle
80 Portland
Calgary 68
89 Great Falls
82 Winnipeg
77 Bismarck
90 Boise
Salt Lake City
76 San Francisco
92 Los A
Minneapolis-St. Paul 76
63 Sault
60
Father Point 56
Montreal 59
Boston 67
63 Buffalo
New York 74
Chicago 77 Detroit
City 83
75
70 Little Rock
74
82 Hatteras
81 Charleston
91 Jacksonville
Miami 98
OUTLOOK
STATIONARY FRONT
OCCLUDED FRONT
PARTLY CLOUDY
SNOW
CLOUDY
FOG
DIRECTION OF WIND
WEST WIND
EAST WIND
WIND SCALE miles per hour
Calm 1-4 5-8 9-14 15-20 21-25 44-49 50-54 55-60 61-66 67-71 72-77
FLEISCHMANN'S
EST. 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
DISTILLED BY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION PEEKSKILL, N.Y. CLINTON, IOWA
FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
VODKA

Clear...crisp...dry...

that's the taste you get with

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN and VODKA

every day!

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN—90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • FLEISCHMANN'S VODKA—80 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., N.Y.C.

Established 1870

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PRELIMINARY reports indicate that we are all going to be very cozy in the daytime this winter, for the ski-slope state of mind has made such an invasion of the city that it has become fashionable—while the sun is up—to wear all-enveloping clothes that permit plenty of easy movement and headgear that will keep your ears warm and your head protected from hostile showers and sleet. But when evening falls, the orders are that to be sheltered from the night air is out of date; we must emerge from our daytime cocoon and strip down to those flimsy black slips that now pass for dresses. These will, our rulers say, be cut to show lots of skin in the décolletages, both fore and aft, and lots of leg to allow for every sort of dance-floor convulsions, from the Hoppy Toad to the Gawk. And the custom milliners, who are what I mean to talk about anyway, and who have had their ears to the ski slope and the dance floor all along (they are willing to acquire cricks in the neck in the interests of progress), have arranged to top off womankind in whatever clothes she chooses in this game of Categories.

For the first of our two categories, there are the familiar parka hoods of long-haired furs like lynx and fox, but only Adolfo has the gall to violate tradition by devising hoods that will keep the nose warm as well. *His* gall is really divided into only two parts—a Nanook confection of red fox with its paws tying under the chin is paired with a truly stunning attached mask, of leopard, in which holes are cut out for the eyes (yours). A round hangman's cap of nutria has a big button on top and a mask of the same fur. Emme, too, works in enveloping furs. Among her adaptations of Parisian ideas is the most enticing oversized Amish bonnet I have seen in many a long day (and my day always begins at a six-thirty breakfast). It is shown in black seal with a padded lining, and the bow that fastens it is right on the point of the chin. The thing is absolutely unadorned, which is in keeping with the Amish tenets, but Courrèges, who thought it up (the French adapt American notions so that Emme can adapt them back), clearly did not have the Plain People in mind. A Balenciaga evening bonnet, another Emme item, is of black satin, and it bulges way out just above the nape. It cries for a long manteau that swings to the floor, Marie Antoinette style. A neat, almost reach-for-the-diminutive attitude toward daytime hats is also apparent in the town, for nearly everybody of note is showing a great variety of snug baby caps, often of wool jersey and tying under the chin—these to serve as the underpinning of hats to be perched atop them once you get off the plane or the Broadway Limited. Sally Victor, recently returned from South America, puts a great many mannish Andean shapes on these caps. One, done in her beloved glove leather, has a square, creased crown and a moderate curled-up brim. Both she and Lilly Daché accomplish a queenly look by superimposing on these caps some pillboxes that are four inches high and that flare out sharply toward the top. Adolfo's efforts to insure warm pates are likely to be caps of wool jersey drawn into a real bustle back (practically a chignon), and this forces the hats worn over them to tip forward above the brows in a way that looks brand-new. This is the case with his straight-brimmed Spanish sailors. One of these is a Valentino do of black felt with a leather band and a chin strap; another is of brown felt trimmed with black leather. Mr. John loves a bump like a snood at the back of *his* caps; on top of one of them is a red felt hat with a shallow crown and a deep bowler brim that is curled up at the sides.

The marvellous bits of nonsense our milliners have put forth for evening should appeal to all if only because, in overcrowded *discothèques*, so little of you has a chance to show except the head and shoulders; odd headgear gives the wearer a chance to stand out a bit and even makes it possible for her partner to find her now and then. Daché, even more in love with the thirties than the rest (she actually did the hats for the reigning hoydens of those times), makes—for just one example—a deep helmet cap of black velours with sharp points coming forward almost to the upper lip; giant earrings are attached (to spare the ear lobes), and they swing as wildly as you do at Shepheard's. Other movement, based on small, snug, firmly-on-the-

Peck & Peck

The swing to pleats: fall suit news for the Peck & Peck Girl

The new look: all marvelous easy-flowing motion, beautifully stated here by a mastery of stitched pleats. Soft textury wool by Towntree, in ruby, emerald or sapphire. 8 to 16,

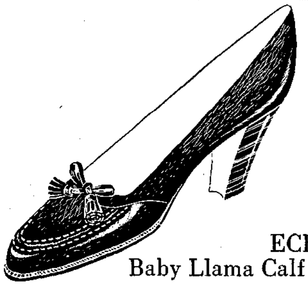
10000

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

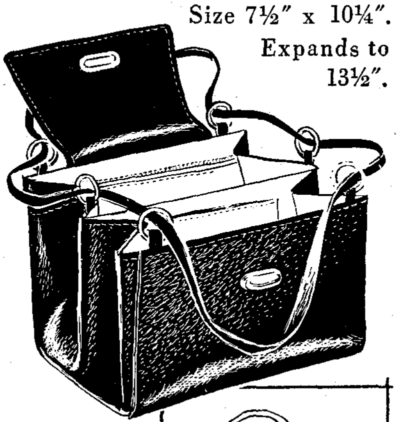
Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



ECRIN
Baby Llama Calf $60

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

RING TRAVEL BAG
Perfect match to all our llama shoes.
Size 7½" x 10¼".
Expands to 13½".



REALLY SPACIOUS

The essential travelling companion bag by Lucille de Paris in our famous fine baby llama calf.

As important as a Michelin or travellers checks — and much smarter. Will easily and *beautifully* hold everything you need. Exquisite hand tailoring. The leather-lined multi-compartmented interior has zipper, extra pockets and lift-out leather change purse. Beautiful hand-wrought brass clasp and rings.

In Black, Brown, Red or Navy ...$110. *Federal Tax Included.*

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.

head foundations, is supplied in the new collections by ostrich feathers that float every which way (Maria Pia, upstairs at 20 East 56th Street, is a treasure trove for fanciers of mobile feather fancies), or by stripped glycerin feathers with blobs at the end that bobble at the slightest nod (Halston, of Bergdorf Goodman, is one addict, and Maria Pia is another), or by fringe, such as the black chenille stuff that achieves a snood effect below that Emme version of a black satin cap by Balenciaga.

For in-between times—after all, some days *are* sunny and merely cool, and some day suits have no semblance of a deep-country sports look—there are many, many beautiful shapes in felt or leather or fur that, though they may have male derivation, manage to escape an overly aggressive air. To this end, Sally Victor uses a lot of glove leather in Chinese red, dark red, or white for hats with narrow crowns and moderate brims that curl up at one side. Medium brims are much in evidence again, about three and a half inches wide. Some beauties by Halston have an arched cloche front and a back that is squared off to avoid coat-collar collisions. Emme likes the medium-brim hats to be cut square on all four sides and worn back on the head. Adolfo does a doughboy hat from the First World War (it looks authentic to me, with its punched-in crown and all), but it's feminine just the same, even when it is done in khaki felt with a chin strap and an emblem in front. Another Adolfo doughboy has a brim of black soleil, a white crown, and a brass button in each of the four indentations in the crown.

But the Newest Thing of all is for hats to rise high in back and, often in a smooth beret style, shoot way forward and level over the brows. (Your eyes should glow under these. The eye-makeup people should be delighted.) Lilly Daché, who calls her samples Mischief Makers, constructs them of, say, two-faced soleil (shiny on both sides, that is). A typical one zooms forward into a very definite prow. Red-brown double felt does a beret on the same lines. And, deserting this type of mischief for a moment, Daché has invented the most minxy plain small hat of the season—a cloche-fedora of white soleil with a moderate round crown and a double cushion brim that is no wider than an inch and a half in front and that curls a bit at the side back. It's to be worn at a slight tilt, and it looks pretty enticing in fitch, too.

Well, that's enough of prologue. What ensues is a point-to-point excur-

The well schooled rider.

Miller's invariably has the correct anwer for young riders when it comes to equipping them with everything from Breeches to Bridles. Now, at back-to-school time, let Miller's give your youngsters that educated look at surprisingly modest prices. *Prompt attention to mail and phone orders and, of course, knowledgeable sales assistance to help you in every way.*

Send $1.00 for our catalog 98—144 pages of riding clothes, saddlery and accessories for all the family.

MILLER'S 123 E. 24 ST. N.Y.10 • OR 7/0800

Greenhut
781 Madison Avenue
New York
Natural
Ranch
Mink
Jacket.

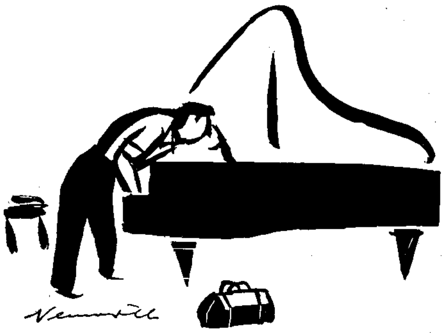
THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

A mountain retreat just a pleasant ride away. Superb food. Modest price. Japanese decor. Dick Handle at the piano nightly. **The Restaurant on the Mountain.** Suffern, N.Y. Exit 15 N.Y. Thruway. Call 914 EL 7-1500.

sion through several of our very best millinery shops.

Sally Victor's tour of the Andes has resulted in masses of hand-loomed native wools combined with patterned wool braid (two-thirds of an inch wide) to make such things as a handkerchief-turban-cap with braid along the edge. The hat, or whatever it really is, is gathered at the nape and ends in two long panels that either float in the air or wrap around the throat. Some of her sidewise pillbox toques, of these same wools, have a tab spilling out of the top and winding up in a big tassel in front of the right shoulder; that flaring-upward-and-outward pillbox I spoke of earlier (it reminds me of the playing-card queens) is also done in these wools, which exhibit the Victor aptitude for striking color combinations. And there are caps of emerald wool, knit by Bolivian hands, to make you one with a snowscape anywhere. They are surmounted by small sombreros of emerald wool with square crowns, turned-up brims, and multicolored bands of knit. Victor, always a mistress of turbans, now does a little gem in glove leather that wraps up into a sidewise wing high at one side, but she also admires turbans with snoodlike folds that emerge at the top or at the back, this to create a bulge behind. She manages this type of thing even with ranch mink, in a wide cap that has a snood fold bulging over to one side. Among further tours de force in mink (they can be bought in other furs, too, naturally) are an imposing tiara turban, all chevron folds up the front, and a big sombrero that is curled back on the head like a Breton, with a circle of net or of glove leather set in the top.

Adolfo's forwardness usually takes the form of really fat berets of felt. One, straight and low across the front, shows quite a lot of hair in back. This has a cigarette-butt tab in red and navy on top, Basque style. Some of these berets wear bows across the front, some wear them in back, and they come



To South America, or between New York and Texas enjoy Braniff international jet service.

Destination: Dallas, or bound for Brazil, you can enjoy the luxury of Braniff *International* jet service from New York (or try it the other way around). Braniff has so many things planned for your travel pleasure. Convenient departures … industry-leading on-time performance … handsome El Dorado Clubs for *all* adult Braniff passengers, now in New York and Dallas … and the most thoughtful in-flight service in the air.

Braniff now offers daily jet service to South America (*Braniff-Eastern thru-jet*), and five *International* service jets each way between Texas and New York. May we serve you on one of these, soon? For reservations see your Travel Agent or nearest Braniff office.

enjoy BRANIFF

to South America, Mexico and leading U.S. cities

FRANK GALLANT, NEW YORK 18

unmistakably

Frank Gallant

in various sizes, planned specifically to accompany your next Zuckerman suit. Adolfo's ventures into kerchiefs remain delirious—like things of dark-green leather with exaggerated points that can tie under the chin or be wrapped toward the back into a turban effect that jogs out very wide behind the ears. Deep-piled sports furs make him as cunning as a fox—or cunning *with* fox, which he uses, in silver, for a cap with a dangler, also of the fur, down to the waist in back. (The dangler can, if one wishes, be brought forward across the throat and clipped to one shoulder.) Lynx combined with white India lamb is another Adolfo favorite. The lamb makes a peaked, punched-in crown, and a wide band of lynx comes over the top and down on the ears. One thing more: Adolfo is celebrated for reversible hats, and the champion this time is in red-brown leather and fawn mink, the leather making the rolled-up brim and the mink the crown, or vice versa, according to your mood. Mine is bullish for either treatment.

THE sassy things dubbed Mischief Makers, in the Lilly Daché salon, are only one of the many mischievous manifestations around her emporium. Daché is also fond of flat platters with a slanting-outward cuff that suggests a pie plate. They are worn tilted or any old way, and they are made of every material in the world—of synthetic alligator (for rain), of velvet, of tweeds, of satin, and maybe of cobwebs. They may be tartlet in size (seven inches across) or as much as seventeen inches wide, of which variety her soleil makes some especially dashing ones. And, as I have said before, Daché is particularly adept at the close-fitting caps and helmets of the thirties—caps of carnation satin with a hint of a rolled brim at one side, pillboxes with a small rose over each ear, and evening helmets of blue soleil, sometimes covered with royal and Kelly flat feathers that go smoothly down over the ears. Then, getting completely away from either smallness or neatness, comes a spectacular of black ostrich like the Cowardly Lion's mane—high, broad (twenty-two inches), and down to the shoulders. It looks just great with the short white brocade evening coat she shows with it. Next, rolling her eyes, Daché issues a declaration of faith: that today's string-bean tunic silhouette positively *needs* her ranch-mink fanfare above it—an outsize production that can be worn like a wavy platter straight on the head or slammed around in all sorts of beret

mirror
those
magic
hours

Bluebeard's Castle

ST. THOMAS • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Your hilltop paradise plus swimming pool, tropical gardens, 300-year-old tower commanding Charlotte Amalie's sky-blue Harbor. Completely air conditioned rooms and Pirate's Parlour for cocktails and dancing, calypso. Cuisine real American, specialties West Indian. Bluebeard's own Beach Club with air conditioned studio-rooms, dining, cocktail bar right on mile-long white sand shore. Be a V.I. Pirate!

Color folders from TRAVEL AGENTS or LEONARD HICKS, JR. INC.
532 Madison Avenue, New York MU 8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Toronto • Washington, D. C.

Southern California's Finest
McHENRY'S
Tail o' the Cock
RESTAURANTS
LA CIENEGA BOULEVARD
One Block North of Wilshire
CRestview 3-1200
VENTURA BOULEVARD
One Block West of Coldwater
TRiangle 7-0889
LOS ANGELES

RESTAURANT
PASSY
Cuisine Classique
28 East 63rd St. • TEmpleton 8-0094
Closed Saturdays ● Open Sundays

formations. That silhouette also needs those close-fitting caps of hers, for that matter.

TIME was when Mr. John doted on imperial crowns so deep and wide that they gave me a smothered feeling, but his current crowning glories, though many still have those inimitable floppy, droopy brims, tend to be moderate in scope, and good they look, too. Those bustle snoods upon which hats are to be superimposed, and the hats that are to be mounted on them, are plentiful, but Mr. John abandons the snug-cap theme when he gets around to his plain beavers, whose brims, three and a half inches wide, are curled back in front. These jobs are worn at a tilt to show plenty of hair at one side and to act as complimentary complements to simple wool dresses of the Trigère type—or to Mr. John's own skimpy custom deals, for that matter. The nineteen-thirties mean deep cloches to him. On one of stitched jersey, the small brim is turned back at one side and goes well down on the other toward the rear. There's a charmer in curly white lamb, with a wide band of black ribbon and a wee brim curled up in back. Deep caps are sometimes of his favorite capeskin, tinted gunmetal. One such is accompanied by a big, wide matching separate circle that drops over the head like a scarf; it can form a really formidable floppy turtleneck or else be pulled down into the V neck of a suit. Mr. John's forays into informal furs bring forth some rollers and some big-brimmed hats of a smooth, flexible spotted calf with small white dots on a black ground, or the other way round. As for the grander furs, he puts ranch mink into one of the most lovable bunny caps ever. Its ribbon ties can go primly under the chin or, fastened in back, can make the fur project itself into little points behind the ears.

EMME and her co-worker Anello are using a lot of a shiny leather embossed with little globular knobs and called Crocodile Tears. It appears in pale shades aptly described as Wet Sand and Peanut Brittle, and it makes attractive tilted sailors, piratical turned-back hats, and so on. (It might be noted that Evins shoes, in leather to match, are at I. Miller.) Black antelope (treated with Scotchgard against the rain for which our town is notorious) is more for *me*. It makes deep turbans and deep bumpers with Danish-pastry swirls on top. The Em-

(*Advertisement*)

CHIVAS REGAL
Chas Addams

MANY PEOPLE CONSIDER CHIVAS REGAL TO BE THE SMOOTHEST SCOTCH OF ALL. EVERY DROP IS 12 YEARS OLD
CHIVAS REGAL · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF
GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

there's that woman again... in a Dalton

RANDY, the notch-collared cashmere jacket coating a cashmere dickey... the wool skirt patterned on the diagonal... the colours, unmistakably "Dal-tones".

also makers of James Kenrob Sportswear.
Dalton of America, 1407 Broadway,
New York City - or Willoughby, Ohio

me-Anello team has also conjured up a leprechaun cap. It has a thick edge, and it towers to a pixie peak toward the back. The thing is ineffable in leopard and other flat furs as well as in felts and velvets. The E.-A. team is likewise adapting the good Parisian designs, among them Venet's fat, round-backed berets that end up in a duckbill that juts way forward before it is squared off. I saw these in felt skirting. Other adaptations have to do with Balmain's nostalgia for the thirties, such as close-fitting caps of black stitched silk with a big frouf of looped spaghetti tubes low at one side or down the side back. And there are Balenciaga pillboxes for *discothèque* soirées. I saw them in satin with vast self roses plastered all down one side of the head past the lobe. Another Balenciaga, for writhing in the best places after midnight, is a flaring bow of black satin at the back of the head and a lunatic fringe of pink ostrich lazily swirling down below this to the shoulders.

SUCH frivolity brings us, as inevitably as vodka and tomato juice are drawn together, to the devastating after-dark folderols at Maria Pia, who gained quick fame for her bows, for her waterproof veiling that resists limpness, and for the artful way she handles sheer blacks (which in the wrong hands, and even in some of the right ones, can look floozy instead of alluring). Today, however, I'm talking about her feeling for feathers. Like ostrich. Black velvet ribbon ending in a front bow makes a circlet, and pale-chartreuse ostrich descends from this in a long, fat pigtail dotted with small contrasting velvet bows. Next, white ostrich does a band over the head with a long, narrow bow of black velvet smack on top. Then, more of this ostrich fashions a big triangle, dotted with black string ties, that can be worn as babushka or capelet. Big domes, all wide and fluffy beige-and-brown coq feathers, arise out of a fuzzy base (you'd think it was marabou) of the same sort of feathers. With them go boas (is Sadie Thompson in the house?) of matching feathers. Long, thin coq feathers, iridescent this time, form a deep cap, or wig, that looks for all the world as if you needed a haircut in back. Slender white feathers that resemble egret make a hat that is a filmy haze over the head and all around the face. Slender stiff feathers (like hackle) cover a deep cap and shoot out in jags on the cheeks and forehead. Furthermore, Maria Pia takes these slender

"SERVICE IN THE GRAND TRADITION"

Gas Lights • Private Booths • Mohair Settees • Old R.R. Dining Car • The Parlours Of Madame Moustache • Six Kinds Of Steak • Sing-Along with Bill Farrell at the piano in the Saloon • Six-Gun (6 oz.) Cocktails • Free Chuck Wagon Hors d'Oeuvres • Doorman • All Credit Cards • Open Daily Inc. Sun. From Lunch To 2 AM • Reservations MO 1-1200

LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200

enjoy the best for less...

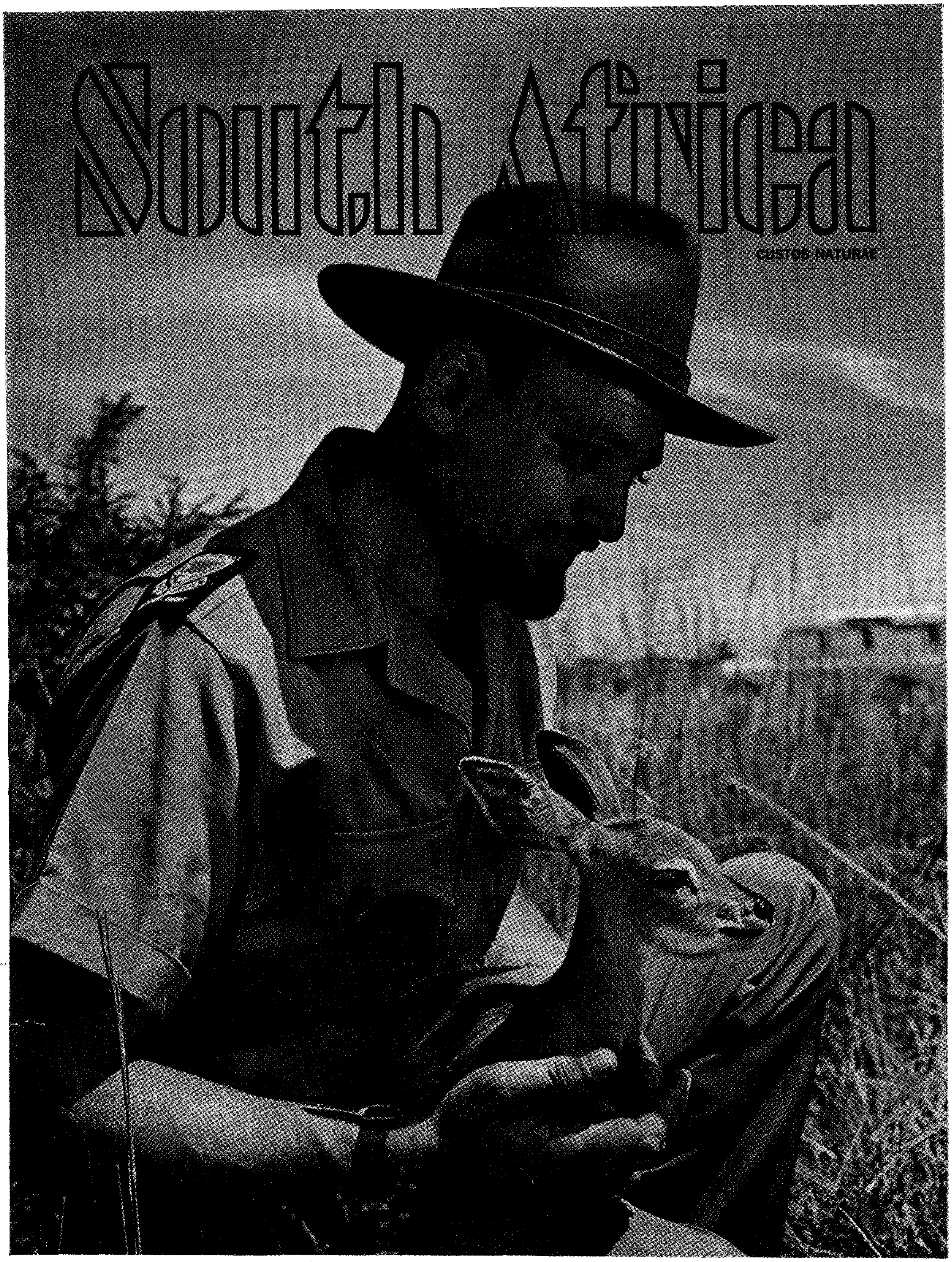
Modified American, Family and European Plans at pleasing rates which include Free Parking, Free TV and Free BATHERAPY!
NOW—fully air-conditioned

CLARIDGE
HOTEL
Atlantic City
Area Code 609—345-1271

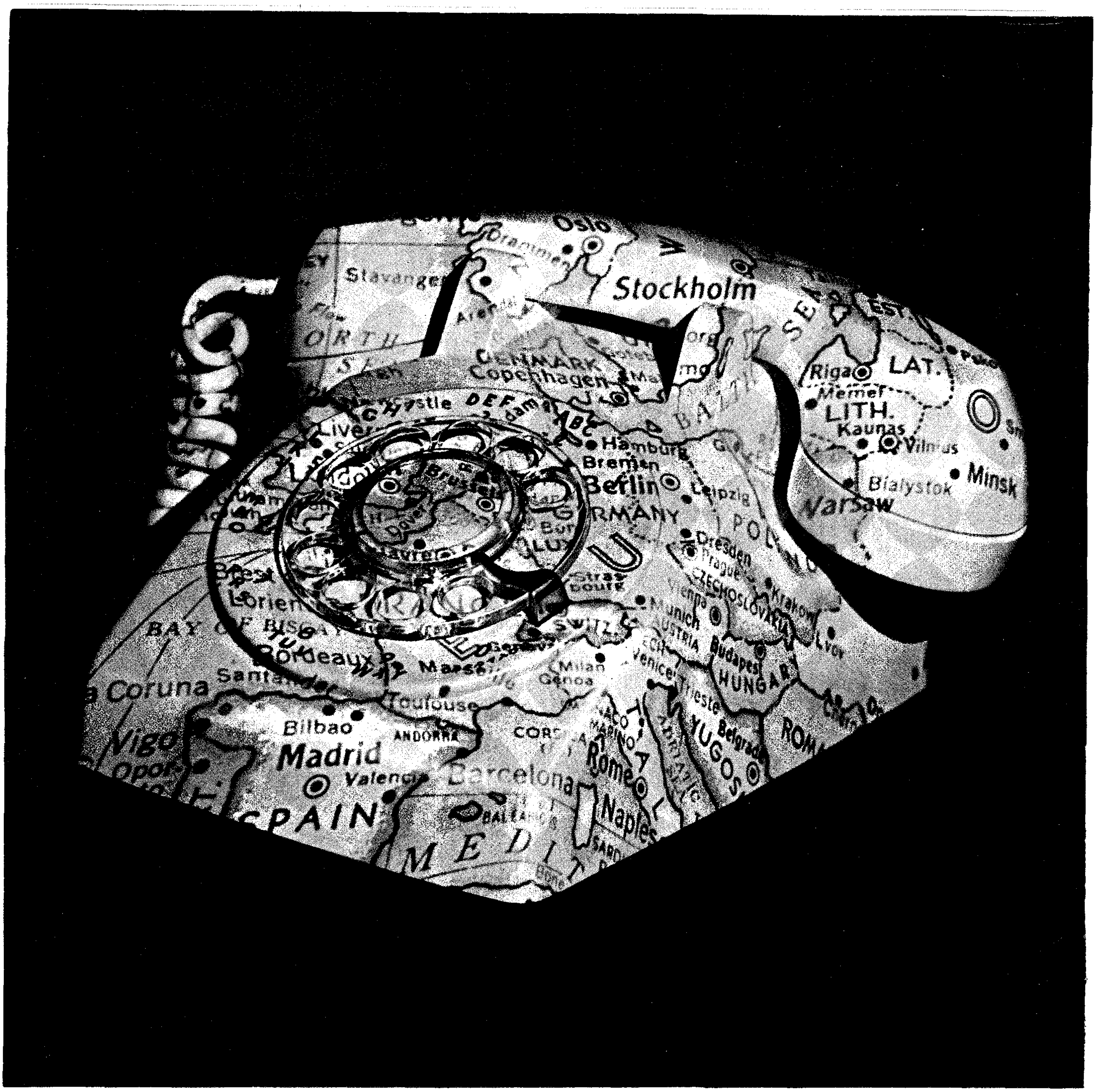
In PHILADELPHIA
15th Street
BOOKBINDERS
SEAFOOD HOUSE, INC.
215 South 15th Street
is the ONLY restaurant where members of the original Bookbinder Restaurant Family are
Sam, Dick, Sam Jr.
Richard

A perfume
other women would
rather you
didn't know about

Un Air Embaumé by Rigaud


South Africa
CUSTOS NATURAE

Consult your Travel Agent. For beautifully illustrated literature, write to South African Tourist Corporation at the address nearer to you: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020 / 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212


Oslo
Stockholm
Stavanger
Copenhagen
DENMARK
Hamburg
Bremen
Berlin
Leipzig
GERMANY
Dresden
Prague
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Krakow
Warsaw
Bialystok
Minsk
Riga
LAT.
LITH.
Kaunas
Vilnius
Memel
Munich
Vienna
AUSTRIA
Budapest
HUNGARY
Belgrade
YUGOS
Trieste
Venice
Milan
Genoa
Toulouse
Bordeaux
Brest
Lorient
BAY OF BISCAY
Santander
Bilbao
La Coruna
Vigo
Madrid
Valencia
Barcelona
SPAIN
ANDORRA
Rome
Naples
SAN MARINO
MEDIT
Strasbourg
SWITZ.
Le Havre
Brussels
Liverpool

You can telephone all over the world

Today, you can reach 177 countries or areas of the world by telephone. It's the quick, convenient, personal way to keep in touch.

The rate for the first overseas call—from New York to London in 1927—was $75. Today the cost is low. You can telephone almost anywhere in the world for $12, plus tax, for the first three minutes.

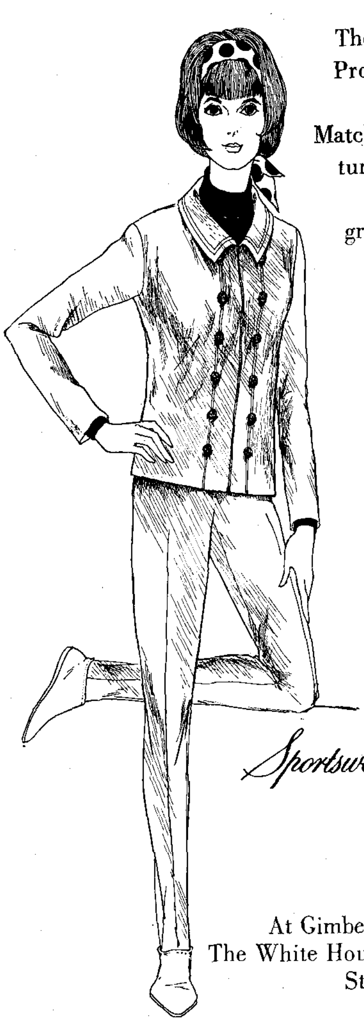
Whenever you want to keep in touch with anyone—telephone. It's the next best thing to being there.

Keep in touch by Long Distance **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

things and knots them to make star-shaped dainty detail all over a pillbox. (Most of the plumage around here can, by the way, be dyed any color you like.) Other doodads have faceted jet beads and jet fringe to swing and sway (this dates me, all right). Demure gla*mure*, in sum, is the rule here.

IF you are a big-hat girl, like Carol Channing, Halston of Bergdorf Goodman was put on earth just for you. Magnificent bulbous turbans in angora or satin or coq feathers abound, and vast hats of thick fur like chinchilla are a great favorite here. Chinchilla makes, for one, an extra-deep cap with attached self triangles over the ears that go on to tie under the chin or at the nape; white mink is the stuff of a huge, egg-shaped dome tilting backward, with long ends to tuck into the neckline. Having no royal blood, I can be overpowered by all this. Among the simple, big-brimmed daytime shapes here, a standout is a rain hat of poplin. (I can't understand pale poplin raincoats, though, come to think of it. Am I the only one who encounters taxis with hinges that have just been greased?) It has an exaggerated brim, very long and oval, and arching at the sides, like a fisherman's hat—and equally ready to shed water that would otherwise go down the back of the neck. A medium-low crown and a chin strap complete a performance that is grand indeed, and glorious if it is accompanied by one of Partos's jump suits *and* a mink-lined tunic-length raincoat of matching poplin. Another rain hat you'd wear on the most sparkling day is a deep egg-shaped helmet, very English bobby. Long ends build out of the sides to tie under the chin.

THE kerchief turban that is supposed to look so casually tied is becoming a fixture in our society. John Frederics likes his in a gypsy mood, and he shows an example in an off-white silk Alix jersey, folded across the head and knotted beside one ear. One of the two resultant scarf ends is ready to be wrapped around your swanlike neck. His fondness for the Carole Lombard days produces, to mention a single item, a white satin cap that just clears the hairline; a ranch-mink bow, tied with satin, is atilt over an eyebrow. Some of his felt or satin caps have an ostrich pompon beside one ear. My pet is of white satin with a tobacco-white-and-black clump of ostrich. For evening, he employs specially dyed ostrich in combinations like (a) pinks and bur-



The Continental Stretch Pants Ensemble. Proportioned twill Helanca® stretch pants with detachable stirrups, about $13. Matching stretch jacket, about $18. Stretch turtleneck blouse, about $8. French gold, rebel blue, kelly green, pizza red, grape, winter white, black. Sizes 6 to 18.

Sportswear at its best
Loomtogs

At Gimbels, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; The White House, San Francisco; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; and leading stores everywhere.

LOOMTOGS, INC., 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

Good Golf...and a change of pace ...only 100 miles from New York and Philadelphia

You'll enjoy golf more than ever before on Buck Hill's championship 27-hole course. You'll be pleased with what's new at Buck Hill! An entirely new West Wing with 80 guest rooms. Also enlarged dining area, an additional function lounge and fully automatic elevators. Come for the golf, tennis, other sports—and the fun of being here. Only 2½ hours from New York and Philadelphia.

THE INN Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA
For reservations and information: New York—30 Rockefeller Plaza West, Circle 5-5620; Philadelphia—PEnnypacker 5-2433

This is Creighton's
Miniature Tattersall
are you man enough to wear it?

How to keep within a proper check . . . and stay lively.
Creighton's multi-colored tattersal speaks softly, yet correctly.
Three part harmony . . . sophistication, style, tradition.
Button down collar, back pleat, and hanger loop, naturally.
About $6.50 at selected stores.

CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS
Empire State Building, New York

©1964 CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS

gundies with flashes of white and green, (b) pink, wine, and beige, and (c) cognac, black, and white. These make, among other things, snoods that may either imprison long hair or let it emerge in back. A wild invention in sable is a deep toque with sable tails spilling out of the top; a six-skin sable twister to match extends out over the upper arms and, unlike stoles in general, remains anchored.

IF you, too, remain anchored after this recitation straight from the scene of action, then words have lost their power. Remember, if you will, that there is always room at the top (yours and mine alike) for one more hat. —LOIS LONG

•

Gary Luther says....
PRIVATE PROPERTY IS THE BASIS OF
ALL FREEDOMS

"...let us conserve man's existing freedoms, and also let us liberate all men from the thorns of tyranny.

"The fruits of freedom stem from the tree of life which has its roots deeply planted in liberty.

"Liberty rests on 'PRIVATE PROPERTY'—private property is the basis of all freedoms.

"Let us attend to the protection of Private Property Rights and the extension of the Right to Private Property, for all mankind."

. . . and visit the new
C & E CHICKEN BOX
Packed hot to take-out
Fried Chicken—Shrimp—Fish
Valley Blvd. at Giano St., YO 4-5817
(1 mile east of Pass & Covina Rd.)
La Puente—Walnut Area
(Watch this space next month
for special offer.)

—*Adv. in the Screaming Eagle, Voice of the Covina (Calif.) Young Republicans.*

We'll do just that.

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Star*]

The occasion was a musical skit in which 70 teenagers and small tots who attend the Congregation's religious classes, parodied Bible characters and scenes in songs and dance sequences set to popular Broadway hit melodies.

Rabbi E. William Seaman, associate rabbi of the Congregation, wrote the script.

In one scene, a group of Solomon's wives sing their version of life at court to the song title, "Hello Solly."

In another sequence, Joseph appears in a multi-colored blazer, singing "Whatever Joey Wants, Joey Gets."

And in one of the hit scenes of the afternoon, the smaller tots dressed as animals, sing and dance "That's Our Life on Noah's Ark" to the tune of the famous "Do-Re-Mi" song from "Sound of Music."

THE SPORTING SCENE

MAKE WAY FOR THE HORSE, PLEASE

THE National Museum of Racing, a tasteful red brick repository of equine culture situated on Union Avenue in Saratoga Springs, contains a copy of the newspaper *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* for Saturday, August 15, 1863. The front-page story begins:

> The meeting at Saratoga was a great success. . . . It must have laid the foundation for a great fashionable race meeting at the Springs, like that at Ascot in England, where the elegance and superb costumes of the ladies vie with the blood and beauty of the running horses and the neat but splendid appointments of the various riders. It is now established that of the many thousands of people to be found at Saratoga this season of the year, there are but few who will not eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity for such amusement and interest as the sports of the turf afford. It is also made manifest that the people of New York will give such support to racing at Saratoga Springs as will add to the zest and flavor of the occasion. . . .

The author of this simultaneously brisk and flowery report of the very first race meeting at Saratoga deserves independent enshrinement, for his is a nonpareil example of accurate long-distance journalistic prognostication. Last month, just one hundred and one years after he filed his story, I paid my initial visit to Saratoga, where I found running horses of such blood and beauty, riders in such neat but splendid appointments, so many thousands of people, and so much fashion and elegance, amusement and interest that I remained for a full zesty week. The meeting at Saratoga was a great success.

This coupling of oneself with the past is a habit easily acquired at Saratoga, a town whose residents are all on a first-name basis with history. Inhabitants who learned that I was a newcomer instantly informed me that I had come too late to patronize the great gambling casinos—Canfield's, Arrowhead, Piping Rock, the Brook, and others—which vanished more than twenty years ago, or to put up at the United States or the Grand Union, the great hotels that were razed in 1946 and 1952. In time, I came to understand this protracted period of mourning, for the removal of these gingery and gingerbready relics has turned downtown Saratoga into a glum and featureless main street dominated by supermarkets and approached through a highway-ribbon slum of unsurpassable neon vulgarity. The baths and mineral-spring establishments, which accounted for a lively summer trade long before the track was built, are still in business, though apparently much diminished by antibiotics and Metrecal. At Saratoga Spa State Park, I entered the Hall of Springs, a pillared temple containing three shiny, gigantic counters, each circumscribing a plashing fountain of the famous waters. The place was deserted; there wasn't a dyspeptic in sight. It should not be assumed, however, that Saratoga natives and summer regulars consider the past to be irretrievable. They carry it with them; they wear it like a booster's button. Longevity is an especial cause for pride. "I've lived here all my life." . . . "I've been coming here ever since I was a little boy." . . . "We never miss the season here." . . . "I'm the oldest inhabitant"—these comfortable identifications, delivered by septuagenarian aborigines and by summer people not yet in their forties, invariably followed upon the news that I was a freshman. For some reason—perhaps because I come from the city, where age and habit are Out—these greetings charmed me. Saratogans were congratulating me for having come up to share in their good fortune.

Much of the sense of comfort and permanence in Saratoga this summer derived from the locals' conviction that the ancient Saratoga Race Course and its four-week August meeting are now safe from sudden extinction or amputation. At frequent intervals since the Greater New York Racing Association acquired the track from the stockholders in 1955, there have been threats and rumors that the Saratoga meet would be discontinued or curtailed in favor of August racing at Aqueduct, the Big-Money A downstate. Since the State of New York annually derives better than sixty-five million dollars of tax revenue from thoroughbred racing, and since Aqueduct's daily mutuel handle is almost three times as big as Saratoga's, this has never been exactly an improbability. Last year, however, someone (Saratoga believes it was Jock Whitney) apparently convinced the state (Saratoga believes it was Governor Rockefeller) that racing does not live by tax bread alone, and the N.Y.R.A.'s present plan to enlarge the creaky grandstand this winter, at a cost of three and a half million dollars, is regarded as assurance that there will be young horses under the ancient Saratoga trees for a good many Augusts to come.

Saratoga turns sweet and flavorful the moment you swing off Broadway and traverse the dozen-odd blocks that take you to the track. Tall, dusty elms, oaks, and maples spill shadows and stillness across lawns and front yards. The heavy white clapboard and gray stone mansions, sprouting pillars, porticoes, and cupolas, are still there on Circular Street and Union Avenue, a good many of them bearing modest signs that say "Rooms." ("Modest" does not apply to the August prices for a bed in Saratoga.) At the upper end of Lincoln Avenue, half a block from the track, entire families are out on the street cajoling cars into their back-yard parking lots. On foot, with tip sheet and *Morning Telegraph* in hand, you progress farther into the country and the past. The paddock, spacious and open to all, is a small forest of trees, each clump encircled with a soft dirt path worn by the hoofs of horses walked there before the saddling ceremonies. The clubhouse and grandstand, a penumbrous, deep-roofed wooden gallery surmounted by cupolas,

CARROLL and HARRIS MASTERSON and NORMAN TWAIN in association with ANTA present
BEN GAZZARA
MILDRED DUNNOCK
in TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE
A Play by JEAN ANOUILH
Translated by LUCIENNE HILL
Co-starring
NORMA CRANE · STEPHEN ELLIOTT
RAE ALLEN
Settings and Costumes by OLIVER MESSEL
Lighting by GERALD FEIL
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
MAIL ORDERS FILLED • OPENS SEPT. 17
PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Fri. and Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.30. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.05, 3.60, 3.00. Opening Night Orch. sold out. Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60.
ANTA THEATRE 243 West 52nd St., N.Y.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!
HELLO, DOLLY!
HEAR THE GAIETY AND EXCITEMENT OF "HELLO, DOLLY!" ON RCA VICTOR'S ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM. SEE BROADWAY'S SMASH HIT MUSICAL WHEN VISITING NEW YORK
ORDER THEATRE SEATS BY MAIL
Evgs: $9.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.
ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

Mitzi Holmes' Jager House
LEXINGTON AVENUE at 85th STREET
Exceptional Continental Food
Enchanting Viennese Music
Spacious Banquet Facilities
Reservations: RH 4-3820

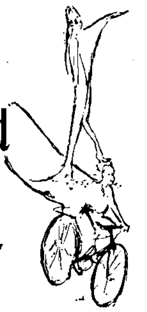
FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST / PL 3-1447
Le Manoir

part of which dates back to 1901, look like nothing so much as an Edwardian millionaire's cottage—a brave folly brightened by long boxes of petunias and geraniums on the porches. The view from your seat is pastoral: roofs of horse barns behind the backstretch, and an unbroken halo of trees surrounding the track. Small spinneys of trees and shrubbery stand within the triple oval of tracks—dirt, turf, and hurdle courses—of which the inner two are a rich, grassy green that was a welcome sight this year in the midst of an unrelenting upstate drought. A breeze snaps the blue and white flags flanking the steeplechase jumps and ruffles the water of the infield lake beside the tote board. This narrow body of water is navigated by swans and Muscovy ducks, and on it rides a long, anchored canoe painted with the colors of the stable that last won the Travers, the oldest stakes race in the country. The track was spared the cost of repainting the canoe last year when George D. Widener's Crewman put away Chateaugay and Candy Spots, thus repeating the famous 1962 victory by Jaipur, another Widener champion, who defeated Ridan by a nose in what veterans call the greatest Travers of all.

Elegance and fashion are discoverable at race time in the cramped old boxes along the front of the clubhouse balcony near the finish line—season-long boxes occupied year after year by Whitneys, Vanderbilts, von Stades, Paysons, Phippses, Wideners, and the rest. But this is a relaxed, familial kind of elegance, marked by much visiting back and forth, the exchange of horse gossip, laughter, and the discussion of small hunch bets. "Saratoga?" Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson said to me one afternoon in her box. "Oh, Saratoga never changes." She waved her hand vaguely at the tweeds, cool drinks, binoculars, race programs, children, relatives, and friends surrounding her. "Saratoga is just August in the country, the way it's always been."

Under the same roof but a furlong or so up the stretch, the scene is different, for you have traversed the startling economic barrier that so precisely splits the racing crowd in two. Here a good many older couples have brought along their own aluminum lawn chairs, and here the studying of performance charts and the placing of bets is a sober, dead-serious business. The upstairs aisles and the downstairs betting parlor of the grandstand powerfully resemble the deck and cabin of an ancient ferryboat, with long wooden

"Exuberantly Funny Musical!" —NORMAN NADEL, WORLD-TELE
CAROL BURNETT
In The Musical Comedy Hit
FADE OUT FADE IN
also starring JACK CASSIDY
and LOU JACOBI
Mail Orders Filled. Eves.: $9.90, 8.45, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.00. Wed. Mat.: $5.75, 4.80, 4.00, 3.50, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: $6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.00, 3.50.
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'way. PL 7-7064



"CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION!" —HOWARD TAUBMAN, TIMES
Beatrice Lillie
Tammy Grimes
Edward Woodward
in "High Spirits"
"SEASON'S BEST MUSICAL COMEDY!" —Gaver, United Press
Directed by Noël Coward
Mail Orders Filled. Eves.: $9.60, 8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.95. Wed. Mat.: $5.75, 5.00, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: $6.25, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATER, 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226

"DELIGHTFULLY WHACKY COMEDY!" —Time Magazine
SANDY DENNIS DON PORTER in
The New Smash Comedy Hit!
ANY WEDNESDAY
with ROSEMARY MURPHY
GENE HACKMAN
PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.20, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Balc. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3.00. Air Cond
MUSIC BOX THEA. 239 W. 45 St. Cir 6-4636
NATIONAL COMPANY ON TOUR
Sept. 9 thru 12—Auditorium—Rochester
Sept. 14 thru Oct. 10—Royal Alexandria—Toronto
Oct. 12 thru 17—Hartman—Columbus
Oct. 19 thru Dec. 19—Studebaker—Chicago

"One of the funniest evenings in town." TAUBMAN, N.Y. TIMES
THE KNACK
THE NEW THEATRE 154 East 54th St., PL 2-0440

Perez Blanco's Liborio
Exotic Latin Cuisine
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
Spanish Revue Nightly
150 West 47th Street · JU 2-6188

decks, bony overhanging beams, forests of stanchions, and sudden gusts of wind that stir a trash of discarded newspapers and bring you a sharp whiff of hot-dog mustard.

The happiest part of Saratoga's old-timey setting is the easy accessibility of the horses themselves. Anyone who has grown accustomed to the crowds, barriers, and concrete lawns that separate horseplayer from horse at modern big-city racing machines is reminded at Saratoga that it is the horses, after all, that really matter. They share the landscape with you through the long summer day. In the morning, on your way to breakfast in the clubhouse, you pause under the porte-cochere, standing stock-still to permit three or four exercise boys to guide their nervous mounts past you and onto the track. The shining colts eye you anxiously, wheeling and sidling, kicking up the dirt with their springy, marvellous legs. In the paddock in the afternoon, a voice behind you says, "Make way for the horse, please. Horses coming through." You step aside and a tall chestnut filly, saddled and blinkered, walks slowly by, led by a groom and followed by her trainer, on their way to meet the jockey in the walking ring. Her satin thighs exude tension and power, and you stare at the nearness of such an expensive and mysterious celebrity.

The jockeys, seen up close, are another wonder. Their silence, their courage, their massive hands, those clocks in their heads—all this, contained in minikin bodies and dressed in jongleur costume, infuses them with an almost medieval air of enigma. Given a leg up in the walking ring, they float into their saddles, assume their prayerlike attitude in the irons, and survey the crowd from on high, their faces showing boredom and cool. You recognize them as they file past you under the trees and the bugle notes—Venezia, the brilliant, baby-faced apprentice; John Rotz, a handsome businessman who seems to have forgotten his attaché case; Baeza's pure Inca mask; Ycaza's thick jaw and proud, troublemaking stare. They walk slowly off toward the noise and danger just ahead, an implacable band of insiders.

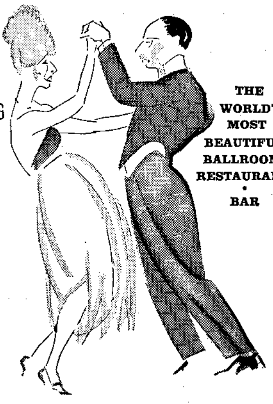
Breakfast on the clubhouse porch is matins for Saratoga horse-worshippers. Scarlet-and-white tablecloths stir in the soft air, and as you dig into your Hand melon, an ambrosial local specialty, you can gaze out at dozens of thoroughbreds loafing or breezing through their workouts a few yards away. Tourists, children, owners,

GEORGE W. GEORGE and FRANK GRANAT
present

ROBERT PRESTON
in
"BEN FRANKLIN IN PARIS"
a new musical

Play and Lyrics by SIDNEY MICHAELS   Music by MARK SANDRICH, JR.
with
ULLA SALLERT
FRANKLIN KISER BOB KALIBAN BYRON WEBSTER
JACK FLETCHER OLIVER CLARK
JERRY SCHAEFER SAM GREENE
and
JACQUELINE MAYRO
Musical Direction and Vocal Arrangements by DONALD PIPPIN   Orchestrations by PHILIP J. LANG   Dance and Incidental Music by ROGER ADAMS
Production designed by OLIVER SMITH
Costumes designed by MOTLEY   Lighting by JACK BROWN
Entire Production Staged by
MICHAEL KIDD

MAIL ORDERS NOW • OPENS TUES. EVG., OCT. 13
PRICES: Opening Night Completely Sold Out: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. Divans (1st 12 rows) $9.80; Orch. $9.20; Mezz. Divan $8.80; Balc. $6.90, 5.80, 4.80, 3.50. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. Divans (1st 12 rows) $9.80; Orch. $9.20; Mezz. Divan $8.80; Balc. $7.20, 6.50, 5.80, 4.80. Matinees Wed. & Sat.: Orch. Divans (1st 12 rows) $6.25; Orch. $5.50; Mezz. Divan $5.25; Balc. $4.50, 4.00, 3.50. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with order and suggest several alternate dates.
LUNT-FONTANNE THEATRE 205 W. 46 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036
PRIOR TO BROADWAY BOSTON—Sept. 15 thru Oct. 3—Shubert Theatre



CONTINUOUS DANCING NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY 1:30
MODEST ADMISSION CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM RESTAURANT • BAR
ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

JAPANESE RESTAURANT
Saito
TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOMS
Cocktail Lounge • Private Banquet Rooms
131 W. 52 St., Bet. 6th & 7th Aves. JU 2-7809

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best
Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.
HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel

THAT ITALIAN KNIT IN AMERICA

BORN IN MILAN! "Consuela" three piece suit from internationally famed **AVAGOLF MILLS.** Brass-buttoned jacket with front and back yoke welting, worn over a contrasting scarf-blouson and slim skirt. Sizes are 8 to 16, in beautiful color combines. The ensemble about 185.00. E. Bernath, New York; Charles Sumner, Boston; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; I. Magnin, all stores; and other fine stores.

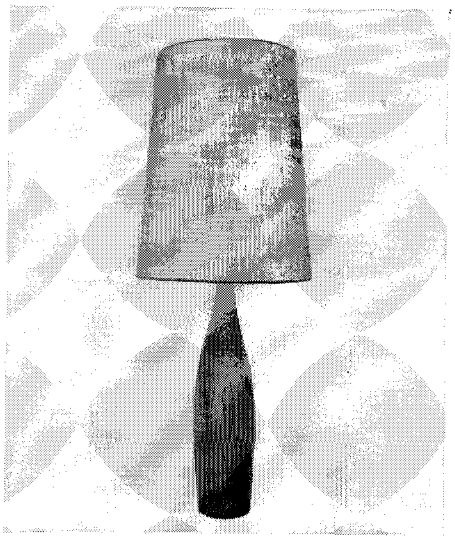
Korrigan

Korrigan Corp., 70 W. 40 Street, New York, N.Y.

breeders, horseplayers, and turf writers fill up the tables, and the clink of silverware and murmur of horsy chatter are broken by the pistonlike explosions of breath from a flying thoroughbred at full gallop. This is a knowing crowd, and heads lift when Castle Forbes or Knightly Manner flashes by, or when a young comer like Cornish Prince or Bold Experience takes to the track. Not all the notables are equine. During my trackside breakfasts, I spotted George Raft and George Humphrey seated at adjoining tables; watched George D. Widener prop himself on a shooting stick while he followed a colt of his with binoculars; saw Señor Horatio Luro, mounted upon a pony and elegant in a suède jacket and tweed cap, deep in conference with the Canadian magnate E. P. Taylor, whose Northern Dancer he trains; and overheard one of the older Stevens brothers, of the catering family, reminisce about the days when Saratoga toffs used to wind up a long night with champagne breakfasts at these same tables.

After a second or third cup of coffee and the obligatory morning study period with the past-performance charts in the *Telegraph*, a horseman may pursue further scholarship at the Museum of Racing. Here are casefuls of trophies, along with Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons' stopwatch, a racing plate worn by the immortal Lexington, Tod Sloan's cane, and the bright, heraldic colors of famous racing silks. The paintings include a gallery of nineteenth-century equine portraits by the celebrated Edward Troye, some less accomplished old racing pictures in which the horses resemble galloping spiders, and noble representations of such comparative latecomers as Man o' War, Equipoise, Cavalcade, Citation, Sword Dancer, and the rest. In another room, George Washington, depicted in a fine Charles Willson Peale portrait, is identified as a "magnificent horseman and enthusiastic patron of the turf." (First things first is Saratoga's motto.) The curator of this horsy shrine is Mrs. Elaine Mann, who was born for the job; her father, the late Buddy Ensor, is one of the jockeys honored in the museum's Hall of Fame.

Every morning in August, the museum presents racing movies in an upstairs gallery, beginning with a filmed rerunning of the previous day's races. The audiences, I discovered, are as enthusiastic and as noisily involved as a matinée crowd at a horror double feature. They cheer the same close finishes they saw the day before, and blanch again when their chosen eight-



un-American.

A continental hybrid, that's what it is. The hand-turned teak base is pure Danish in origin and design. (Superb grain proves it.) The shade is pure Belgian linen. Beautiful in off-white, natural, gold or orange. 32" tall. Three-way lighting to 250 watts. Yours for $39.50

NEW 52 PAGE CATALOG—ONLY 25¢.

Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-21, 888 Madison Avenue (at 72nd St.)
N.Y.C. 21, UN 1-8955, Open Thursdays till 8.

BAMER HOTEL
mexico city

service beyond comparison

Ask your travel agent
U.S. Representatives:
Robert F. Warner Inc.
New York, N.Y. Tel: JUdson 6-4500
Chicago, Ill Tel: RAndolph 6-0624

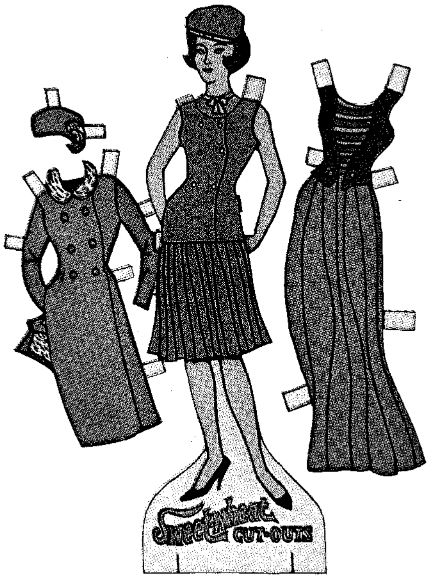
SUEDES CLEANED & RECONDITIONED LEATHERS

COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Cleaned, Reconditioned . . . Like New All Over Again! Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Pick-Up Svc.
Send for Home Supply Of Miracle Suede Cleaner "SUEDECRAFTER"® $1.75 ppd.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA INC.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

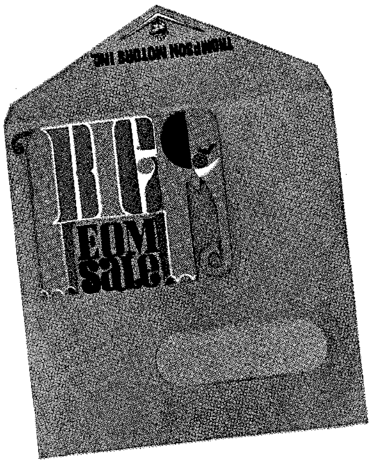
HOUSTON'S TRADITIONAL HOST
THE RICE HOTEL

For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080 in New York or see your travel agent.

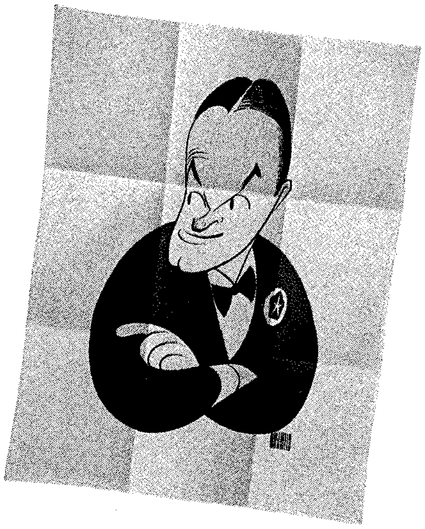
Consider paper.
Used with imagination, its power to



glamorize,



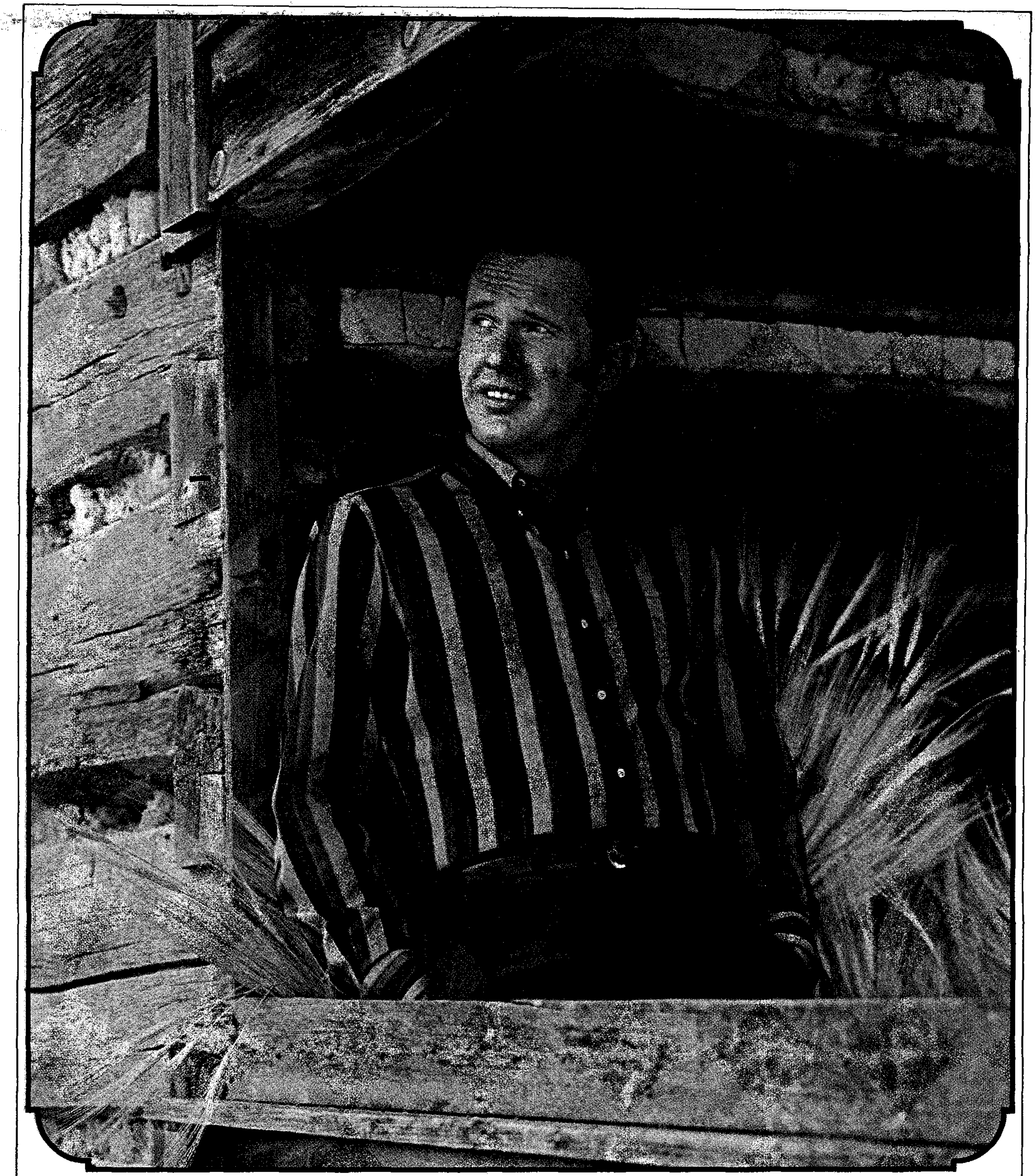
advertise,



characterize,

is incalculable.
We offer the world's largest selection of commercial printing papers. And we can help you use them with great imagination.
Champion Papers

© 1964 The Paper Division of Champion Papers Inc., Knightsbridge/Hamilton, Ohio



Autumn's Richest Bounty

Vintage Fall 1964, and easily a man's best friend. Dashing regimental stripes in rich autumn colorings. Blessed with a vitality you can count on. Like all Dan River's fine shirtings, it's combed 100% cotton, yarn-dyed for lasting color. Groomed with Wrinkl-Shed to stay fresh as the day is long. Machine-wash, tumble dry. It couldn't be easier to care for.*

DAN RIVER

Wash & Wear Fabrics

*REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR DAN RIVER MILLS' WRINKLE-RESISTANT FABRICS. ALL FABRICS DESIGNED AND WOVEN IN THE U.S.A. BY DAN RIVER MILLS, INC., DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

to-one shot hangs in the stretch. "*Look* at that goddam jock!" one turf patron in front of me exclaimed to his wife. "I *told* you he tried to go outside three horses on the turn. I wouldn't trust him with a pony cart."

THE richest gambling at Saratoga is to be seen not at the pari-mutuel windows but at the sales ring of the Fasig-Tipton Company, a couple of blocks east of the track, where the annual yearling auctions are held in the evenings of the second week of the meeting. Thoroughbred racing is currently in the grip of a runaway inflation. Stakes races are richer and more numerous than ever before, new tracks are springing up all across the country, newly affluent industrialists inaugurate racing stables overnight and scramble to buy some of the fourteen thousand thoroughbreds foaled annually, and tracks extend their meetings deeper into the winter each year in order to drink at the endless river of attendance and mutuel money. (At the end of Saratoga's first week this year, Gun Bow, the impressive, late-blooming four-year-old who ran away with the Whitney Stakes, was purchased by a syndicate for one million dollars.) As one of the two top horse-auctioneering concerns, Fasig-Tipton benefits handsomely from this fever—it collects five per cent of the price paid for each colt or filly it relays from consignor to owner—but in a conversation with Humphrey S. Finney, the white-haired, florid president of the company, I detected a longing for the easier, quieter days of the past, when a few families controlled racing and bred horses more for pleasure than for tax write-offs, and when a certain yearling was bought at Saratoga for five thousand dollars and given the name Man o' War. Mr. Finney, who carries a blackthorn cane and balances his spectacles on the end of his nose, pointed out to me that the thoroughbred population explosion has not been accompanied by a similar increase in quality, simply because a brood mare, no matter how regal her bloodlines, can produce only one foal each year. "Here at the Saratoga sales, we try to keep up quality," he said. "We want to improve the thoroughbred average. That's why we've shortened our sales from five to four nights this week. I think the prices will go up, too, but still this is the only place to buy a great horse nowadays for less than a million dollars. It's a gamble for the buyer, but it always has been, and now that there are no more casinos here, we have the

You'll love this new, simple to use

Tarnish Preventive "Silver Care"

Goddard's
Tarnish Preventive
Silver Care

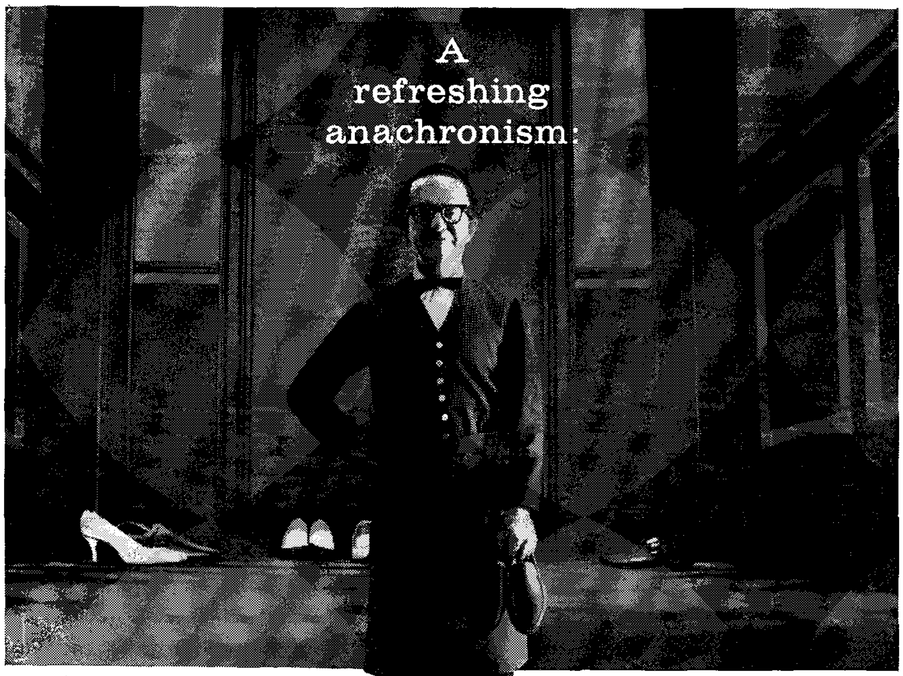
Minute for Sponging

Moments for Rinsing

Months of Brilliance

Now with just one product you can polish very tarnished silver and keep it bright for months on end. J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd. of Leicester, England has combined the "foam" type silver polish with its own patented tarnish preventive ingredient. All you have to do is simply wash, rinse and dry—nothing more. Silver Care sponges tarnish away and at the same time provides a harmless invisible barrier against tarnish. New Silver Care completely eliminates dirty hands and messy cloths, or the need for using two products to polish and protect silver from tarnish. Absolutely safe for all antique or modern silver, silver-plate, and gold, in everyday use or on display. Attractive 20 oz. plastic jar with applicator sponge $4.50 postpaid. Order today.

John Jarrell INC.
84 Broad Street, N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30303



The Stanhope, smartly modern right down to its air conditioning and television, still practices the almost-lost art of service without servility . . . exactly in the manner of Europe's grand hotels. You'll find a "boots" to collect your shoes each night for brushing; a butler to supervise that special dinner in your suite; a baggagemaster to shepherd you through customs or put you on a plane. Oh, happy self-indulgence!

Frank C. Bromber,
General Manager

THE STANHOPE HOTEL

Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.

Boxed 18's, 6's and bars. Crisp roasted almonds in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.

Ferrara's delicious baked crepes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marnier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)

FERRARA'S WILD CHERRY JUBILEE

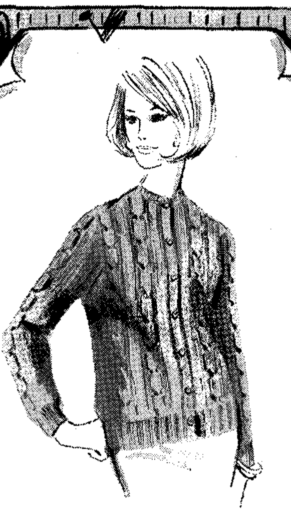
Delicious Cherries Anglaise in rum for tasty desserts.

Try our Panettone (Italian Coffee Cake), Panforte Siena style, Marron au rhum, Imported Apricots and Figs in cordials and Rum Nesselrode.
WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

ESTABLISHED 1892
Ferrara
PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

only fun game in town." (Mr. Finney's own gamble, incidentally, paid off neatly. During the four nights this year, two hundred and twelve colts and fillies were sold for a total of $3,765,800, *raising the individual average* from 1963's $12,815 to an all-time yearling-sales record of $17,763.)

I watched the players of the fun game pondering their bets in the mornings, when they visited the Fasig-Tipton barns, accompanied by their trainers, and inspected the yearling crop. A groom would lead a leggy colt or filly out of its stall and into the bright sunshine, and while the breeder expatiated on bloodlines and slope of shoulder, the customer would wordlessly study the work of art fore and aft with the morose, withdrawn expression of Sir Kenneth Clark examining a Rembrandt. Sales nights were noisy and *exciting—a millionaires' country fair.* Anyone can come to the auctions, and local high-school boys and girls, wearing sweatshirts and shorts, wandered hand in hand among the buyers and sellers, or stood on tiptoe outside the roofed open-air enclosure to listen to the auctioneer's high-pitched shouting of bids. Standing in the crowd outside the sales ring, I met some of the rich and richly various individuals who make up today's turf world. Eddie Arcaro, now in the horse-insurance business, was there, and so was Larry MacPhail, who is out of baseball and deep in racing. I met a football immortal, Charles W. (Catfish) Smith, of Georgia, who is now notable as the owner of Hillsdale, and I met a New York sportswriter and his wife, in Saratoga on vacation, who once owned a one-hundred-dollar share in an eighteen-hundred-dollar filly. I met Isaac J. Collins, the chairman of the executive committee of Anchor Hocking Glass, who is ninety-four years old and takes a long, long view of racing; on the first night of the sales, he paid thirty-eight thousand dollars for a Nashua filly with the main purpose of breeding her four or five years hence. I met Jack Price, once a bookmaker and more recently the owner and trainer of Carry Back, whose recollections of old Saratoga are livelier than most. In 1930, his wife's father, somewhat flat of pocket at the time, found fifty dollars in a men's lavatory and bet it on a horse named Jim Dandy in the Travers; Jim Dandy went off at 100–1 and defeated Gallant Fox and Whichone in the track's most famous upset, thus begetting an almost perpetual optimism in the Price family. At the sales this year, Mr. Price paid ten thousand dol-


Cables

A sweater visibly, tangibly Villager. Not overwhelming, not muffling—just strong. Authentic cables. Hand-fashioned. Hand-loomed, pure wool. Ocean pearl buttons. In french blue, scotch green, scotch gold or brique. 34 to 40 sizes. 20.00.
Mail orders: Ann Taylor Sportswear, 994 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

ANN TAYLOR
Sportswear
NEW HAVEN WESTPORT
GREENWICH NEW CANAAN
SOUTH SHORE PLAZA, BRAINTREE, MASS.

First Family of Photographers
Bachrach
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233

DAWSON'S
Lunch Dinner
Ha-Penny Bar
159 EAST 53RD STREET • PL 2-1387

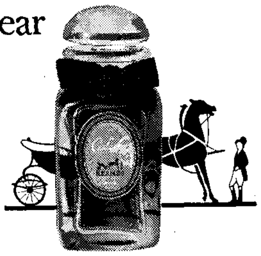
JOHN BOIT MORSE
FEINGARTEN GALLERIES
816 NORTH LA CIENEGA
LOS ANGELES
THRU OCT 8

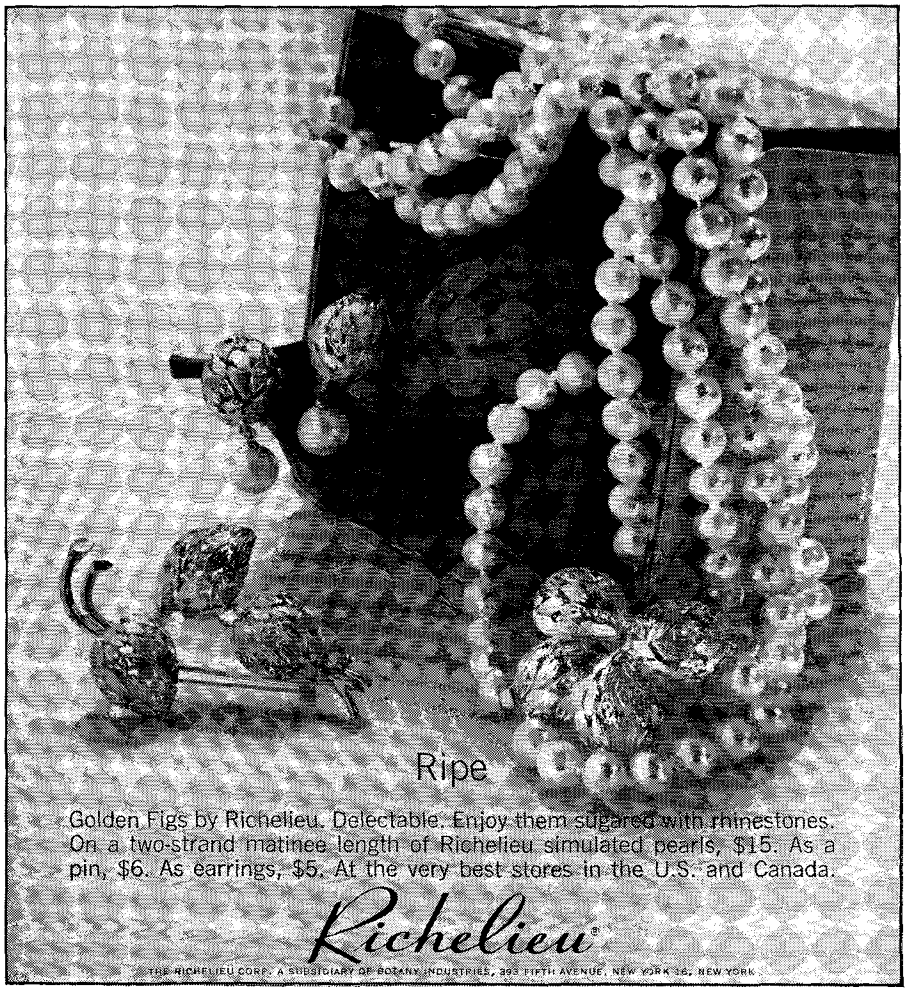
lars for a Pied d'Or filly he had first seen only five minutes before.

Inside the auction ring, a good many of the tiers of white chairs surrounding the roped-off horse ring were occupied by members of racing's old first families—John Galbreath, Robert Kleberg, Captain Harry Guggenheim, the Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilts, the Winston Guests, and a scattering of Sanfords, du Ponts, von Stades, and the others. Dress seemed optional. There were groups in evening clothes (August parties are dressy and almost non-stop at Saratoga), couples in madras and summer cottons, and one small white poodle in a leopard jacket, who occupied a chair of his own. All the real attention, however, was directed toward the ring and the podium behind it, from which one or the other of the two Fasig-Tipton auctioneers, Laddy Dance and Ralph Retler, bombarded the buyers with an amplified, breathless running chant of bids and raises, punctuated by sharp double raps of a gavel: "Well, now, I've got ten thousand—ten, ten, ten, who'll say fifteen? Ten it is, who's got twelve, twelve, twelve—*eleven thousand!* Eeeleven, 'leven—now thirteen, thirteen, thirteen? *Twelve* thousand! Thank you, Ma'am. Now *do* I heah fifteen, fifteen, fifteen . . ." The colt or filly for sale, wearing an identifying number on its hip and held by an attendant, would wheel and skitter on the tarmac, rolling a white eye at the crowd and occasionally adding a shrill, terrified whinny to the din. Each bid—an almost invisible flick of a pencil or raising of a hand—was relayed by a spotter in the aisles with a cry of "Heyy-*up!*," and John Finney (the son of the president), who was seated beside the auctioneer, would then cajole

I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

It's all a woman needs to wear
Calèche
PARFUMS HERMÈS/Paris
MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE. HERMARK CORP., DIST., U.S.A.





Ripe

Golden Figs by Richelieu. Delectable. Enjoy them sugared with rhinestones. On a two-strand matinee length of Richelieu simulated pearls, $15. As a pin, $6. As earrings, $5. At the very best stores in the U.S. and Canada.

Richelieu®
THE RICHELIEU CORP. A SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

a raise from the counter-bidder with an inviting waggle of his fingers. It was a pulsating, impossible scene—a parlor game played with live counters and real money, a fun game too expensive to be truly believed.

The auction average rose each night of the sales—$11,489, $15,627, $20,503, $22,224. On Thursday night, the bidding for a much discussed chestnut filly by First Landing out of Quill ascended in ten-thousand-dollar leaps to forty thousand dollars, hesitated at fifty-six thousand and sixty-one thousand, and closed at ninety thousand, bid by Elliott Burch, the trainer, on behalf of Paul Mellon, the owner of Rokeby Stables and Quadrangle. This new Saratoga record (a Bold Ruler colt was bought for a hundred and seventy thousand dollars at Keeneland last July) stood for one day; on the final night, a colt by Turn-to out of Legendra was knocked down for ninety-four thousand dollars to David Shaer, a shoe manufacturer from Milford, Massachusetts. I wasn't there to see the new record. I had sensibly absented myself, having discovered that the easy tossing of millions through the soft summer air was encouraging in me a pasha delusion that would shortly have had me raising my finger to snap up a bargain colt for a piddling six or eight thousand.

EARLY-MORNING visits to the barns, groves, dirt paths, and training ovals surrounding the big track were a specific for my sales fever. Small clouds of smoke from slabwood stove fires rose through the pale morning air, there was a pungent, barny smell everywhere, and I was rewarded for my yawns with Degas-like glimpses of distant horses and riders slowly crossing the shadows under the trees. Trainers, grooms, exercise boys, and owners exchanged greetings and small jokes. I found a schooling crew training spooky two-year-olds in a starting gate at the head of the seven-furlong chute, and I was introduced to Earl Williams, the track clocker, who stood on a splintery old platform behind the backstretch, simultaneously managing a telephone and binoculars as he exchanged information with his aides about the fractional times of the horses being breezed. Other race horses were working at Horse Haven and Oklahoma, the old training tracks across Union Avenue; the former, a narrow, tree-lined dirt path, was the site of that first Saratoga meeting back in 1863. The barns and paddocks here seemed full of teen-

Antartex Sheepskin No. 1 $65.00

Made and imported by Donald MacDonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Dumbarton, Scotland.
Designer—Ronald Paterson.
Antartex Sheepskin Shops—
139 E. 76th at Lex., N.Y.C. LE 5-9079; 50a Boylston, Cambridge, Mass., 868-6083; U.S. 50 Middleburg, Va., 687-6545; 3460 Main, Coconut Grove, Fla. 444-0955. Catalogue on request. No shipping charges.
All sizes—14 styles—10 colors.
Dry Cleaning service.
Money Back Guarantee.

antartex
SHEEPSKINS

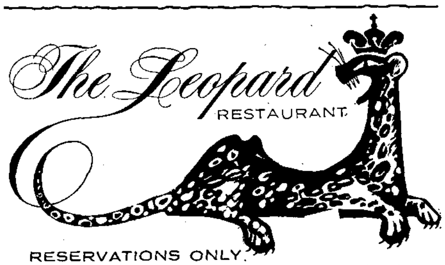
SMALL CRAFT WARNING!

Ship ahoy! On course for Rappaport's 3rd annual model sailboat regatta. September 19th, 2 p.m. Conservatory Lake, Central Park. Boys, girls, 17 or under cast off now for our store to pick up your entry blank personally. Six races, handsome silver cups to winners. If your sailboat is on a cruise or in dry dock we've a fine selection in all price ranges. Anchors aweigh! Hurry in. Entries close Sept. 16th.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 21, N.Y.
our address since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383—84)

Cool Summer Dishes!

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned



RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

TRY NEW
KAYWOODIE
PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT
Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N.Y. 22

agers—children of owners and track officials cantering about on stable ponies, and horse-struck young girls in denim pants patiently walking hots. Leaning on the faded white fence at Oklahoma, I could hear a groom whistling somewhere as he washed down a colt, and watch a young Negro exercise boy on the track, his whip sticking jauntily up from the back of his pants, shake his mount into a gallop as he murmured, "Let's go now, baby. You can do it, poppa."

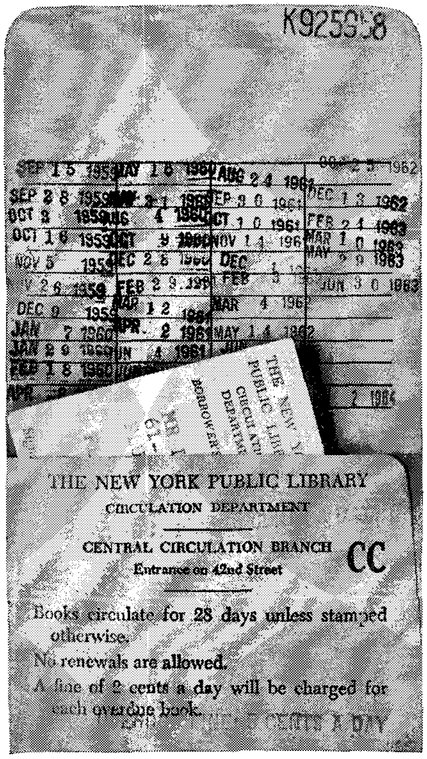
One day, I noticed an unaccustomed stir at one of the barns and walked over to discover Kelso, the great seven-year-old gelding who has been named Horse of the Year for the past four years in a row, giving an early-morning interview to a television film crew. Attended by Carl Hanford, his trainer, and Dick Jenkins, his exercise boy, the champion stood patiently on the smooth-swept dirt path in front of the barn while his owner, Mrs. Richard C. du Pont, answered the interviewer's questions. The dapples in Kelso's dark coat shone in the sun; he seemed a little bored by it all. I peered into his vacant stall and discovered a small, plump brown-and-white dog fast asleep under the hayrack. "That's Charlie," Mrs. du Pont told me. "He and Kelso are inseparable, but Charlie *never* gets up this early in the morning."

Another morning before breakfast, I dropped in on Elliott Burch, the trainer I had seen purchase the Quill filly the night before. Burch had twenty-seven thoroughbreds stabled at Saratoga this year; in addition to Quadrangle and the other Mellon horses, he handles the training for Brookmeade, Winlochan Stable, and half a dozen other owners. He is a tall, athletic, pleasant-faced man of forty with the tense, preoccupied air of a headmaster. The burdens of a chancy profession are increased in his case by the fact that both his grandfather, William P. Burch, and his father, Preston Burch, were trainers whose names appear in the Racing Hall of Fame. (Subsequently, Elliott Burch introduced me to his father, who is retired, with the words "This is the *real* Mr. Burch.") I met the younger Burch at his stables as he was preparing his third set of horses, which included Quadrangle, for their morning workout. He inspected each animal gravely, first presenting it with a lump of sugar and then running a hand down the front shanks, fetlocks, and pasterns. As each exercise boy mounted, he gave him instructions for the length and nature of the workout

Follow a popular library book around and you'll discover the rugged life some papers lead. Thumbs. Rain. Tomato soup. They're all book-beaters. This is why Mead puts plenty of muscle into their book papers. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
papers

Some paper has it tough



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
CENTRAL CIRCULATION BRANCH
Entrance on 42nd Street
CC
Books circulate for 28 days unless stamped otherwise.
No renewals are allowed.
A fine of 2 cents a day will be charged for each overdue book.

Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The wines you loved in Paris are here!

Look for B&G Wines at your wine merchants—and on the Wine List when dining out. They are wines you can enjoy with pride.

B&G
The finest wines of France **Barton & Guestier**

Rabbits run rings around
BUNNYKINS WARE

Who wouldn't eat up every last bite to get to these enchanting scenes from the small domestic world of the rabbit family? Children will love this famous English earthenware set—mug, plate, cereal bowl—all 3 pieces only $5.95.

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 4N, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N.Y

CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR TODAY
from
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

These cards celebrate the holiday season through the art of our own time. In previous years, they have been announced only to Members of the Museum and sold at its own bookstore. This year, some new cards reproduce favorite works in the Museum Collection, while others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists including Anuszkiewicz, Bolotowsky, Chermayeff, Frasconi, and Migdoll. They range in price from a 5¢ photograph of Henry Moore's Family Group to a $1.00 cardboard construction by Mon Levinson (issued in a limited edition, and actually as much a Christmas gift as a Christmas card). The Museum's Christmas brochure describes and illustrates the cards; also includes information on other Museum publications and a special Christmas gift membership form. The 25¢ price will be deducted from any order amounting to over $5.00.

The Museum of Modern Art 111
2799 Grand Central Station, New York 10017
I enclose 25¢ for the 1964 Christmas brochure.

Name

Address

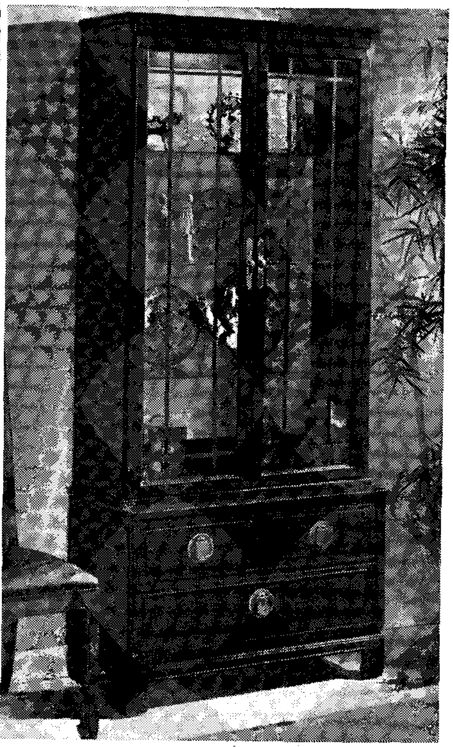
to come. Quadrangle was running that afternoon in the Jim Dandy, a prep race for the Travers, and Burch told Mike Kaye, his top exercise rider and an apprentice trainer, to hold him to an easy, loosening gallop. "I wish he were a little heavier," Burch said of the elegant three-year-old bay colt. "But he's an awful big horse and he needs a lot of work to stay in shape. That keeps him thin."

The horses strung out for the slow half-mile journey to the track, and Burch and his assistant, Frank Radigan, followed them on foot. "This walk is wonderful for them," Burch told me. "It settles them down. It's the French and British training system, and it's one of the reasons I like Saratoga. Down in the city, there's no time for this, and I wonder how many horses we ruin that way. And this meeting is fine for two-year-olds—lots of overnights and other small races for them, which encourage you to wait for Saratoga before you race them. That way, you bring them along slowly, the way they deserve. Why, Quadrangle was still a maiden when he left here last summer. In his very first race, he stopped after the first couple of furlongs and looked around at the crowd. He was just curious. The next race, he did a little better, but he was still awfully green. He just needed bringing along." Burch shook his head. "I only wish *I* had more time up here. Between the sales and the parties and all my regular work, I haven't been out on the golf course once this year. But I love it here. Somebody used to say that Saratoga is our reward for being good the eleven other months of the year. I've been coming up here ever since I was a baby, you know."

The set filed though a gate leading into the paddock, and the Pinkerton on duty wished Burch good luck with Quadrangle that afternoon.

"Thanks," Burch said, waving his hand. "We'll need it. We're giving away a lot of weight. I wouldn't be surprised if we lost. I wouldn't be *happy*, but it wouldn't exactly surprise me." He hurried to catch up with one of the exercise boys. "Listen, Pablo, don't let this horse get ahead of the filly when you two are running together this morning," he said. "She's young, and we don't want to discourage her. Easy does it—O.K.?"

Burch's fears about the Jim Dandy were confirmed that afternoon, when Greentree Stable's Malicious shook off Quadrangle's closing rush and beat him by a nose. (A week later, how-



nikko
Lighted Curio Cabinet from the oriental-inspired Nikko Collection. Superbly crafted in Solid Wood with "Tan Teak" or "Ebony" finish.

For Free Brochure
Write Dept. N-3

Davis
CABINET COMPANY
NASHVILLE 6, TENNESSEE

Ftatateeta's Toast! Like mummy never made. It's the newest addition to New York's most talked about supper menu, which includes The Foot Long Hot Dog. And the Frozen Hot Chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th St., New York City, TE 8-3531
serendipity 3

Lou Ebling's
The
Rob Roy
LUNCHEON DINNER
Route 22 • Armonk Village, N. Y. • ARmonk 3-3071

the GOLDEN OX
The Mecca for Beef Eaters
1615 L ST. N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

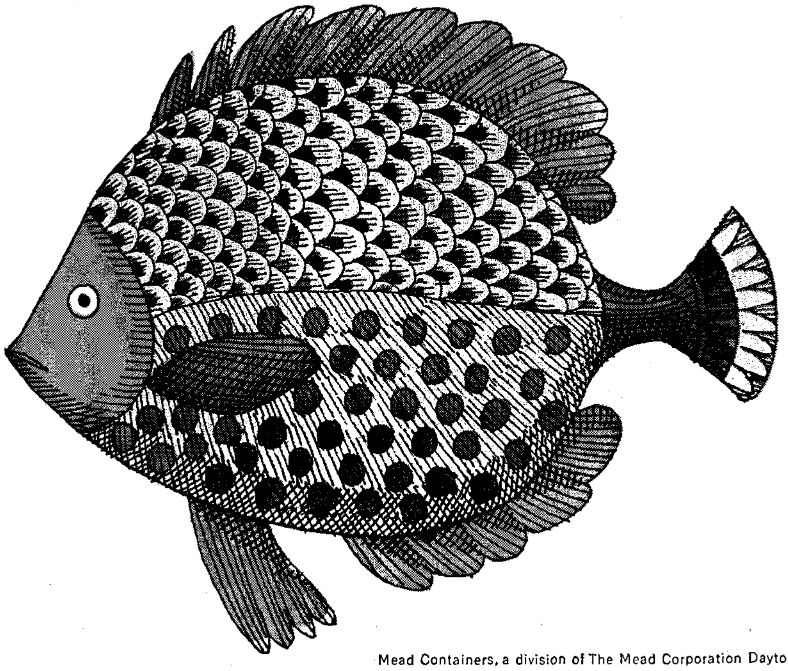
ever, Quadrangle won the big one, the Travers, with a gallant performance on an impossibly sloppy track, thus running his earnings to $330,609 and putting Rokeby's dark-gray-and-yellow colors on the infield canoe for the year to come. Quadrangle, who had already won the Belmont, the Wood Memorial, and the Dwyer, now stands at the head of his class.) The next afternoon, I won back some of the small, sentimental bundle I had dropped on Quadrangle by backing the favorite, Miss Cavandish, in the eighty-fourth running of the Alabama Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, which was the week's feature race. Miss Cavandish's devouring run from ten lengths off the pace to an easy, going-away victory and that long stretch battle between Malicious and Quadrangle were easily the class performances of the week, but there were other moments I shall not forget. I enjoyed the daily steeplechase or hurdle event—those difficult, accident-spotted two-mile tests that are the bane of chalk bettors. Most of all, I came to relish the brief five-and-a-half-furlong dashes for two-year-olds—crowded, semi-hysterical rumbles among nervous jockeys and rank colts and fillies which were often as explosive and unpredictable in outcome as a teen-age block party. In the fifth race on Wednesday, a two-year-old colt named Newton bolted to the outside on the first turn, carrying a certain Turkish Fight (who was carrying, in turn, six dollars of mine, bet across the board) almost to the outside rail. Larry Adams, aboard Turkish Fight, abruptly stopped whipping his mount and began to belabor the newcomer in his lap. By the time the battle was over, my horse had dropped back to sixth or seventh place and was off stride, outside all the others. My groans split the air, but Turkish Fight then put the entire field away in the stretch and won by a full six lengths, having run perhaps seven furlongs in all. My forty-three-dollar ticket seemed almost a superfluous gratuity after such an astonishing spectacle.

I MUST add, however reluctantly, that my pleasure in Saratoga's rustic ways, accessible horses, and low-stakes juvenile racing did not seem to be shared by a certain proportion of the crowd at the old track. As the week progressed and the attendance rose (on Saturday the overflow had to be siphoned off into the infield), I noticed that more and more of the spectators in the grandstand and in the rows of seats

We made a traveling fish tank out of a corrugated container. If we can do that, think what we can do for your shipping problem. You don't even need a scarus vetula. Anything at all will do nicely. Very nicely. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

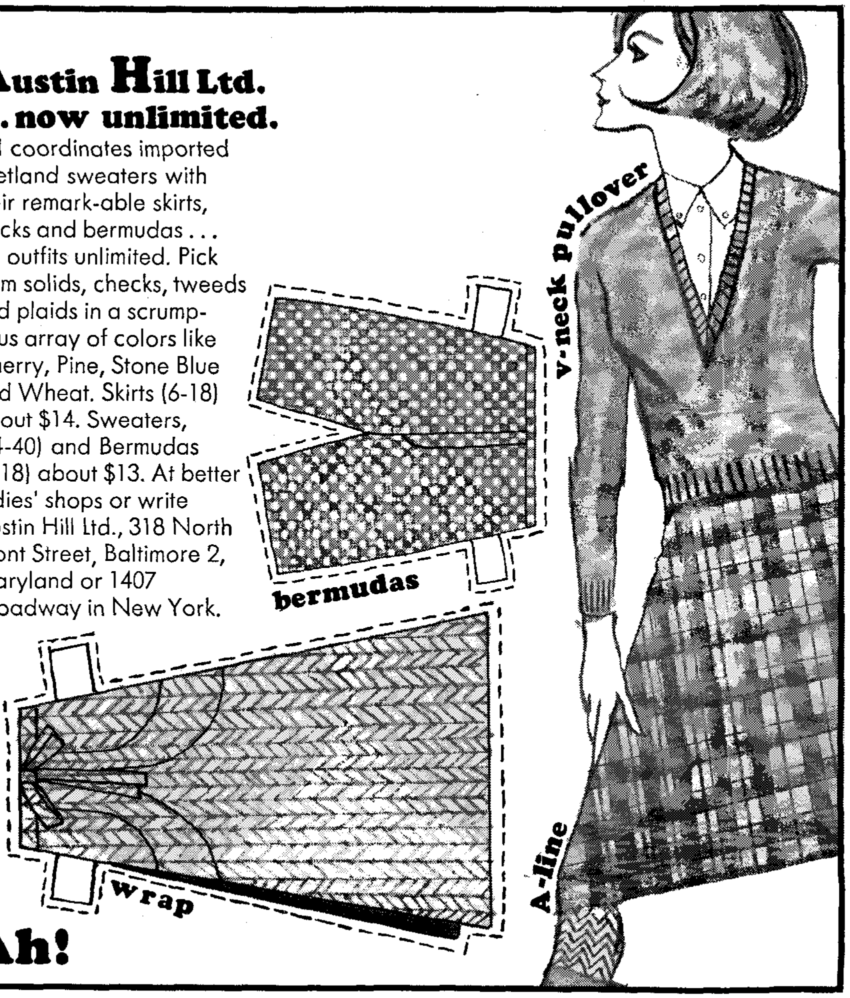
MEAD
containers

Need a box for your scarus vetula?



Mead Containers, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio

Austin Hill Ltd.
...now unlimited.
AH coordinates imported Shetland sweaters with their remark-able skirts, slacks and bermudas... for outfits unlimited. Pick from solids, checks, tweeds and plaids in a scrumptious array of colors like Cherry, Pine, Stone Blue and Wheat. Skirts (6-18) about $14. Sweaters, (34-40) and Bermudas (6-18) about $13. At better ladies' shops or write Austin Hill Ltd., 318 North Front Street, Baltimore 2, Maryland or 1407 Broadway in New York.



Ah!

BEST & CO.
Fifth A St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

The winning stretch
pairs this stretch nylon,
screen-printed, multicolor
pullover with cavalry twill,
black, stretch slacks of
rayon and nylon. Slacks
have side zipper, elastic in
back, tapered legs, self stirrup
Both by "Just Stretch", a
division of Jonathan Logan,
in Girls' sizes 7 to 14.
Pullover, 5.00 Slacks, 6.00
6th Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Also at our 20 convenient Branches

East Africa is adventure on $30 a day.

Fascinating game reserves and scenic wonders. Amboseli, Serengeti, Ngorongoro Crater, Queen Elizabeth Park. Mt. Kilimanjaro, Murchison Falls, Mountains of the Moon. Treetops, the hotel in a tree! The glamorous cities of Nairobi, Kampala, Dar es Salaam. And Zanzibar, the "Isle of Cloves." Your Travel Agent has folders, brochures, tour itineraries. Or write Dept. N.Y.

EAST AFRICA TOURIST
TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
KENYA—TANGANYIKA—UGANDA—ZANZIBAR
750 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017
Or, P. O. Box 2013, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
SINCE 1880
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

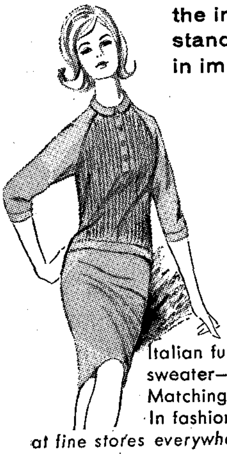
down front on the lawn failed to make the short journey to the paddock between races, where they could get under the trees and look at the horses and jockeys. They seemed somewhat older than the racing crowd at Aqueduct, with more women among them, and they were a dour, unhappy lot. Between races, they remained planted, their gray heads and rimless glasses bent over their form charts and tip sheets, and they stood up at last only to visit the mutuel windows. They barely lifted their eyes when the horses appeared on the track, and rose from their chairs only for the last few seconds of the race; they would shout, briefly and through clenched teeth, if their horse was among the leaders at the finish. At the conclusion of the ninth race, they departed wearily and almost without conversation—bound, I was certain, for a quick dinner and an evening spent in similar fashion at the Saratoga Raceway, the trotting track just up the street. I have never seen such a joyless sporting crowd, and it occurred to me that it was these small-time, habitual horseplayers who were, in the end, paying for those twenty- and fifty-thousand-dollar thoroughbreds I had seen auctioned off to the cheerful gatherings in the sales ring.

Scuffing through fallen leaves and torn-up mutuel tickets, I took my final leave of the track in a gloomy state of mind. The money-haggard, unnoticing bettors I had just observed made me understand, almost for the first time, the fears and pressures that Saratoga has had to face for the past decade, and I knew that if the old track—the oldest in the country—were ever to close we would not see its like again. Although this year's meeting was a success (mutuel-handle records for the four weeks were higher than ever before), I knew that Saratoga still had its enemies. One turf columnist complained that the hard track caused by the drought contributed to a perceptible lack of form among the horses running at Saratoga; he advised his readers not to come up, since they would be unable to count on steady winning performances by favorites. One successful and highly vocal trainer stated that Saratoga was an expensive and sentimental anachronism—an opinion shared by more than a handful of new owners. It seemed certain to me that tax-hungry state legislators would continue to ask why New York should deprive itself of the higher revenues that would be obtainable at the city track if Saratoga's meetings were cut off. However much I

FRESCOBALDI
Italy's Proudest Chianti

FRESCOBALDI
1955
FRESCOBALDI

Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.



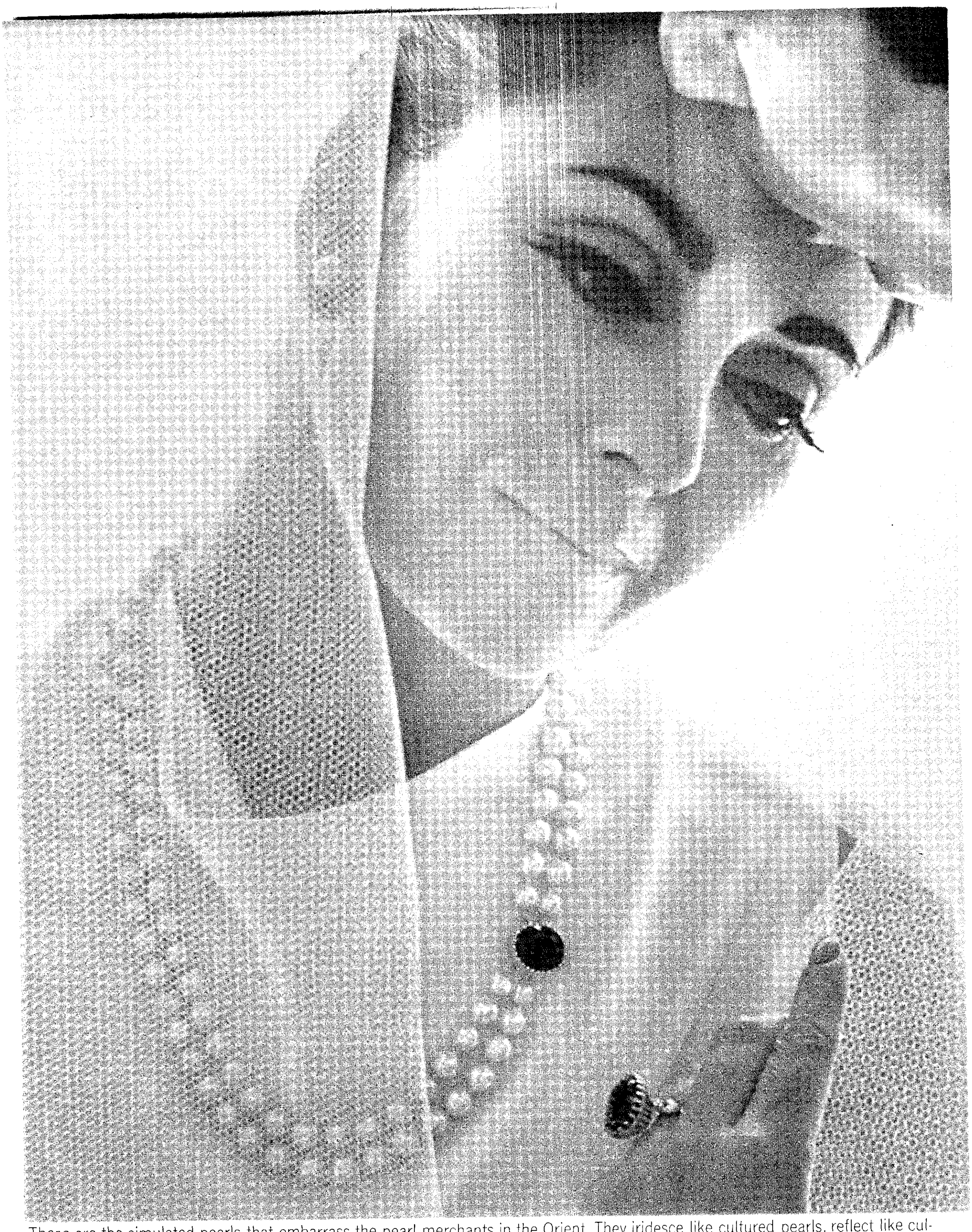
the international
standard of excellence
in imported knit fashions

Lorca
Imports

Italian full-fashioned
sweater—approximately $24.
Matching skirt—approximately $28.
In fashion colors.
at fine stores everywhere.
LORCA, INC., 1384 Broadway, New York 18,

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
✱ COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

HARPSICHORD
Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly $150. Clavichord kit $100. Free brochure. Write:
ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.



These are the simulated pearls that embarrass the pearl merchants in the Orient. They iridesce like cultured pearls, reflect like cultured pearls, even have the heady luster of cultured pearls. There's only one way to tell them from the real thing. The price tag. And that can be conveniently removed. Marvelique, cocktail length, with genuine Smoky Topaz Quartz set in gold-plated sterling silver clasp, $35. Matching ring, $15. Ball earring, $7.50. Prices plus Federal Tax. Marvella Inc., 385 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

marvella® could it be the real thing?

Nova Scotia is easily reached by road, rail, air or water.

A special kind of magic in autumn

Perhaps you're one of the lucky ones yet to have your vacation. Come spend Indian Summer in Nova Scotia. The air is vintage wine; the countryside is aflame.

Uncrowded roads invite leisurely travel. Drive along the scenic South Shore and Marine Highway, past fishing villages, basking in the golden sun. Tour historic Halifax, bustling seaport and capital city. Follow the Annapolis Valley through the serene Evangeline Country. Explore the French Shore along St. Mary's Bay, or the highlands of Cape Breton.

Accommodation is easy to find. Many campsites are still open. In inns and restaurants you can enjoy the bounty of the sea and land. The province's scenic golf courses are in superb shape. Charter boats are available in most harbours.

In lush woodlands you may see the flash of a white-tailed deer, hear a partridge drumming or the distant honk of a Canada goose.

For the autumn visitor, Canada's Ocean Playground promises a rich harvest. Write the Nova Scotia Travel Bureau, Halifax, for information, or visit the Nova Scotia Information Offices listed below.

THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF

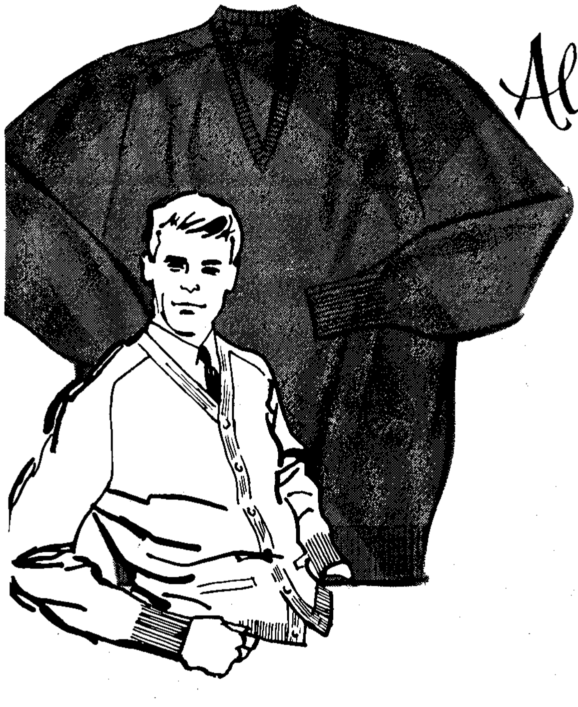
NOVA SCOTIA

30 W. 54th St., New York 19, N.Y.; 607 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.; 43 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto 12, Ont.; Central Station, Montreal, Quebec.

disagreed with such cold views, I had to concede that these malcontents seemed to understand the betting crowd, or a portion of it. Those silent, angry horseplayers could see no difference between Saratoga's soft, leafy elegance and Aqueduct's hard-edge supermarket. I had overheard one of them that afternoon complaining about the distance of the drive up from the city; his wife, trying to console him, could only point out that they had won the daily double because she had played Nos. 8 and 7 on a hunch after she noticed that the Northway, on which they were travelling, was Route 87. Such people, I was convinced, didn't care in the least whether they were given a field of richly bred two-year-olds, a race for fifteen-hundred-dollar claimers, or a contest among trained fleas. It was races, not racing, that they wanted.

SUMMER Saratoga has many mansions for the troubled, however, and I entirely recovered my good spirits the next afternoon, when I joined a fortunate hundred or so people at the annual picnic in honor of Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, which is held at an enclave of Fitzsimmons cottages on the shore of a lake a few miles outside town. I parked my car off the dirt road beside a Rolls-Royce from Ontario (E. P. Taylor's, I concluded) and was instantly caught up in a cheerful swirl of trainers, turf writers, owners, old Saratogans, wives, neighbors, dogs, and Fitzsimmons children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Two small male bathers, carrying towels, came gingerly down a rocky path to the lake, and I almost asked them where I could find their grandfather. Just in time, I noticed their bulging muscles and old faces: jockeys. I discovered the beloved old trainer seated in a rocking chair on a knoll, from which he could survey his assembled friends and family. Mr. Fitzsimmons, who retired only last year, is ninety, and his spine is badly bent, but when I was introduced to him he took my hand and held it firmly in his, turned up a clear inquiring gaze, and asked me at once if I didn't like Saratoga. I gave the right answer, and he smiled delightedly. "You have a good time, now," he said. "Be sure to have a good time."

Two hours later, stuffed with hamburgers, corn, beer, and Saratoga stories, I began to leave. I had heard tall tales of the swinging old days at Canfield's; descriptions of Twenty Grand's Travers and Bimelech's Hope-



Alan Paine

Pure Lambswool
from England

These handsome lambswool sweaters combine softness and exceptional durability. Fully fashioned, with smart saddle shoulder. In a range of outstanding new colors created by Alan Paine. *Cardigan,* about $20. *Pullover,* about $15.

Asheville, N.C.	Ivey's of Asheville
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	R. H. Stearns Co.
Boulder, Colo.	The Regiment
Charleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlottesville, Va.	Ed Michtom's
Chicago & Suburbs	Baskin
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S.C.	Britton's
Denver, Colo.	Gano-Downs
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's Inc.
Durham, N.C.	van Straaten's
Flint, Mich.	A. M. Davison Co.
Gainesville, Fla.	Donigan's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	George Bulliss
Grand Haven, Mich.	Reichardt
High Point, N.C.	Collier Ellis
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Ivey's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Los Angeles & Branches	Robinson's
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Mansfield, Ohio	Don Nash
Memphis, Tenn.	Phil A. Halle
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
New York & Branches	Wallachs
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
N. Conway/Littleton, N.H.	Carroll Reed
Philadelphia	Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kountz & Rider
Portland, Ore.	Lowenson's
Raleigh, N.C.	Nowell's
Rochester, N.Y.	McFarlin Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Francisco, Cal.	City of Paris
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Summit, N.J.	Root's
Troy, N.Y.	Krall's Ltd.
Washington, D.C.	Julius Garfinckel

For other stores write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Quality Life Insurance—
at low net cost

The Mutual Benefit policy is one of the more generous life insurance contracts available today. Each policy offers our famous "Seven Significant Benefits," a unique set of features which provides our policyholders with outstanding protection and a high degree of flexibility.

Many prospective buyers are surprised to learn that the cost of this quality insurance is so remarkably low.

Providing fine life insurance at the lowest possible cost is a tradition Mutual Benefit has practiced for over 119 years. It has helped to establish our company as one of the largest, most highly regarded insurance institutions in the world.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

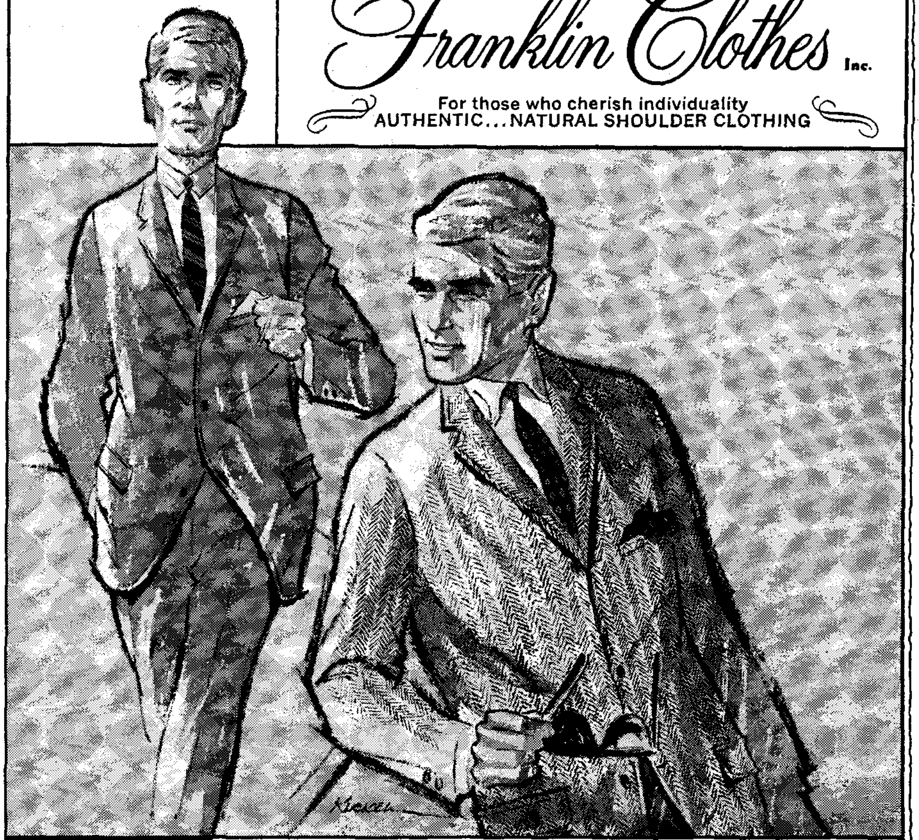
We have nothing against paper bags. They have served mankind well for many years. But let's face it. Our Bottle Master® is a better idea. Tougher. More gracious. More versatile. It handles 2 to 12 bottles of all sizes. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
packaging

This was multiple packaging before Mead came along

Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio

Franklin Clothes Inc.
For those who cherish individuality
AUTHENTIC...NATURAL SHOULDER CLOTHING



Franklin looks toward fall in suits and sport coats that speak softly but say so much in your favor. A choice of imported wool herringbones, hopsacks, worsteds and sharkskins in new fall colorings. Suits from $90.00 to $115.00. Sport coats from $65.00. At fine men's shops or write FRANKLIN CLOTHES, 105 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ful; accounts of the great hosts of the past, who used to rent entire houses to put up their August guests, and provide them with betting money as well; a eulogy to a departed Saratogan who had once had his grand piano moved outdoors into the rain in order to make more room at a crowded party; and homage to such bloods as William C. Whitney, William Woodward, and George Bull, who were always present at the annual party given on the night of the Hopeful Stakes, when the company would polish off all that remained of the August champagne supply, thus bringing another season to a fitting conclusion. I hated to leave. I paid my respects to Mr. Fitz and told him that I had indeed enjoyed myself. One of my Saratoga friends, a man in his seventies who grew up and has always lived within three blocks of the track, came down the hill with me to my car to say goodbye. The lake was still noisy with the shouts of children; it was as if summer would never end.

"Come back next year," he said, shaking my hand. "It'll all be here, just the same as always."

I promised him I would. By next year, or the year after, I'll be able to say that I have been coming to Saratoga all my life. —ROGER ANGELL

●

Q. When writing a letter to the President and his wife, what is the correct salutation?

A. You begin a formal letter, Sir and Madam; informal, my Johnson.—*Emily Post's column in the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Record.*

Better send a straight wire and plunge right in.

●

The current sales leader in the field is this bonbon, originally marketed by the Olympia Press of Paris, a pioneer in such fare. It was in the late nineteen-twenties that Dorothy Parker remarked: "Candy is dandy but likker is quicker." She was, as so often, 30 years ahead of her time.
—*Harrison E. Salisbury in the Times.*

And, apparently, a couple of years ahead of Ogden Nash.

●

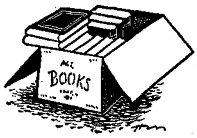
REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE BY FRIEND OR FOE

[*From the Blue Book of the John Birch Society*]

Friends sometimes say to me: "Look. Even in easy-going America there must still be a few Arnold von Winkelrieds left; men who are willing to gather all of the enemy's spears they can reach into their own bodies, so that their compatriots can break through the hostile phalanx."

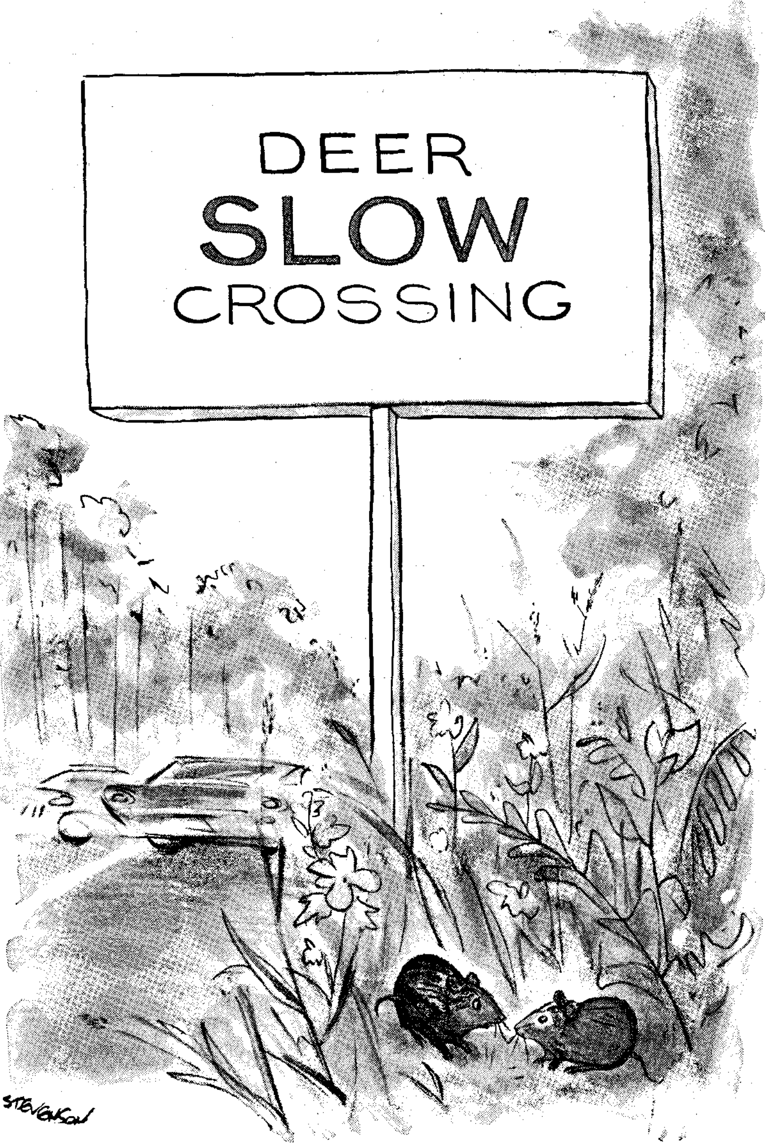
BOOKS

Playing the Game



"BEER IN THE SNOOKER CLUB" (Knopf) is an entirely successful comedy of manners by Waguih Ghali, a young Egyptian writer of great sensitivity and intelligence who lives in self-imposed exile in West Germany. Like most successful comedies, it is at bottom extremely serious and uses comedy as an approach to the unbearable. Mr. Ghali, born in Cairo and brought up in Alexandria, loves his country and enjoyed the life of privilege its educated and moneyed class is still able to enjoy—at the price of acquiescence to whatever is done by Colonel Nasser's regime. Mr. Ghali put his intellectual ahead of his physical comfort and thus came to be, at one stage, a laborer in a Hamburg shipyard. The experience of exile has enabled him to write an extremely funny novel that is also a marvellously penetrating and sympathetic study of the corrupting weaknesses of character that could have made a man very like himself elect the wrong choice at each turning on the road to a complete sellout of honor and integrity. His hero is offered one chance after another to rise above himself and to become a more serious person, but his decision is always to take himself in hand tomorrow or on some more suitable occasion, never today. The picture of his polished, guilt-ridden, and highly pleasurable life in the Egyptian pre-Nasser Establishment—whose members had been artists at survival by bootlicking ever since the Romans came tramping into the delta, all muscle and efficiency—is brilliant, and the account of the hero's visit to England is even better. This is comedy of confrontation of the sharpest kind, gliding swiftly across the paper-thin ice that divides it from real tragedy. The hero was educated in a British-sponsored school for Copts, where he was indoctrinated with the theory that the imperial presence in Egypt was maintained purely for educational and civilizing purposes, in the hope of raising the subject people to a new level of dignity and responsibility, and he has swallowed this liberal message whole. He approaches England with a sort of reverence, since for him it is the country where the ideals of tolerance, social equity, and freedom have been realized. But when he enters it, it is to become a wog on whom the Home Office casts a jaundiced eye and to inhabit a society in which a universal determination not to let class distinctions matter has produced the most neurotically class-conscious setup in the world. The months in which the hero is getting the hang of English realities are the ones immediately preceding the Suez invasion, and this, along with the extent of his disillusionment, might easily have given a shrill and bitter tone to Mr. Ghali's satire. But he has the largeness of mind to see that those who do not live up to the ideals they profess inflict a more profound damage upon themselves than upon those whom they disappoint and betray. That knowledge is, in the end, Mr. Ghali's theme; his comedy is a plea for pity for all those who fail into secondrateness and know the nature of the choice they have made.

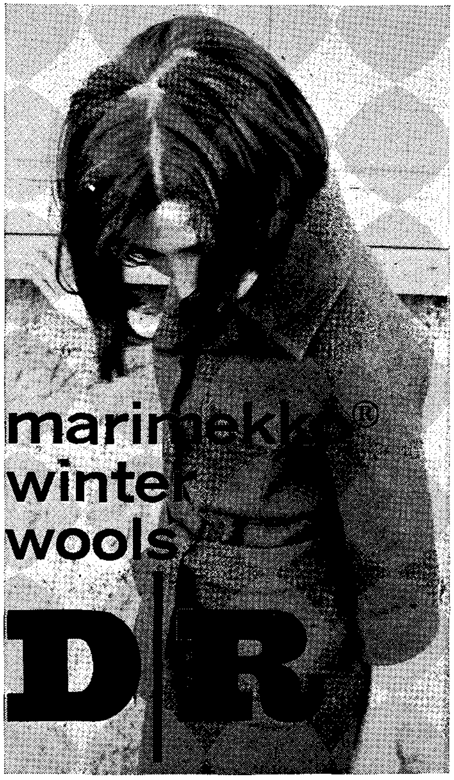
"REPORT ON BRUNO" (Knopf) is a novel by a Lorrainer, Joseph Breitbach, whose writing was much admired by Thomas Mann. It is a novel characterized by an unworldly preoccupation with the idea of the evil, or demonic, personality. Bruno is a political Iago, a man born to power in a European welfare state run by a technocratic oligarchy, and his transformation into a politician of the extreme Right, after a prolonged flirtation with Communism, is treated as a case of moral degeneration; that is, at the beginning of the story he is an innocent child with a feeling that he is being wronged and at the end of it he is a wicked man who intends to do wrong. Each step in his transformation is marked by a psychological wound inflicted by a willful or inadvertent act of someone of whom he is fond and to whom he looks in vain for understanding and affection. What is being said is that a European state has produced another Hitler because a grandfather visited the sins of his daughter on his grandson and denied him love. This



"Let's face it. No one gives a damn whether we live or die."

D/R INTERNATIONAL, INC.
53 EAST 57th ST., N.Y. 22
866 LEX. AT 65th, N.Y. 21

DESIGN RESEARCH, INC.
57 BRATTLE STREET
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASS.



BERNARDINE KIELTY:
"I enjoyed it very much."
F. VAN WYCK MASON:
"I enjoyed it enormously."
You, too, will enjoy this superlative new thriller by the author of **A Dragon for Christmas.** The setting is Hong Kong. The atmosphere is as authentic as the action is chilling.

THE EYES AROUND ME by Gavin Black

Harper $3.95

Wynken, Blynken and Nod—
in lilting French!
PAPILLOT, CLIGNOT ET DODO
Translated by Francis Steegmuller & Norbert Guterman. Magical, moonlit illustrations by Barbara Cooney. $3.25, now at your bookstore.
FARRAR/STRAUS

is a soft—not to say a gooey—approach to a hard subject, and a Freudian literary daydream about the nature of politics and political man that could not be more remote from reality. It is as fatal to equate unacceptable political positions with neurotic disturbances as it is to identify party lines with moral attitudes. Saying that the Right is good and the Left evil, or the reverse, is saying that one party line is sane and another demented or neurotic; in neither case, if the view is sincerely held, can the processes essential to parliamentary democracy survive. "Report on Bruno" appears to be a view of politics by an amateur who does not understand the professional outlook or realize to how great an extent professionalism involves the extinction of that aspect of personality which is made all-important in his novel. For the professional politician works in a medium in which the intimate experience and the private wound are an irrelevance; the person who is as involved in private drama as the unlucky Bruno does not reach the top in politics. With the grand theme of the pursuit of power, and what it does to the men who give themselves up to its fascinations, this earnest novel has nothing whatever to do.

ROBERT PENN WARREN's "Flood, A Romance of Our Time" (Random House) is an unwise piece of work. By calling his novel "Flood" and writing it about a certain Bradwell Tolliver and his sister Maggie, he refers back to "The Mill on the Floss." While this is an economical device for announcing a serious literary intention, it has the compensating disadvantage of accentuating any thinness and transparency in the writing and in the characters. Fiddlersburg, where Maggie lives in the shadow of an old scandal, is about to be drowned out by the water piling up behind a dam when Brad Tolliver comes home to write the script for a movie about the place and its people that is to be made by Yasha Jones, a former physicist, hero of the Maquis, expert and killer in unarmed combat, and Hollywood intellectual who looks like Gide. Brad has painful memories of Fiddlersburg and what happened there to his marriage with lovely Lettice Poindexter and to his relationship with his sister; to the sad past a present roughhewn from blocks of warm marshmallow is added with an excessive generosity:

"Brad—" she said.

The word was scarcely audible, but he stopped.

No knives needed with Omaha Steaks?

Satisfied customers all over the world have written to us saying that our steaks are so tender they cut them with a fork. They **are** tender, but we advise you to use a knife ...strictly as a social gesture. Omaha steaks are tender because our experts pick the choicest cuts from the world's largest selection of corn-fed beef. An exclusive OMAHA STEAKS INTERNATIONAL process plastic-wraps and flash-freezes to seal in the natural juices of these incomparable steaks. Delivered to your door by REA Express (we pay the freight) in GUARANTEED PERFECT CONDITION.

PERFECT FOR GIFT GIVING OR FOR YOUR OWN USE

4 (12 oz.) Boneless Strip Sirloins, 1⅛" Thick AND
4 (6 oz.) Filet Mignons, 1¾" Thick . . . $24.75
8 (14 oz.) Boneless Strip Sirloins, 1¼" Thick $29.95

Write for our beautiful FREE catalogue of choice Omaha meats. Full information included.

TO ORDER: Send your choice of selection with check and shipping instructions. If you wish we will insert your card for gift orders.

Omaha Steaks International
Division of TABLE SUPPLY MEAT COMPANY
Dept. D, 1209 Howard St., Omaha, Nebraska 68102

The true and thrilling account of the search for the *Bounty* mutineers.

Pandora's Last Voyage
by GEOFFREY RAWSON
Illustrated
$3.95
HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

"Should be every candidate's good companion ...not that they should steal the jokes, which are constant and wonderful, but that they should always remember never to take their opponents too seriously—or themselves."
—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Fine Art of Political Wit
by Leon A. Harris
at bookstores $4.95
DUTTON

"Brad," she said, in that whisper, "you are my dear Brother."

She was standing before him with her arms hanging down by her sides, against the dark-colored gingham, the palms turned slightly forward, her face lifted, the light glinting on her hair drawn smoothly back, showing a few strands of gray. Her eyes were wide, and full on him. The face, with the light falling from behind it, looked very still. But then he saw that the lips were quivering. He saw the tears gathering in the wide brown eyes that stared up at him.

Then he heard the voice of Yasha Jones. The voice said: "Brad." Hearing it, he felt, with a burst of relief, that a cord had been cut. He could turn toward that. He could turn from the face of the woman who was staring at him out of those eyes in which the unshed tears were bright.

Yasha Jones had come fully into the room, and was now standing by the rosewood table, his back to the mantel. The light from the electric fixtures there gleamed on the bare skull. "Brad," Yasha Jones said, again.

It was a mistake to invite the ghost of George Eliot to preside over such goings on as these. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LOYALTY IS MY HONOUR, by Ewan Butler (Viking). The author, an English journalist who knew Hitler's Germany at first hand, has cast as a novel the history of a German—Udo von Effling, the son of a First World War Prussian officer—who joins the S.S., rises by such qualities as ambition, insensitivity, and perfidy, and, instead of suffering the consequences of his terrible deeds, winds up as a rich political comer in West Germany. Mr. Butler does not try to create a reality, as artists do; rather, like the newsman he is, he borrows fictional urgency from the real world. His book, like films of the nineteen-thirties and forties of the "Night Train" genre, is all the more entertaining because of the possibility that it might, in some sense, be true.

GENERAL

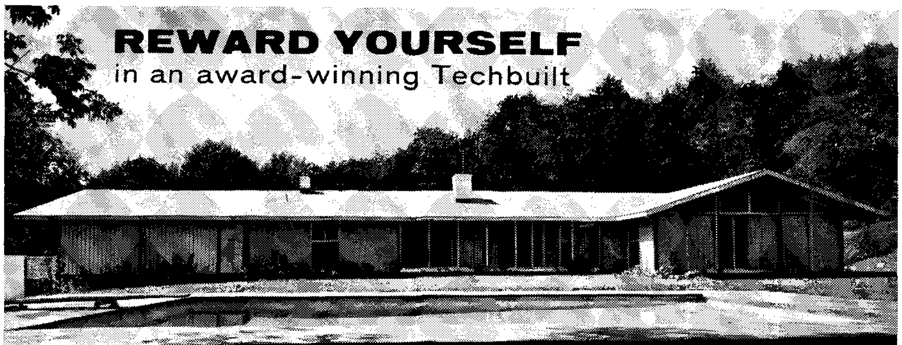
O STRANGE NEW WORLD—AMERICAN CULTURE: THE FORMATIVE YEARS, by Howard Mumford Jones (Viking). In this ambitious, imaginative work, Mr. Jones describes European ideas of what the Americas were and what they should be—as well as what European settlers who became Americans thought America meant—from the age of Columbus to the age of Jackson. These ideas varied with Europe's moods—the fifteenth century, for

The Mead acorn has been nourished with lots of hard work. And research. And people who innovate. They didn't invent the saying "Mighty oaks from tiny acorns grow." They just made it more meaningful. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD papers

119 years ago we were just an acorn

Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio



REWARD YOURSELF
in an award-winning Techbuilt

"Best design" . . . "Most space for the money". LIFE, HOUSE & HOME, AIA, LOOK, PARENTS . . . all have showered awards on the famous Techbuilt House. Send $1.00 for new Portfolio bulging with floor plans, pictures and facts on 1 and 2-story Techbuilt houses (in both wood and steel) plus the intriguing Vacation Cottage. Techbuilt, Inc., Dept. NY 314, Box 193, Cambridge, Mass.

TECHBUILT®

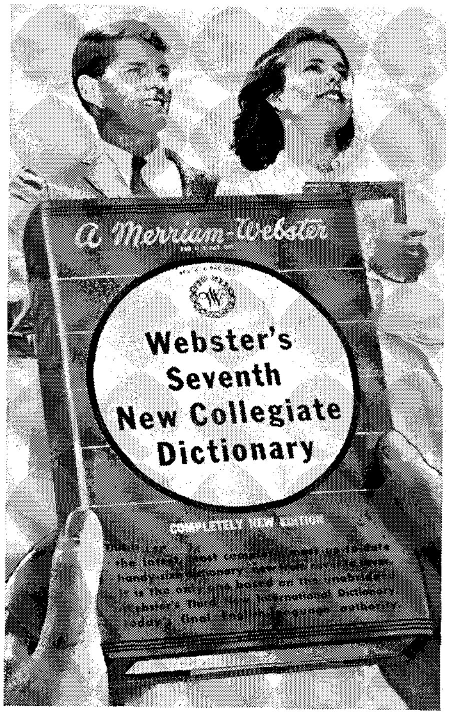
ABBE LANE
is distracting men in the
PERSIAN ROOM
September 9 thru October 6
Performances at 9:15 & Midnight
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING AT DOWNINGTOWN
(HAVE A LIVELY WEEKEND FINDING OUT!)

ANY 3 DAYS & 2 NIGHTS
(INCLUDING WEEKENDS)
$29.75 WITH 5 DELUXE MEALS
5 DAYS & 4 NIGHTS-$59
WITH 10 DELUXE MEALS
SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE & MENU
FROM NYC & SUBURBS CALL FREE DIRECT
WO 6-2686

FREE GOLF 18 HOLE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE
FREE 2 SWIMMING POOLS
FREE HORSEBACK RIDING
FREE REG. BOWLING
FREE TV IN EVERY ROOM
FREE LATEST MOVIES
FREE TENNIS COURTS & RACQUETS
FREE ENTERTAINMENT & DANCING
FREE GIFT FOR HONEYMOONERS

DOWNINGTOWN Inn
ONLY 2 HRS FROM NYC ON U.S. ROUTE 30
...EXIT 23, PENNA. TURNPIKE
BOX 11, DOWNINGTOWN, PA.
AREA CODE 215, AN 9-2000
QUALITY COURTS



Start the school year right with this new

PROVEN AID TO BETTER GRADES

WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Take it from teachers, a good vocabulary shows: in the way you listen, read, write, talk. *It shows in your grades!*

So get today's new Merriam-Webster — with 20,000 new words and new meanings not found in earlier editions.

It's required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere

Webster's Seventh is the only desk dictionary based on the famous new Merriam-Webster Unabridged — final word authority of the U. S. Government Printing Office and our courts of law.

This brand-new Merriam-Webster is also the only "Webster" that includes the scientific names for plants and animals, rules for both spelling and punctuation.

Get this proven aid to better grades today. Look for the familiar bright red jacket. Only $5.75 — indexed $6.75 — at department, book, stationery stores.

Insist on this trademark...

A Merriam-Webster
REG U. S. PAT OFF.

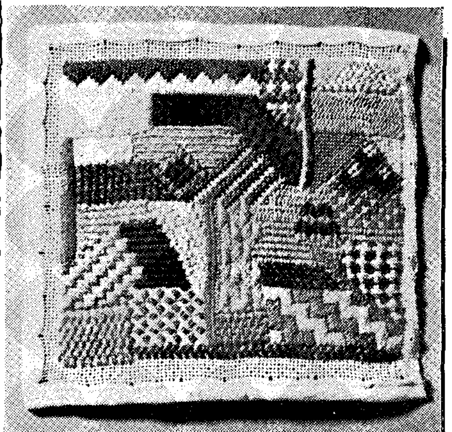
Since 1847
the leading name in dictionaries

© G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS. 01101

instance, imagined an earthly Eden in the West—and, as images modified by reality, they helped form American cultures. Mr. Jones brilliantly unites what specialist histories are compelled to sunder; he shows the Renaissance in Latin America, the English Civil War in North America, and the Romantic movement in the beginnings of accurate painting of American landscapes. His style is intelligent and attractive; his learning is gracious. Certainly a good book, and probably a great one.

PANDORA'S LAST VOYAGE, by Geoffrey Rawson (Harcourt, Brace & World). H.M.S. Pandora sailed for the Pacific from Portsmouth in 1790; her mission was to find the mutineers of the Bounty and bring them back for trial and punishment. The story of the man hunt under Pandora's master, Captain Edward Edwards, has been told before, but Mr. Rawson assures us that it has not been told accurately. Having spent a lifetime at sea, both in the Royal Indian Navy and as a seaman under sail, he has a crackly impatience with the lubberly accounts of his predecessors that is wonderful to behold. It is commonly assumed that Captain Edwards botched his mission, was a brute the equal of Captain Bligh, did not know his navigation, and was solely responsible for the wrecking of his ship on a reef off the coast of New Guinea, and Mr. Rawson comes to the rescue of his man with what seems to be a well-reasoned and well-documented defense. The story of the adventure itself, with its graphic and poignant evocation of Tahiti in the seventeen-nineties, is first-class. Illustrated.

THE ITALIANS, by Luigi Barzini (Atheneum). A psychological portrait of the Italian people, done with affectionate exasperation, gloom, and almost nihilistic fatalism, and sprinkled with witty asides. "The Italian way of life cannot be considered a success except by temporary visitors," says Mr. Barzini, a Milanese journalist, publisher, and parliamentarian, who wrote this book in English. "It solves no problems. It makes them worse. It would be a success of sorts if it at least made Italians happy. It does not." How, then, does a nation of fifty million survive from year to year? The answers, says the author, are many and paradoxical, and often cancel one another out. Searching into every corner of Italian life and scrutinizing every cliché



The definitive book on every phase of creative needlepoint

This profusely illustrated volume gives more than 50 stitches with detailed diagrams and full instructions—a must for beginner and expert alike.

NEEDLEPOINT
by Hope Hanley
$7.50 at all bookstores
SCRIBNERS

New Art Print Reference Book!

More than three years in preparation! Lists 14,000 reproductions by 1,500 artists and illustrates 1,200 with four page section in color. From prehistoric cave paintings through old masters to modern and contemporary abstractionists. A most comprehensive work—including **religious, marine, sporting** and **floral** subjects. A must for all interested in the arts. $2.50 pp.
Foreign 3.50 pp.

Oestreicher's Prints Inc.
Dept. NY /43 W. 46th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

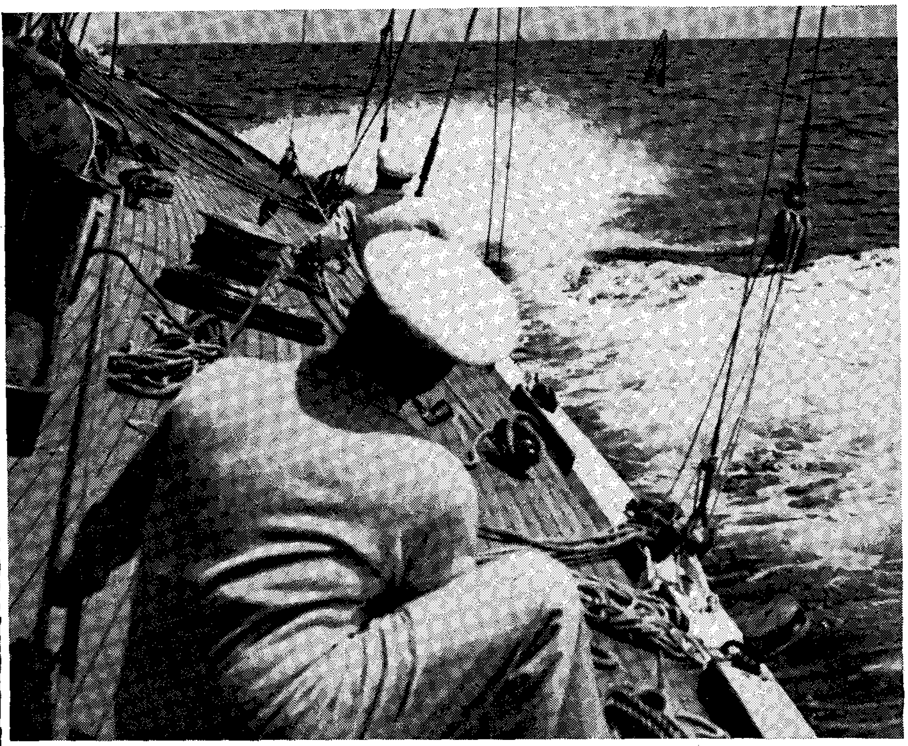
RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

concerning it, from the charm of the people (an illusion, he maintains) to the consolations of *la dolce vita* (another one), Mr. Barzini has written an invaluable and astringent guidebook to his country. He is obviously in earnest, and he just as obviously does not expect to be taken altogether seriously. Maps.

FÉNELON: LETTERS OF LOVE AND COUNSEL, selected and translated from the French by John McEwen, with an introduction by Thomas Merton (Harcourt, Brace & World). There are fashions (or historical moods) in piety, and it appears that Fénelon, vanquished in French seventeenth-century quarrels that were as much political as religious, suits our present state of mind better than do his adversaries, Bossuet and Louis XIV. Thomas Merton, in his introduction, places Fénelon in the French Catholic mystical tradition—something that Bossuet distrusted and the King did not understand. But in these letters—some of business, some of friendship, and some offering spiritual direction—Fénelon does not insist on mystical prayer; he gives advice tailored to the needs of the person and his problem, whether to build up the Dauphin's self-confidence or to tell a rich lady who wants to humble herself by abandoning all finery that she should try for something less strikingly humble, like dowdiness. Readers who are religious will be edified, and readers who care for literature will be pleased by McEwen's excellent translation of one of the masters of French prose.

THE LEGACY OF CHINA, edited by Raymond Dawson (Oxford). A clutch of experts (mostly English and American) with various Sinological specialties—religious thought, science, painting, literature, and so on—contribute brisk summaries of the achievements of Chinese civilization. The audience they have in mind is fairly well educated; the learned authors popularize only so far—not as far as, say, Lin Yutang. In general, they describe an impressive culture to which lay Westerners can have little direct access; Chinese prosody, for instance, makes Chinese poetry something new in translation, and we experience Chinese graphic arts completely differently from the Chinese. The chapter on Chinese science is a three-layer puzzler: China never found the scientific method, yet some of her inventions (the compass, gunpowder,

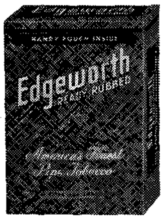


You've got the edge . . . with Edgeworth

Yes, he is aboard the winner, sailing a point closer to round the buoy first. And yes, he is smoking Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. So often men who have the edge, natural leaders, go for Edgeworth's winning Burley blend with the famous cool-smoking texture. Never a tongue bite. Try it.

FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

Larus & Brother Co. Inc., Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



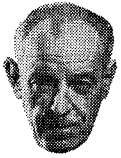
WE STILL HAND SEW OUR NECKWEAR

ALL SILK REPPS WOVEN IN ENGLAND

Reis of New Haven

75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN., 237 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
write for the store nearest you

The NEW spy thriller by
Britain's new mystery star
WILLIAM HAGGARD



Author of THE HIGH WIRE

THE ANTAGONISTS

Colonel Russell of the Security Executive plays a rough game of I-Spy in the upper strata of the Establishment.

$3.50 • IVES WASHBURN

A sophisticated, spellbinding, and lethally satirical tale of modern power politics in the Mid-East . . .

and of the young Arab leader who makes Russian and American influence-peddlers sorry they ever left home.

Kingdom of Illusion

A novel by EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN
$4.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

Facts and Figures

"Life," said that unVictorian Victorian Samuel Butler, "is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises." We're not sure that his generalization is true of *all* phases of life, but it's certainly true of investing. Since the future, including the future behavior of stocks, is always veiled in mystery, there are no sure things in the stock market.

Nevertheless, the situation is far from hopeless. Even though the premises are necessarily insufficient when it comes to sizing up stocks, it is entirely possible to draw sufficient conclusions – if one has the facts and the experience to do so. And that's where our Research Department comes in.

If you're a knowledgeable investor who needs only facts and figures to make decisions, Research will be happy to provide them. If you're a novice whose requirements are somewhat greater, Research can be your mentor, too, putting their experience and know-how to use in your behalf.

For help in deciding a course of action in investing, simply write, giving information (in confidence) about your financial situation, your prospects for the future, and your chief objective – whether it is relative safety of capital, dividend income, or possible price appreciation. You'll get a conscientious reply containing specific suggestions tailored especially for you, and there is no charge. Address

JOSEPH C. QUINN

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

and printing) revolutionized Western society, but without changing China.

SELECTED LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST, edited by Lawrance Thompson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Lawrance Thompson, now a professor at Princeton, had large opportunities to observe Frost, the man and the poet, over a long period of time, from their first meeting, in 1926, when Thompson was an undergraduate at Wesleyan. Frost appointed him his official biographer in 1939, and Thompson published, in 1942, one of the earliest and best interpretations of Frost's art and thought—"Fire and Ice." That Thompson suffered, over the years, many manifestations of Frost's wicked side—his slyness, shrewdness, mock-heroics, mischievousness, resentments, and outbursts of self-regard—is clear; that his respect for Frost's nobler attributes and poetic gifts remained unaltered is also clear. Any acerbity in the notes appended to the letters is balanced by an unswerving tolerance for the faults of this man whose life up to his fortieth year had been difficult and obscure, and upon whom fate and chance unloosed some dreadful blows. Several letters between Frost's mother and father open the chronicle, and letters of Frost's wife, Elinor, and others add valuable background. The hundred and twenty-three correspondents, being of all kinds and conditions, bring out the poet's many-sidedness—his devotion to his art as well as his stubborn adherence to (often) "notional" convictions. Introduction, chronology, notes, a genealogy, and a most interesting index, with direct quotations included under various subheads which serve to define Frost's extremely personal attitudes toward many things, from ambition to suicide. Ten dollars.

•

A BRIEF BUT IMPORTANT LANGUAGE GUIDE FOR AN AMERICAN TRAVELING ABROAD

	I LOVE YOU	GOOD-BY
In FRENCH:	Je t'aime	Au revoir
In ITALIAN:	Ti amo	A rivedérci
In GREEK:	S'agapò	Kali antamosi
In GERMAN:	Ich liebe Dich	Auf Wiedersehen
In SPANISH:	To quiero	Adiós

—*Good Housekeeping.*

When we want your advice, we'll ask for it.

Do you have a his and her flask?
HOFFRITZ has.
HIS
HERS
FOR A BLACK AND RED LEATHER COVERED HIS AND HER FLASK, SEND 12.50 PLUS .35 POSTAGE TO 49 E. 34 ST. OR POP IN A HOFFRITZ.

Indian 'TENT' Dress

you'll want a closet full!

Imported!—Fine Cotton

Lilac
Sea Blue
Shocking Pink
Lime
Turquoise
Sapphire Blue
Jet Black
Natural
Chinese Gold
Avocado
Mandarin Red

$12.95 S-M-L

Send for Catalog

Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55 ST., NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

BOOK HUNTING?

Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

BOOKS-ON-FILE

DEPT. NY-47 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

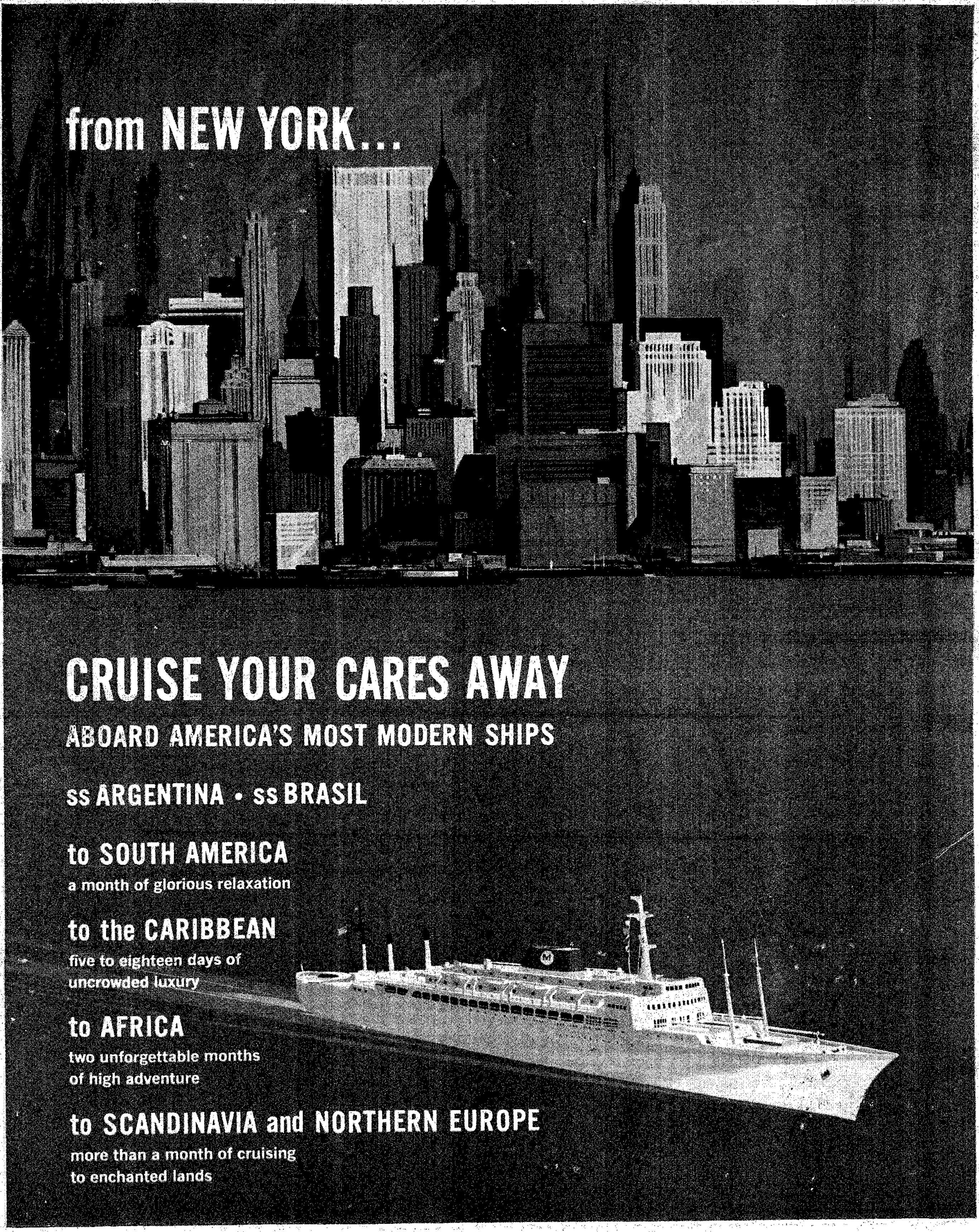
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
J.&F. MARTELL
MARTELL
Established in 1715 in the reign of Louis XIV
V.S.O.P.
V.S.O.P.
LOUIS XIV
MEDALLION
FINE CHAMPAGNE
LIQUEUR BRANDY
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U.S.A.
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
NEW YORK, N. Y.
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC

PHOTOGRAPH BY VERSOIX-PARIS.

Nobody knows cognac like the French
Martell is number one in France

Ask for Martell V.S.O.P., a luxury cognac of rare flavor, bouquet and presence. Look for the bottle with the distinguishing gold seal of Louis XIV.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY


from NEW YORK...
CRUISE YOUR CARES AWAY
ABOARD AMERICA'S MOST MODERN SHIPS
ss ARGENTINA • ss BRASIL
to SOUTH AMERICA
a month of glorious relaxation
to the CARIBBEAN
five to eighteen days of uncrowded luxury
to AFRICA
two unforgettable months of high adventure
to SCANDINAVIA and NORTHERN EUROPE
more than a month of cruising to enchanted lands

South America Cruises: 31-days from New York, October 9, November 13, December 17
Caribbean Cruises: 5 to 18-days *from* N.Y., Sept. 17, 22, Oct. 1, 10, 18, 26, Nov. 6, 18, 28, Dec. 4, 17
—from Pt. Everglades, Fla., Oct. 28, Dec. 19
Sea-Safari Cruise: 63-days from N.Y. to South America-Africa-Mediterranean, Jan. 21, 1965
—from Pt. Everglades, Fla., Jan. 23, 1965
Carnaval-In-Rio Cruise: 35-days from N.Y., Feb. 17, 1965—from Pt. Everglades, Fla., Feb. 19, 1965
Scandinavia-Northern Europe-Baltic Cruises: 35-days from N.Y., June 1, July 8, 29, 1965

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES

See your Travel Agent—or write for literature. **Two Broadway, Dept. N-9, New York, N.Y. 10004**